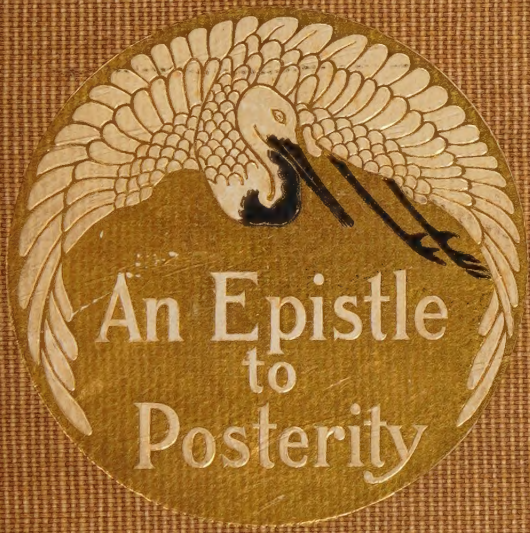

An Epistle to Posterity

R. E. Prothero

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AN EPISTLE TO POSTERITY

BEING RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS OF MANY YEARS OF MY LIFE

BY

M. E. W. SHERWOOD

AUTHOR OF "MANNERS AND SOCIAL USAGES"
"A TRANSPLANTED ROSE" ETC.

NEW YORK AND LONDON
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1898

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I Dedicate this Book

TO MY SONS

SAMUEL SHERWOOD

AND

ARTHUR MURRAY SHERWOOD

Ita, filii mei dilectissimi, vivitote ut majoribus vestris decori sitis, posteri vero memoria vestra glorientur et honestentur

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PREFACE

Rousseau once sent to Voltaire an ode addressed to Posterity.

"Voici une lettre qui n'arrivera jamais à son adresse," said Voltaire, in his cruel way.

Perhaps this should discourage me from attempting to collect my rambling recollections under a title which is stolen from Petrarch; but I am encouraged by thinking that Petrarch will not care for this transparent appropriation of his forgotten title, and I am sure that I shall not care if Posterity never receives my letter. I shall not be here to watch for an answer.

And yet I shall be glad if a record of the changeful times in which I have lived gives pleasure to any one who reads my book now, or to those who come after me. It has been a remarkable era. Progress has harnessed several new steeds to her car since I started to travel onward. Life is much more full of comfort now than it has ever been. Some one asks, Is not life stifled in appliances? Are we any happier than our ancestors were? Is a single day of Europe worth a cycle of Cathay? Have we not taken on some neuralgias and malarias and nervous prostrations? I leave that question for Posterity to answer, and I am rather glad that I shall not be responsible for the reply.

But I will answer Mallock's question, "Is life worth

living?" in the affirmative. I have found it eminently so. Life has been an enjoyable experiment, and amusing, in spite of its sorrows and disappointments. Life is a success if we can work and laugh. It has been a perpetual pleasure to me to see luxury march on with giant tread; to watch the great city of New York grow; to welcome art and beauty into our houses; to see the statues and the buildings improve in every decade. It has even been a pleasure (the sure accompaniment of advancing years) to say, "Oh, we had greater geniuses on the stage and in the forum, and greater beauties at the balls, in the old time!" That gentle murmur of complaint is, however, lost in the magnificent march of the coming centuries. Quite worth while it is to have seen the transition period.

M. E. W. S.

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AN EPISTLE TO POSTERITY

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CHAPTER I

Early Days in New Hampshire—My Father and Mother—Mr. Emerson's School at Boston—Daniel Webster at Marshfield—Visit to Washington—"Tyler Too"—Charles Dickens—Along the Ohio and Down the Mississippi—The Carved Oxen at Nauvoo—Joseph Smith and the Mormons.

My recollections of childhood are very vivid, especially of my father, a tall and most picturesque man, with blue eyes and fine curling black hair, with a great laughing mouth full of white teeth and of eloquent voice, and a laugh which filled the whole county of Cheshire; a man who liked to dance and to march, who never heard music but to keep step to it; a man, in fact, who had the veriest charm for children—a tremendous vitality.

In those days my father, still a boy himself, and a very boyish boy, was the best hand of us all at snowballing in the winter, teaching us to slide and to skate, and reading aloud to us in the evening the immortal stories of Walter Scott, with a mingled joy and pathos which the author himself would have enjoyed; a kind and loving and generous man, full of genius and eccentricity, who dressed in furs and moccasins in January, when he would go up to the White Mountains to hunt

the moose with Anans, an Indian of the St. François tribe, who had been educated at Hanover, at Dartmouth College—that venerable institution founded by an English Earl for the education of the Indians, which, according to Anans, "spoiled a great many good Indians and made very poor white men."

Years after, in Rome, I met the Earl's great-granddaughter, Lady Louisa Legge, and as she asked me with great *naïveté* about this bequest I had to tell her it had been relegated to the humble prosaic education of white boys.

But perhaps it had made Anans a better companion for my father, who had a real friendship for this son of the forest. I remember the camp in the wilderness, Anans and his Indian wife and their pappoose swung in a birch-bark cradle under a spreading tree, and a little pair of moccasins which Mrs. Anans wrought with beads for my little feet when as a child I was taken to the White Mountains. Perhaps to that I owe my love of wandering, for I have never been able to keep them still since.

My father must have been a very good housekeeper, for I remember always a most hospitable table, and a larder full of succulent delicacies—venison and moose tongue, wild turkey and quail (shot with his own unerring gun), besides all the excellent provision of the domestic farm-yard, and the yearly pig-killing, which frightful, bloody scene I used to peep at surreptitiously from my nursery window. A fine series of cellars underlined our large house, dark, wandering, limitless, like the mysteries of Udolpho, and filled with binns, where vegetables kept all winter without freezing, together with the hams of the late slaughtered pig, and his bequest of wreaths of sausages. A great barrel of Ma-

deira from John and Charles March, New York, was rolled in every fall, and my father and my uncle Robert, another son of Anak (for they were both six feet four), used to attend to the bottling of this, then daily used, fine wine. I never drank any of it, but I have the ichor of it in my veins to-day, innocent as I am, in the shape of rheumatism. "My grandfather left me the gout, without any cellar of wine to keep it up on," said James Russell Lowell, and I might say the same. My father was lawyer, politician, and military man. I never heard him addressed by any lesser title than Captain, and he was a captain of thousands for fifty years; after that he was called General, as his father was called the "old Squire" all his life, a tribute to the customs of the Old World which I have always remembered with pleasure.

James Wilson, my grandfather, I remember as a handsome and distinguished figure. He was exceedingly fond of dress, and never walked up the street but in a full-dress suit, with a ruffled shirt and white cravat. In the ruffle was placed a topaz pin surrounded by pearls. In his fine, well-kept hand was a gold-headed cane, and his feet were in polished shoes; he looked the rich and respected citizen.

"There goes the old Squire, as vain as a peacock," I overheard a working-man say one day. But I was very much afraid of this vision of old-time elegance, for he did not like to see me romping along the street, and once addressed me in this terrible manner: "Mary Elizabeth, I am very sorry to see a pupil of Miss Fiske's school, and *my granddaughter*, dancing on the public highway." I did stop dancing until after his dear back was turned, but hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue. I kept on dancing for many years, street

or no street, but I took good care not to let him see me.

This splendid old person had been a classmate of John Quincy Adams at Harvard, and Mr. Adams told me afterwards that he remembered my grandfather as "the best-dressed man in college." "He used to wear a scarlet coat and knee-breeches, and was the strongest and best wrestler in college," says my authority. I imagine this coat had cost his mother many a hard bout of spinning and weaving, for this brave woman went to Boston twice a year on horseback with the products of her loom, that she might educate her oldest son, and proudly she dressed him well.

She and her husband, Robert Wilson, had come over from Ireland together, as children, in that first great emigration of the Scotch-Irish to America — those undismayed Presbyterians, who brought such noble gifts with them, and who became such important settlers for the new colonies. Robert Wilson, a relative of General Stark, fought in the Revolutionary war, and settled down, an impoverished man, in Peterboro, N. H.; but his brave wife, full of good blood, kept up the traditions of her English and Scotch ancestry. The eldest son must be educated—indeed, she educated two sons at Harvard, a feat of extraordinary valor in those days.

Both lived to honor her, and she lived to see them both in Congress, a fact which delighted her much. Her son James, my grandfather, saw the Capitol burned by the British. My father was a veritable Irishman, more Irish than Scotch, and he always reminded me, after I grew older, of the sketches of Grattan. His eloquence, which was marvellous, could make even a New Hampshire jury laugh and cry, and he became the leading

advocate of his State. He was impulsive and lavish, imprudent and always in hot water, although, like the clever Bishop Wilberforce, "he always came out cleaner than he went in." He was philanthropic, and wise (for other people). New Hampshire enjoys to-day, in her fine roads, the result of his wise forecast, for he helped to legislate for them, and her blind and lunatic asylums owe much to his great heart and brilliant brain. He was a lovely, dear, big playmate to his little children. We kept on admiring him until we were no longer little; but I can never forget that sense of protection and security with which I crept into those huge arms, or the love and warmth of that grand, magnificent embrace, when I was cold, unhappy, or misunderstood.

He was amusing too, with his guns and game, the prodigious glory of his military uniforms, blue with gold facings, and a long yellow plume in his *chapeau bras*, which I found delightfully picturesque. He was a Mason as well, and I often wickedly opened a secret drawer in his closet where I saw strange jewels and insignia which it was not expected that I should behold. On all occasions when a speech was permissible he made one, and his voice was superb; he could be heard "across the Atlantic," and later on, when he vowed to elect the first General Harrison, in 1840, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," I often heard him address five thousand people, all hanging on his every word. Mr. Webster called him the "first of the stump speakers," and the Hon. Henry Wilson, born a Colbaith, told me that he changed his name to Wilson from admiration of my father's eloquence.

He was a strange, romantic outcrop of Irish blood and Puritan surroundings, singularly unlike his prudent,

reserved father. As a man of genius is unlike his race and is often misunderstood, my father was misunderstood, and I fear he became unhappy and disappointed. His political idol was Mr. Webster, and when Mr. Webster made the 7th-of-March speech my father's political heart broke.

A good patriot and a fine, unselfish character, always ready to work for any good cause, General James Wilson lived to be eighty-four years old, and died in the house where he had made us all so happy. The State offered him a public funeral, for who had served it so well? The town of Keene, where he was loved and honored, suspended business, as the soldiers of his own "Keene Light Infantry" escorted him to his last home. It was a beautiful day in May, and Monadnock, his neighboring giant, looked down upon him in a full-dress uniform of blue and gold. The children of the public schools stood in line as he was carried along. In the church his much-loved pastor said: "To whom are these great honors paid? To the silver-tongued orator, to the soldier, to the learned lawyer, to the *politician?* No, to the *man of heart;*" and that he was.

As I looked my last on his peaceful face I noticed that his black curls were scarcely streaked with gray. They lay in still infantile luxuriance as he had always worn them around his massive brow. The strange contradiction, which had pervaded his nature—the child and the giant — it was all there — noble, lovable, and youthful to the last.

My mother, a beautiful and quiet person, was the antipodes of her husband. Hers was a soul made for renunciation, and the Puritan element was strong in her. She never allowed herself to lavish caresses upon her children, but she was their faithful friend in illness, and

always stood ready—the very genius of hospitality—to feed the hungry and to clothe the poor. When I reflect on all that a housewife had to meet in cold New Hampshire winters, with the thermometer at 28° below zero and no furnace, I can but wonder at and admire her pluck and her ingenuity, for her parlor windows were full of hot-house plants all winter; and I think I never went to a party for thirty years in after-life that I did not seem to breathe the scent of the little bouquet which she always had ready for me in those early days—a white rose, a sprig of geranium, and a clove pink, with some sweet-scented verbena. I can see her almost statuesque dignity still, and the rich, red lips, which rarely parted in a smile; but when they did, what a perfect set of teeth! A slice of fresh cocoanut was not more deliciously white and fresh, and her complexion of lilies and roses remained with her to the last. How could such wonderful beauty have survived that cold climate? Years after, at Washington, these charms of hers excited national admiration. She received it with the calmness of the mother of the Gracchi; indeed, she was a study after the antique.

Perhaps the early death of her boys — victims to those cruel winters, victims of croup and scarlet-fever— had saddened her; but I do not remember my mother as enjoying her beauty or as ever seeming frivolous or vain. She was apt to be well dressed—that seemed to crop out of her inner consciousness—and she had "love, honor, obedience, troops of friends"; but she died at fifty, looking only twenty, and I often wish that I could go back and make her smile that too rare smile, too often interrupted by tears.

Her large, populous, and busy household was presided over below-stairs by Roxana, the last of a noble race—

an American servant, the best cook that ever suggested the *Physiologie du Goût.* When I forget, O Roxana! thy clear soups, light bread, and delicate desserts, thy coffee, better than any I have drunk in Paris; when I am ungrateful for thy broiled birds and thy superb treatment of venison—

> "The haunch was a picture for painters to study;
> The fat was so white and the lean was so ruddy"—

when I forget thy cookery, O Roxana! may I be condemned to eat sawdust all my days!

From the amount of sawdust and bad cookery which I have eaten I might consider myself punished for ingratitude; but no! there was never such a cook as Roxana!

The physical conditions of my bringing-up were eminently healthy. The good and plentiful table, the splendid, exhilarating air, the exercise on horseback, the fine sleigh-rides in an immense gilded structure called "The Sleigh," which my father had had built for his own long limbs, and to accommodate a large family and all the neighbors—a sleigh which reminded one of St. Petersburg—the fascinating summers and autumns, with the picnics and the walks and excursions in that prettiest and most finished valley which surrounds Keene (worthy of its English-named county, Cheshire); with Monadnock, a stone mountain, shaped like Vesuvius, which Nature dropped from her apron as she was going up to make the White Mountains; those pine woods, as ample as the *Pineta* of Ravenna; the soft hills wooded to the top; the wide, fertile, and picturesque meadows; the slow and sluggish current of the Ashuelot, winding among the drooping willows and stately elms—afforded days for the pleasures of budding girlhood which were

unrivalled. Then Keene was an agreeable, sociable place, full of scholarly men and handsome matrons, who had homes to which any one would like to be invited. We had parties and balls, and occasionally a military ball, and I never imagined that there was such a thing as *ennui*. We read prodigiously, and that atmosphere of culture for which Boston has been so much, perhaps, laughed at penetrated to our very midst. We were intimate with the Sage of Weimar and with Thomas Carlyle. Emerson came up to lecture to us, and we welcomed the first little green books which emanated from Boz and the yellow-colored Thackerays. The first yellow cover I ever saw held Becky Sharp in its embrace. It was the purest and best society I have seen. No unclean thing came near it. But—alas that there is always a but!—my mother's clear blue eyes, sharp as a Damascus blade, cut through the dignified pretensions of Miss F——'s school. She found out that I was individually learning nothing, and I was surprised one night reading Miss Edgeworth's *Helen* at the hour of two in the morning.

I have always illogically wished that Miss Edgeworth, now sunk into undeserved oblivion, could have lived to hear that anybody sat up *all night* to read her decorous *Helen*. What *fin-de-siècle* girl will do it now?

But I hurt nothing but my eyes in this nocturnal impropriety. The one candle was blown out, and I was rebuked. My mother told me that Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Selden had called on her the day before to say that they feared Mary Elizabeth was reading too many novels; that Mr. Tilden, the head of the circulating library, said that the same offending M. E. took out two novels every week, while Lucretia Brown took

out *Mrs. Chaporee's Letters* and *The Serious Call;* and Mrs. Selden said she thought it very bad for a girl's future to be reading novels all the time. Alas! when I was put through a severe examination I stood A No. 1 in Scott, Bulwer, Edgeworth, and Miss Austen, but I did not know much geography nor the least arithmetic, so I was marched into my father's office, where he was at work upon a complicated law-case. My mother, as beautiful and quite as severe as Dante's avenging angel, stood pale and terrible, addressing the busy man (who found it quite inconvenient to receive us at that time) with these words, which are burned into my heart: "Colonel Wilson, here is our daughter, whom we have sent to Miss Fiske's school, and of whose abilities and studious habits we had hoped so much. She was reading a novel at two o'clock last night, and she cannot parse a word of *Paradise Lost.* She cannot bound Pennsylvania, she does not know where Jerusalem is, and she thinks six times six may be forty."

My father's sense of humor was so strong that he burst into a fit of laughter which shook the house, and I burst into tears. He took me to that ample breast of his, and said, "Never mind, we will send you to Boston to school. Don't cry. Don't read so many novels, and obey your mother. But how does it happen that you do not know the multiplication-table?"

"Father, I hate it, I hate it, I hate it!—so I write Matilda Slocum's compositions, and she does my sums."

"Well," said he, "you have been cheating yourself most bravely. Let Matilda's compositions alone, and do you tell me the 'nines and sixes' to-morrow night at dinner."

So a very delightful dinner of turkey was spoiled for

me the next day at four o'clock, and I was put on a short commons of novels. Bulwer was entirely forbidden, and I read *Napoleon at St. Helena*. I was allowed Walter Scott (God bless him!) and Miss Austen. God bless her a thousand times! She lighted the weary way of a poor little girl for a very dreary winter.

I think the Reverend Mr. Livermore came in about this time to teach me a little German, to soften the asperities of Mrs. Selden and Mrs. Brown, and even to give me a lift up the ladder of literature, for he accepted my first story, sent anonymously to the *Social Gazette*, a periodical read in his dear clerical parlor, where I first experienced the exhilarating thrill of hearing my own writings read to an appreciative circle. Mr. Prentiss said, "That is a capital story." I, the unknown author, sat burning in the background. My mother (O rapture!) applauded it. Dear woman, it was the only time!

When I got home I told her *I* had written it. "Go to bed, my dear; *it was a very poor story indeed*," said she, sternly.

My mother thought flattery of any kind was wicked, and so had the early teaching of her Puritan, Calvinistic parents steeled her tender heart that she allowed my youth to pass without a caress and without praise. The word love was never mentioned. I wonder we did not all grow up Shakeresses. In fact, the fault of all New England education was a certain hardness. Our minds were cultivated more than our hearts.

There was a blue lookout for my dreamy shirking of the boundaries of Pennsylvania. Never, however, did so slight a fault lead to so useful a punishment. To go to Mr. Emerson's school, to be a "Boston girl"—even in name—was a vision of majesty. I determined that I

would learn how to study, and after a fashion I did. Female education was at a very low ebb in what were called "Ladies' Schools" in those days. We learned to be ladies, I hope, for we certainly learned very little else. Had it not been for cultivated people about me—had it not been for my dear Reverend Mr. Livermore, I should have had most arid oases in my youthful mind. My parents were both too busy to criticise me; there were younger children, always having the croup and the scarlet-fever. I often sat up all night, not reading Miss Edgeworth, but holding in my arms a poor little struggling brother. Alas! I saw three of them die, and how deeply did I sympathize with my poor mother! Perhaps this ploughshare of agony which went through my girlish heart kept me from being cold, indifferent, merciless, thoughtless. I hope so, but I still believe praises and smiles and a little approbation would have made of me a more amiable character.

My father and mother had followed that wave of Unitarianism which was started by Channing and Martineau, and all my ideas of religion were hopeful, inspiring, and beautiful. I never knew that horror of "a jealous God," which doctrine had been assiduously preached in New England just before I came on the scene, and which had gone far to fill the insane asylums. Indeed, one of my own schoolmates had gone raving in a religious mania under my own eyes. But I can remember the soothing words of Mr. Livermore, who came in as I was holding one little dear, dying brother in my arms—how he took him from me and said, with such hopeful, peaceful assurance, that "death was swallowed up in victory." I never had a doubt. My God has always been a loving God.

I wish I could repay here my indebtness to that ad-

mirable, loving man, Abbot Livermore. He belonged to that ministerial family whom Dr. Bellows called "the Abbots with one *t*."

Would that any convent had enjoyed such an *abbot!* Keene, under that Christ-like influence, and that of his follower, the Rev. William O. White, was a community to be envied. Spiritualism, Second-Adventism, and Mormonism devastated our neighboring towns, but no such delusions troubled the peace of those congregations committed to their charge—these enlightened men; and they brought to us that wonderful body of thinkers, Waterston, Dr. Lowell, Dr. Parkman, James Freeman Clarke, Rev. C. A. Bartol, the saintly W. B. O. Peabody of Springfield, Dr. Gannett, Dr. Bellows (destined to be one of the best friends of my later life); later on, Edward Everett Hale, several Channings, and Dr. Lothrop, the polished Wilberforce of the Unitarian Church. These men were scholars and elegant men of the world. Dr. Huntington, now Bishop of Central New York, was one of them, and, like him, many of the Unitarians of that day became Episcopalians of this day. It was perhaps a halting-place for the soul, freed from the terrible chains of Calvinism, upward and on to a more "reasonable faith." It needed, perhaps, for its ultimate development, the liberal creed and the wonderful prayer-book of the Episcopal Church.

Some letters written about this time have turned up in an old desk and have helped my recollections. As they may amuse the reader, I print them, mistakes and all:

"BOSTON, *Nov.* 184—.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I am finding my place in Mr. Emerson's school. I thought I never should, and I cried three nights pretty hard. He made me take up the Latin grammar and learn it *all by heart* from be-

ginning to end. I recite sometimes to his daughter, Lucy Emerson, a very pretty girl, with the brightest eyes and little dancing black curls, but the sharpest thing you ever saw. She won't let me make a mistake, her eyes go right through me. I told Mr. Emerson I would rather recite to him or to Miss Monroe. He laughed and said he was glad Lucy was so correct. I think he and she mean to be kind—but oh! duty and pleasure have to be kept seperate. I miss home and Keene very much, but Mrs. P—— is very kind and gives me rather too good a breakfast. I have to walk up a steep hill, and then go up four flights of stairs, and I suffer a pain in my chest after all that. I trust your *tic doloureaux* is better.

"Ever your loving

"M. E."

(*From my mother to me.*)

"Dear Mary Elizabeth, —Seperate is not correct. *Separate* would be nearer right. Are you not to study the English branches at Mr. Emerson's school? I am sure I knew how to spell Separate at your age. Now, my dear child, exercise all your talents and all your principles. This is your first absence from home. Try to lay the foundations of a useful character. Remember, life is not all play. I miss your sympathy, and sometimes think I have thrown my own sorrows and cares on you too early. We are already counting the days until you come home at Christmas.

"Your mother,

"M. L. W."

"Boston, *Nov.* 6.

"Dear Mother, —I have bought my winter suit. It is of blue merino, with a spot of brown in it, like an autumn leaf, and a lovely blue silk cloak lined with a brown satin; a bonnet of blue, with Marabout feathers, and rosebuds—O, just the sweetest thing you ever saw! William says it is very becoming. I wore it all to Dr. Lowell's church last Sunday, and I could not help thinking of myself, all the time. There is a great pleasure in new clothes, isn't there? Do you think we attend *to clothes* quite enough, at Keene? Here the girls talk and think of them, a great deal. I fear I have spent too much money, nearly one hundred dollars, since I left you, but I think I have got all I need get, for the winter. I am getting on pretty well at Mr. Emerson's, although it is as hard as a galley slave's life. I wish I could sit down and tell you all about C—— and M—— and Susan—nice girls all of them. M. P. sings as delightfully as ever, and is the belle of all our little parties.

We go out to tea often. Father's friends treat me with a great deal of attention, and the Lawrences and Mrs. Page have asked me to tea. I am to see Washington Allston's picture to-morrow.

"Ever your loving

"M. E."

"KEENE, *Dec.*

"MY DARLING DAUGHTER,—I hear you look very well in your new blue suit, and I think as you bought it all yourself, and not with my advice, you shall not be scolded for spending so much. We must try to make it do for two winters, but I am seriously sorry to hear you say you could not help thinking of yourself all church time! Try on that sacred day to dismiss all thoughts of yourself and your clothes. It is one reason I wish you to be well-dressed so you shall not think of yourself, for I know it is mortifying to a young person to be ill-dressed, but I trust you will rise above clothes. Thank Mrs. P. for her great kindness to you, and do not eat hot cakes for breakfast. Dr. Twitchell says that is the cause of the pain in your chest. Your little sisters both have severe sore throats. Take care and not get one, in Boston. Bathe yourself freely in cold water, even if you have to break the ice in the pitcher.

"Your Mother,

"M. L. W."

"BOSTON, *Dec.*, 184—.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I have been taken to hear Miss Margaret Fuller talk. She received me very kindly. I found her a very plain woman with almost a hump back, but the moment she began to talk I found her most fascinating; there was a sort of continuous long low stream of well-constructed sentences and that Boston pronunciation which you and I admire. She said: 'Talk about your friends' interests and not your own; always put the pronoun *you* for the pronoun *I* when you can.' (A lady near me pulled my skirt and said: 'She is a great egotist herself.') 'In Society to have unity one must have units, one cannot be unanimous alone.' She said: 'Never talk of your diseases, your domestics or your dresses.' She said: 'Think before you speak, and never speak unless you feel you cannot *help* speaking.'

"'But then I should never speak at all,' said S——.

"'Perhaps the world would be none the worse,' said she, rather cruelly, I thought.

"She is cruel. The girls all came away frightened. One said that

she had been at a concert with her a few days before, and that Margaret Fuller turned round and scolded them all for talking during the music; but that was right, I think. They call her here 'the great, the intellectual Miss Fuller.'

"I think these great people do not know how frightened girls are; they would not be so severe. My teacher, Mr. George B. Emerson, does not believe in her. I told him about my visit to her the next morning. He said: 'Learn to *think*, young lady, and the talk will come of itself.'

"Mr. Emerson impresses me more and more every day. I see that he reads all our characters, and that, severe as he is, he does not mean to make machines of us; he is a real chivalrous gentleman as well, and most respected in Boston.

"I have been suffering again with that pain in the chest, on going upstairs. O, I wish there were no such things as stairs or hills in this world; but I am coming home for the Christmas holidays next week and that will cure me. Good-night, dear Mother.

"M. E."

"Boston, *Feb.*, 184—.

"Dearest Mother,—I had a sad coming to Boston through the snow storm; the gentlemen inside the stage coach threw their shawls around me, and one took off his overshoes, and put them on my feet outside of my own thin boots.

"'This little girl will freeze to death,' said he.

"But I would not come inside, it makes me so deathly sea-sick as you know. I have been very ill, with sore throat, but got up my lessons all the same.

"It is a pretty hard ride from Keene to Nashua, outside the coach when it snows.

"Ever yours with love

"M. E."

Oh! the dreariness of those stage-coach rides in winter! It almost extinguishes the pleasure of the remembrance of how perfect they were in summer, under the green boughs and the straggling sunbeams. I think I laid the foundations of a life-long rheumatism in those dreadful drives during the New Hampshire winters.

This fragment of a letter—and there were many like it—shows what we endured before rapid transit was accomplished. I have seen many inventions, the electric telegraph, postage-stamps, envelopes, chloroform, photographs, sewing-machines, parlor matches, canning of fruit and vegetables, but none of them equal the *parlor car* and the rapidity of steam travel; not even the steam furnace, which doubtless saves many a life in the cold Northern States. When I remember that freezing child on the top of that dreary stage-coach with the thermometer at zero, I do not wonder that I have been a rheumatic all my later life. I only wonder that I lived a year.

My health gave way between these exposures and Mr. Emerson's stairs, and my kind father came home from the West to see to me and to take me back with him. He had accepted from General Harrison's administration the office of Surveyor-General of Iowa, then much farther off from New Hampshire than it now is. He had previously been made chairman of the great convention at Harrisburg which nominated General Harrison in 1840, and had received from Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky, this compliment:

"General Wilson, you were sent to New Hampshire, but you were misdirected: you were meant for Kentucky."

His great stature, his love of field sports, captivated the ardent soul of the Kentuckian, and I think my father had always sighed for a buffalo-hunt and a chase over the prairies.

He took up his temporary official residence in Dubuque, Iowa, and I was to accompany him thither. My mother did not relish the idea of so long a journey, but to me it was like a flight into Paradise. We were to

go to Washington first, then, as now, the Mecca of the American girl.

"WASHINGTON, *March*, 184—.

"DEAREST MOTHER,—We were a week getting here, but I have enjoyed every hour. Father took me to the Astor House, New York, where we met the whole Whig party I should say; Mr. Ashmun, Mr. Geo. T. Davis, and a sweet old gentleman, Judge Story. Mrs. Otis, and Mrs. Bates, were there and very nice to me. I went shopping, in a fine shop, and bought some gloves, and handkerchiefs, and some ribbons. The Astor House is very comfortable, and I saw all the fashion walk by. The Astor House parlor seems the centre of fashion. It is a very grand Hotel, and from the ladies who walk by in red velvet I get a picture of the great people of New York.

"Just think, next Tuesday I shall be in Washington, not to see old Tippecanoe, but only "Tyler too." Father is very cross on that subject.

"Ever your loving

"M. E."

To go back a few months, my mother and I had gone through the campaign for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" in emphatic fashion. We had accompanied my father, who was so favorite a "stump speaker" on the Whig side that wherever he went thousands of people and a military band accompanied us.

We had had the honor of receiving Mr. Webster as our guest in Keene, and he had asked us to visit him at Marshfield, his famous country-seat on the sea. To proceed thither to see our great hero, accompanied by a brass band, was rather exciting for a girl of thirteen, and to be met by Mrs. Webster in her carriage (all in white, a fine-looking, dark-eyed woman) seemed to me to be very distinguished. My mother and a friend were placed in the seat of honor, and I was asked to mount the box in which Mr. Webster was driving himself. To say that I was frightened as those big black eyes swept me up is to state it mildly; but I lived through it, and

since I was young and small I was allowed the seat next to Mr. Webster on the driver's box. How elated I felt as my tall father put me up there, and he whispered in my ear, "Remember this, my daughter: you are to drive five miles with Daniel Webster as your coachman!"

It was the most impressive and attractive thing about Mr. Webster that all his friends called him always "Daniel Webster." My coachman, who was dressed in a plain suit of gray, with a wide-awake hat and a loosely tied neckerchief of red, began immediately to make himself agreeable.

"So this is your first visit to the sea, Miss Wilson?" said he.

I could have told him that he was the first person to address me as "Miss" Wilson. I was not old enough for titles then.

And so he went on smiling and showing me his splendid teeth, which were as white and regular as a string of pearls, looking down on me with his great black eyes, which were fabulously handsome. He pointed out to me Seth Peterson, who was walking along the road, and who stopped to take some orders from his fellow-fisherman.

"You will eat to-day some fish which Seth and I caught this morning," said Mr. Webster.

I was frightened to death, but I made a lucky hit by asking what sort of fish were the easiest to catch.

He launched off on his favorite subject, and told me of the gamey bass and the reluctant cod and so on; when I again said:

"I suppose you enjoy the fish which are the hardest to catch, don't you, Mr. Webster?"

He looked round at me and laughed. "You are be-

ginning young, Miss Wilson," said he; "that is the remark of a coquette."

And at dinner he embarrassed me very much by repeating this conversation as a piece of youthful precocity.

Our drive was only too short, as we soon reached the long, low, pleasant white house known as Marshfield.

Mrs. Webster—a Miss Le Roy by birth—had very distinguished manners, and I felt awed as she received me every day with a lofty courtesy on the veranda.

The house was full of company. Judge Warren, a famous wit, was there. Mr. Webster laughed at everything he said. A great Whig demonstration had just taken place, and one man had put the flag in a sheaf of wheat as his part of the procession. "He didn't want things to go against the grain," said Judge Warren.

The dinner was profuse and excellent. Mr. Webster had dressed for it, and looked so grand in his blue coat and brass buttons that I was more and more afraid of him; but he grew more and more kind.

He offered a goose for the *pièce de résistance*, and carved it himself with great deftness. He afterwards whispered to me that he was afraid it would not go round.

Every day for a week he gave me the honor and pleasure of a drive, and every day the company changed. I liked him best in the mornings, when, with his soft hat on his head, he sat on the veranda with his dogs and his friends, talking, telling stories, and being the genial and magnetic host.

He of all men next to Napoleon deserved the title of magnetic. His powerful face, so often described, so characterized by Carlyle, Macaulay, and Sydney Smith, was capable of the most lustrous and winning and beautiful smile I can remember. Had Mr. Webster been, like

Charles James Fox, a professional lady-killer, he would have won every woman in the land. But I never heard that he went into the business of flirtation at all.

He could be as terrible as he was gentle, and we had a curious instance of his power. Mrs. Webster complained to him of the revolt of a kitchen-maid. "Send her to me," he said.

The housekeeper told us that he simply *looked* at her, when she cried out, "Don't do that! don't do that! I will scrub the buttery!"

It was like a lash on sensitive flesh to have his black eyes flash their lightning at one.

Before I left Marshfield Mrs. Webster gave me a ring—a ruby circlet—which I wore for many years. Down in the West Indies, on my wedding journey, this ring was stolen from me, to my infinite sorrow; but the memory of it, and of her kindness in giving it to me, I have never lost.

One day Mr. Webster turned suddenly and asked me if I knew any of Watts's hymns; to my regret I did not, when he quoted two or three, and also some lines of Walter Scott. He talked of Burns, Shakespeare, and Milton, and after dinner some lady sang one of Burns's songs.

His daughter, Mrs. Sam Appleton Appleton, was staying in the house, a very interesting woman, whom he much loved; when he approached her he always kissed her hand, which amazed me, it was so stately. He told me much of his visit to England and of the delightful people he had met there, and often took me to drive, telling me about the sea grasses and the fish which he had caught in the morning. I can feel anew, as I write, the fragrant salt sea-breeze, forever refreshing that

favored coast which outlined Marshfield, touching my youthful cheeks with its caressing fingers.

Mr. Webster's dinners in Washington, in Louisburg Square, were well ordered and well served—more elaborate than those of Marshfield. A good ochra soup; a fish, fresh and admirably gotten up; a turkey, roasted and basted as only Monica could do it; oysters, scalloped, fried, or broiled; sometimes terrapin, and often ducks, are the dishes I remember. He had a way of talking about each dish, and I remember his commenting on a salt-codfish salad, as a "dish 'fit' to eat." Then he went into a long discourse as to the meaning of the word "fit"—he knew his English very well. He laughed at the criticisms on his having said, "The nomination of Taylor was one not 'fit' to be made."

As I remembered him at Marshfield, Mr. Webster's conversation was like a great organ playing, and his smile was grandly beautiful. I had listened with an affectionate reverence akin to awe, and when I left he gave me a *Drummond's Botany*, with his valuable autograph:

"*To Miss Mary Elizabeth Wilson:*

"Taken from his own library at Marshfield for her, and offered by her friend, DANL. WEBSTER."

It is unnecessary to say that I have that book still.

Thus my visit to Washington was to me chiefly valuable that I might see Mr. Webster again.

And at a Presidential levee I had that honor. He came in in full evening dress, very carefully groomed, his black hair brushed back from that extraordinary forehead; he was the observed of all observers. When my turn came and my father mentioned modestly, "Here is my little girl," he took my hand in both of

his and said, with a splendid smile, "What, my little woman who likes sea-weed!"

The next day my father took me to Mrs. Webster's reception. The house of the Secretary of State was the great attraction; it was full of brilliant company. Mrs. Webster's nieces and some other fashionable ladies from New York were there, many of the diplomatic circle, and a number of literary women—Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, our New England poetess, "that woman," as Judge Wayne said, "who will die guiltless of anything but a false quantity." I was more pleased with them than with any other part of the show, for I had already written Mrs. Sigourney a letter (anonymously) admiring her poem, "On a Shred of Linen." How I wanted to ask her if she had ever received it, and whether she had enjoyed it! but I remembered just in time that the character of the anonymous admirer forbade that. Suddenly there was a stir in the room, and all these ladies rose.

A young Englishman, named Charles Dickens, entered the room. Then my heart stopped beating.

I had read *Pickwick* and several of his novels, and, like all the world, I admired and wondered how a genius looked. I can see him now, overdressed, with billows of green-satin necktie, long hair, a rather handsome face, and hanging on his arm a pretty little fat, rosy-cheeked wife.

I also remember (and I fear no one else does) what I wore on this momentous occasion: a black-velvet tight-fitting jacket with gold buttons down the front, and a skirt of deep blue, heavily flounced. I fear this fashion was stolen from Fanny Elssler, but the dress was "made in Boston." I saw that other ladies wore this tight jacket with tight sleeves, so I knew I was correct. We

had bonnets on, and I remember thinking that Mrs. Dickens's bonnet was dowdy. When we got into the carriage I said to my father, "Oh! I am so glad that mother allowed me this pretty dress!"

Whereupon he addressed me severely. "My daughter, I am sorry that after such an afternoon, when you have met so many distinguished people, you should be thinking of your clothes."

However, he was soon propitiated, and took me to the Senate Chamber next day, where I looked down on the great of the earth and saw Charles Dickens sitting in a seat near the Chairman.

I remember Mr. Tyler, the President, as a man with a long nose and thin figure, but a courteous Virginia gentleman. It all made a great impression on me, particularly Mr. Webster, who loomed up more and more splendid. I think I remember him (and my velvet jacket) best of all.

Then we departed for a long, fatiguing journey from Harrisburg to Wheeling by stage-coach. Splendid scenery, but nothing decent to eat for three days and nights. I slept on my dear father's shoulder. He was so kind, so tender, so sweet to me, that I can never think of this journey without my eyes getting a little moist; for after we reached the Ohio River, all blushing with the redbud along its banks, and got on the comfortable steamboat, I found that he was ailing. He, however, did not allow me to be annoyed, and it was to me a cotillon party which lasted a week; for the colored waiters made a very good band, the saloon a nice ballroom, and we danced every evening. I remember being appalled by one very solemn partner, who led me off in a cotillon by the formidable remark, "Dancing, madame, is a great solvent of discontent."

"Yes, sir," I said, not knowing what else to say. As I had never had any discontent, and did not very well remember what solvent meant, I was somewhat discouraged. However, the order came, "Ladies cross over," and I bounded off willingly. I learned afterwards that he was the governor of some Western State, and he made his peace by bringing me next day great bunches of the beautiful redbud from the shore.

We paused often to take on freight and passengers at places which Dickens was afterwards to make immortal in *Martin Chuzzlewit;* but although they did look rather forlorn, I never knew of the fact until long after. I suppose "dancing had been the solvent of my discontent," for I never was happier; and I remember that Ohio River steamboat, the good food, the music of that negro band, and the courtesy of the Western captain with great delight. The Ohio is a magnificent river. The season was spring. I kept on making mistakes, and blushing for fear that my father would call me "Mary Elizabeth," which was the beginning of a scolding; but I suppose the bloom of youth must have covered a multitude of sins, for I always seemed to come up smiling. In fact, "life was a joke which had just begun," and I had *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist* to read. The guards of that boat, looking out on the moving panorama of the Ohio, was an ideal place to sit of a warm spring morning. I was travelling into the Unknown, and it was like the fabled stuff of Damascus—whichever way you turned it, it was scarlet and gold.

Sorrow was not far off, for when we got to St. Louis my father broke down with a severe illness, and we were there three weeks in the house of a dear set of cousins, who saved his life.

I saw things with sadly anxious eyes; the city, now so

great and then so small, St. Louis, full of French people and Northern people and Southern people and negroes. It did not look as it does now. To my great horror and amazement, my cousins owned slaves, and their backyard was full of pickaninnies. I remember two great men—the Reverend Mr. Elliot, one of our Unitarian saints, and Mr. Holmes, now Professor of Law at Harvard, then a young lawyer, and the author of a book to prove that Shakespeare did not write *Shakespeare;* also some pretty, very agreeable women; but my heart was too heavy to allow me to notice much, and I was too young to be a philosophic observer. My father and I, after his recovery, started off up the Mississippi, that muddy, great, dark river, and I always felt the force of the subsequent witticism when the indignant Yankee answered the assuming Briton, "You could stir the whole of England into the Mississippi without making it a bit muddier."

We had the same cotillon party and most interesting companions. I suppose "Elijah Pogram" or his prototype was on board, but I do not remember him. Of all the ways of travel, I remember none which were so agreeable as these floating palaces, on which we lazily encompassed such vast distances.

One day we stopped at Nauvoo, the first settlement of the Mormons. My father knew Joe Smith, their first Prophet. He had been a bricklayer at Keene, and had not laid his bricks even and well. He and a man from Peterboro, where my father was born, Jesse Little, I think, came down and invited us up to see their great temple, resting on the shoulders of carved wooden oxen. It was impressive, but the general effect was more like the Eden of Charles Dickens, which was yet to be described, than any other place I remember. They were already in trouble, and I think made their exodus the

next year. But here I may be mistaken. I remember hearing then the romantic story, now denied, that they had found Mr. Spaulding's book by accident, and made it their Bible.

This was perhaps the most small beginning of what has proved, after Mahomet, the most extraordinary story in the whole world of religious fanaticism and the *one-man power*. Even the Massanielo frenzy pales before it. At any rate, to have seen this their beginning is interesting now by the light of subsequent events. It is not the man who starts well in the race of whom we make a hero, but he who reaches the goal and ends well. These queer and dirty and disreputable Mormons became the most successful of colonists in their new home beyond the Rockies. They redeemed the dry land by irrigation, as the Moors enriched sandy Spain; and their religious tenets, absurd and abhorrent to the rest of us, have for them a power and a strong hold which would put to shame many a Protestant church.

I see it still, that ragged, dirty, uneven shore of the great Mississippi, the lazy steamboat-landing, the pigs of lead being discharged or loaded on—I forget which. The story used to run that the Mormons always dropped two or three in the river by accident, but fished them up and appropriated them afterwards. They had a bad name, but, unlike the dog, it did not hang them. The Mormons were destined to live down a great deal of bad name. I suppose that great wooden temple and the carved oxen had been built by some of their foreign converts who had a knowledge of wood-carving.

Joe Smith, the then head of the Church, the bad bricklayer, had "builded better than he knew," or, as they used to say in Keene, when I told them this story, "better than he knew how when he was here."

CHAPTER II

Visit to Dubuque and the Wisconsin Prairies — A Steamboat Trip through the Great Lakes with Mr. Van Buren and J. K. Paulding—Chicago and Mayor Ogden—James Russell Lowell and Maria White — A Visit to the "Experiment" at Brook Farm —Mr. Ripley, Mr. Curtis, Hawthorne, and Margaret Fuller.

It would astonish the good citizens of Dubuque, Iowa, of to-day if I should tell them what a small, pretty village theirs was when I first saw it; how immense prairies filled with wild flowers stretched back from the great bluff (I suppose that is there still) which defends their State of Iowa from the rolling Mississippi, and what a little row of houses clustered under the hill. Beyond on the prairies lived some of our friends, who were early settlers. We used to go out for a day and a night, and had some log-cabin experiences not always pleasant.

One of our friends, a Philadelphia gentleman, had married a fair-haired wife, and they were "roughing it on the plains." Among their live-stock was a fawn, the most beautiful creature possible. I loved and petted this gentle animal, and was shocked when one day I was asked to come out and eat him.

He had grown troublesome, I suppose. This was bad enough, but, what was worse, he was shot before my eyes after I got there, and I saw the dying look in his splendid eyes. This effectually spoiled the effect of the venison for me; as sad a story, I thought, as that of

the "Falcon." Tennyson should have immortalized that fawn. And my friends were not, like the master of the falcon, driven to killing the fawn by poverty, for their fields were full of sheep, and their coops overladen with turkeys and geese, while the prairie swarmed with the famous grouse, brown as a berry.

I had some very tragic experiences at this log-cabin of my friends. Once, in my bed, I looked up at the logs at the head, and through the crevices I saw a black snake wriggling his dreadful head. It was a good reminder to rise early and often. After this I determined never to undertake frontier life. There were many dreary hours in spite of the romance in this visit to the then extreme West; but my father was Surveyor-General of Iowa under the Whig administration, and he had to be there. Perpetually driving over the great prairies on his business, he often took me, and I really have seen more of the unbroken and beautiful ocean of grass, ornamented and gemmed with wild flowers, than many a frontiersman. We made a journey once of three days to Madison, Wisconsin, that pretty town of four fine lakes. We were the guests of Governor and Mrs. Doty, and I remember the house was so full that the rooms were partitioned with sheets. We slept on the way at log-cabins of settlers as we drove along; and once our little carriage, with my absurdly big trunk in front, nearly tipped into a stream we were fording. My father's great form was in the stream instantly, and he held us all up out of the water—carriage, trunk, and daughter. Fortunately, we had to drive in a burning sun for two hours, so he got thoroughly dried. The sorrowful prairie wives and mothers, mostly emigrants from New England, used to move my soul to pity in this journey. They all had the ague, were taking care of a crying baby, and yet found

time to cook the prairie-chickens which my father had shot on the way. Some of them, seeing my sympathy, would talk to me far into the night, telling me a mournful story. I used to drive away with my eyes full of tears. Three days going and three days coming back over this endless *campagna,* and a subsequent drive to Milwaukee to take the steamer thence for home, satisfied me with a knowledge of the State of Wisconsin as it then was. But it had a charm (in common with the Campagna at Rome) like the sea, and it gave me many romantic dreams when I returned to the well-regulated and comfortable life of New England.

The life on horseback which I led at Dubuque and these drives re-established my health, and I had no more pains in my chest. Our journey home through the great lakes was even more delightful than that up the Ohio and Mississippi. The steamboats were models of comfort, and the same cotillon party, lasting a fortnight, went on every evening. As I was the youngest person on board, I had no end of partners, and there were two most eligible elderly beaux to talk to of mornings.

These were the Hon. Martin Van Buren, ex-President, and his friend, James K. Paulding, who had been one of his cabinet. This latter gentleman, well known to the literary world, was very indignant at the attentions which were then being showered on Dickens, "a mere London newspaper reporter," as he used to say. One age must, however, gracefully retire before another.

Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Paulding were charming gentlemen and the best and kindest of friends. Mr. Van Buren was especially courtly—a little, natty man, with his head on one side and the air of being fresh from the barber. I used to tell his witty son, John Van Buren,

of this steamboat flirtation afterwards, after I had grown older and was married.

"Oh, he always had good taste," said the ready "Prince John," who should have written his own memoirs.

We stopped at a little, mean, muddy town known as Chicago. The mayor, William B. Ogden, came down to the boat and drove us up to a beautiful villa in the heart of the town. It was surrounded by trees and quite redeemed the otherwise barren outlook. That site is now so covered with bricks and mortar that I have never even attempted to identify it during my subsequent visits to that magnificent town. There he was laying the foundations of the great fortune which is now enjoyed by his descendants; there he built an undying memorial of himself—the man of energy, accomplishments, and a kind heart.

I saw Niagara on my way home, and nearly tumbled off Table Rock. We went up there in a mist, and I got very wet. I remember my father was so angry with me that he would not speak to me all the way to Albany. I sat shivering in my wet garments, and quivering with a sense of injustice, for it had not been my fault at all that Niagara was wet.

But when I was taken in the night with a chill, followed by a fever, he forgave. In a few days we were at home, and my mother was taking care of me and looking over my stained and spoiled dresses. I was thought to be ready for a very stern governess, who proceeded to wring out of me all ideas of superiority, airs of having seen the world, and visions of past joy. I went through all that New England could do to impress me with the idea that I was a miserable sinner.

Had it not been for books I should wish to forget

some of these subsequent years; but I would keep one most pleasant memory, that of seeing Mr. Lowell and his lovely Maria White. O the blessed damozel! I went to Watertown to visit her sisters, the Misses White, and there I found this pretty idyl of a love affair going on.

The Whites lived in a grand house, of limitless capacity, at Watertown. This house seemed ever to be full, for each sister had a friend staying with her; and although there were five sisters at home, yet there was always room for one more. I remember that the beautiful, dark-eyed Misses Gilman, the daughters of the poetess Caroline Gilman, and the reverend doctor, their father, were there, and visitors for lunch and tea were always arriving. And here for the first time I saw that extraordinary genius, William Henry Hurlbert.

But I had eyes only for Maria, the blue-eyed beauty, the genius, with eyes lighted from behind and the smile which seemed to illumine the earth! She was a *prédestinée.* Consumption had even then marked her for its own, and although she lived fourteen years after that she always walked with death at her side. Perhaps a certain unearthly quality of her beauty was owing to the influence of this malady, which is known to cast a radiance over its victims. But Maria White had no appearance then of an invalid. Her skin was beautifully fair, with no hectic in the cheeks, no color save the red of her lips; her hair, which was very profuse and worn in bandeaux over the ears, was a rich auburn brown, and her eyes very light blue, with long lashes; her teeth were a feature by themselves, so white, so perfect, and so regular, a set of graduated pearls. She was not a large woman nor a small one, rather slender than otherwise, perfectly graceful and well-

made. The expression of the face was rapt, spiritual, poetic. I never saw such eyes.

Perhaps she saw with pleasure the admiration which she inspired in my youthful heart, for she was very kind to me, and showed me her work, smiling. She did fancy-work beautifully (japanning, I believe, it is called), painting flowers in gold-leaf on a black ground. She used to ornament tables, clocks, desks, chairs, and other pieces in this manner with exquisite taste. I saw on her table a box, which looked like a great Bible, and it had painted on it, by her, these words:

"THE GOLDEN LEGEND

"Here lies within this golden legend fair
Of love and life the noble mystery.
Life sullies not its lily pages fair,
Death writes no Finis to its history."

"These are James's letters," she said, giving me one of her rare smiles. She always smiled when she spoke of him.

I saw much of this courtship, destined one day to be the property of the world, from the distinction which both lovers won by their talents.

All courtships are beautiful, or should be. This one had every element of beauty. Mr. Lowell was singularly handsome in his young manhood. Paige painted him when he was a Titian young man with reddish beard and affluent curling hair, deep-blue eyes, and a ruddy cheek. Afterwards, when he was Minister to England, I spoke to him of that portrait and those days. "You see," said he, "I didn't grow old handsomely." Nor did he. The trials of his life, and they were many, had marked his face and marred his color-

ing; but it made no difference how he looked, he was always the same delightful, witty, and distinguished man.

Together the lovers might have played Romeo and Juliet, Francesca da Rimini and Paolo, or indeed anything Italian and romantic. I visited them at their home at Elmwood afterwards, and they drove me to Mount Auburn, hearing that I had never seen it. Only the other day, after many years, I went to lay a rose on their graves.

Mr. Lowell was very fond of telling stories, of writing funny verses; and once after his sister and myself returned from a journey to Lake Superior, bringing with us some moss-agates and the account of a gentleman named Moss, he burst out with an impromptu supposed to have been written by that gentleman:

"Together once we chanced to cross
Ontario's inland sea.
What wonder that a lonely Moss
A *lichen* took to thee!

"And as our boat went pitch and toss,
Thou on my arm wouldst lean;
Forgive my hopes! how could a moss
Be otherwise than green?

"And if again our paths should cross,
Thou there wilt surely see
All withered hang a lonely Moss
Dependent from a tree!"

I do not think the lovely Maria had so much love of humor as her lover husband; their sympathy was rather on the poetic and humanitarian side. She was an earnest abolitionist, and drew him over to work and feel with her. They spent the first year of their married

life in Philadelphia, in deference to her delicate lungs. They lived with a Quaker family named Lamborn, and from Dr. Lamborn, their son, I heard many details later on of that year of happiness. James delighted to see Maria dress in the Quaker garb, which was becoming to her, and used to surprise the Quaker circle invited to tea by entering suddenly and kissing the demure Quaker sister—a joke which never failed to delight Mrs. Lamborn.

I did not see Mrs. Lowell after the death of her children, or when disease had made its ravages; so I retain, as few people can, a memory of that transcendent loveliness of her youth. Of Mr. Lowell I continued to see a great deal, and after her death he sent me a volume of her poems, and her portrait (from one by Paige). He also asked to see several letters she had written to me after the death of her children, when he was calling at my house in New York. I left him alone with them in my parlor, and he took his leave without bidding me adieu. He afterwards wrote me one of his choice letters, thanking me, and adding, "Which was most beautiful, her body or her soul?" He often dined with me in New York, bringing with him the rarefied air of Cambridge, and of all the recent good things said by Charles Norton, Agassiz, Holmes, James T. Fields, John Holmes, and the *Illuminati* generally.

What a society of wits and scholars that was! I remember, in my visits to Boston, meeting them all, at dinners, teas, at the opera and theatre. Imagine the sensation of having Mr. Prescott come and talk to one at the opera!

My father took my mother, myself, and Miss Lois White (the heroine of the moss-agate poem) up to Lake Superior in the summer of one of the late forties. We saw

the great copper-mines, the wonders of that inland sea; we saw Mackinac, most romantic of islands; we went to Dubuque, and already it had begun to grow. I have never seen the Mississippi since, nor Mackinac, nor the great lakes, excepting to glance across the one at St. Louis and New Orleans and to feel the breezes of Lake Michigan at Chicago; but I pay my parting tribute to the old steamboat way of crossing them. It was transcendent. I should like to make those journeys again.

In one of my visits to Boston, it may have been in the spring of 1847, I was taken out to see Brook Farm, that experiment of Fourierism which led perhaps to the writing of the *Blithedale Romance.*

I knew very little of the writings of Fourier, or his romantic economic scheme that men and women were so perfect that they could all live together under one common roof, or in phalanxes, dividing the labor, and enjoying in groups of fifty or one hundred one common fire which should cook the common dinner. "Why must a man and a woman be shut up in cages which they call homes, each wasting extravagantly fire and food?" was one of the favorite remarks of the Fourierites.

A few Transcendentalists, with Reverend George Ripley at their head, were making the first experiment out at West Roxbury, in a wooden house, which, as I saw it, was painfully crowded. Mr. William White, a brother-in-law of Mr. Lowell, and his sisters, were so good as to take me there to tea; and although I have forgotten much else, I shall always remember that intellectual group in the long, low, crowded room, one hot evening in July. The lady who received us did so while hastily pulling down her sleeves, explaining that she had been in the "washing group."

Mr. Frank Shaw was furnishing them the money to build their new Phalanstery, which, when completed, burned down, and Mr. Shaw never got his money back. We met his beautiful wife as we neared the "experiment," and she asked us to her house to tea. We were sorry afterwards that we had not accepted, for the whole menage, I regret to remember, seemed very wanting in cleanliness and care.

George William and Burrill Curtis were conspicuous there, in blue blouses, like French workmen. Mr. Ripley, who sat at the head of the table, talked supremely well. He was a most striking figure, and every one was so intellectual and superior that one wished, had it been less warm and more fragrant, to stay there. Mr. Ripley, who afterwards became a very dear friend of mine in New York society, often spoke of that glimpse of mine at what had been to him a painful disappointment. He told me how badly some characters "panned out," how many illusions he lost. "It all went up in smoke," he said; and yet the theory seemed most plausible.

Margaret Fuller, who had always struck me as a very plain woman, was the oracle. She had a very long neck, which Dr. Holmes described "as either being swan-like or suggesting the great ophidian who betrayed our Mother Eve." She had a habit of craning her head forward as if her hearing were defective; but she had a set of woman-worshippers who said that the flowers faded when she did not appear.

She was the Aspasia of this great council. She seemed to have a special relationship to each of the intellectual men about her, discerning and reading them better than they did themselves. Some one said of her that she was a kind of spiritual fortune-teller, and that her eyes were

at times visible in the dark. Their devotion to her was akin to fanaticism, and they would talk of the magic play of her voice as the singing of a fountain. She had a very kind way to the colored stage-driver, who was the Mr. Weller of Concord, and he distinguished her by his respect. The "chambermaid would confide to her her homely romance." The better class of young Cambridge students believed in her as though she had been a learned professor. Her all-seeing eye could shoot through the problems which engaged them. Many distinguished men kept this opinion of her to their deaths. With such wonderful imagination and a genius like that of George Eliot, there was much that was morbid and unhealthy and strange in Margaret Fuller. She was a victim of dreadful headaches all her life, but she said that "pain acted like a girdle to her powers," and between laughing and crying she would utter her most witty words.

There was a singular mixture of faculties in this gifted woman. She was fully conscious of the male intellect in which was incarnate her truly sensitive feminine heart. She had a tendency to dally with stories of spells and charms, and really thought she had (if she turned her head one side) the power of second-sight.

This is not my own description. I have compiled it from the words of others, for I did not see much of her or know her well enough to have written so powerful an elucidation. She wrote these lines on herself, but addressed to the moon:

> "But if I steadfast gaze upon thy face
> A human secret, like my own, I trace;
> For through the woman's smile *looks the male eye.*"

Her wonderful eloquence and electric spirit gave to

her conversations an impressiveness and influence which cannot be inferred from the records kept of them.

They were not always free from the ludicrous, and the daily papers made fun of her. Everybody had a *mot* as to what Emerson said and what Margaret said, and it is fair to observe that, although Emerson was the brain and Margaret the blood, the two spoke a great deal of nonsense. Certainly after the epoch of social reconstruction failed, and when Margaret left them, Transcendentalism broke to pieces, like a cosmical ring, each piece flying off to revolve in its own orbit.

I can only remember how much she was talked about all my youth, and sometimes laughed at. Zenobia, Hawthorne's beautiful dream, supposed to somewhat embody Margaret Fuller, has embalmed her and put her in the world's picture-gallery forever.

I ought to have seen Hawthorne at Brook Farm, but I did not. I have to accept George William Curtis's splendid description of him:

"A statue of Night and Silence, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes and suit of sable made him in that society like the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories."

This, contrasted with the cheerful and human picture of Hawthorne written lately (1896) by his daughter, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, makes Hawthorne two such different men that we can only solve the problem by quoting Goethe's mother: "When my son has a grief he makes a poem of it, and so gets rid of it."

When Hawthorne had a sombre mystery he made a story out of it, and so got rid of it, possibly. We are very grateful to him for confiding his mysteries to us—

that man of immense genius, that prince of all the romance writers who use our English speech, for his mastery of language was unique, and also his exquisite grace of comedy, which appears in his *English Notes*.

"The hunger of an age is alike a presentiment and a pledge of its own supply." The demand for woman's emancipation of thought, her breadth of freedom of action, met with its first great interpreter in Margaret Fuller: she fed that first hunger.

From the glimmer of twilight's solitude through which Hawthorne's shrewd and curious eye dissected the movements of the human heart, Margaret Fuller might have seemed to be like Zenobia, but I did not think it a portrait.

The terribly tragic end of that life, which was so noble, generous, and helpful, has placed Margaret Fuller above criticism, and one only wishes that to his sombre studies Hawthorne might have added that shipwrecked, faithful woman holding her child to her breast. His exquisitely delicate genius, refined away almost to gossamer, would then have encased them both in a web of alabaster like that which was found in the rooms of the Borgias.

CHAPTER III

Washington in the Forties—General Franklin Pierce—The Mexican War—John Quincy Adams, Lincoln, Calhoun, Benton, and Clay —A Sight for Northern "Doughfaces" — The 7th-of-March Speech—Chester Harding—Two Stories of Webster—President Tyler's Inauguration—State Balls and Dinners—The Society of the Capital Half a Century Ago.

The life in New England was a studious one, but not gay, although the irrepressible spirit of sixteen got some dancing out of it. The vision of Washington to come was a not ungrateful one, and, although I have referred to it before, I may be allowed to speak for a moment of the political situation which obtained when I exchanged New England for Washington. My father had always been very kind and familiar in his talks with his children about politics as well as everything else. I had hated General Jackson as a child, as the Scotch children hated the Bruce; and although I had seen with my own eyes that Mr. Van Buren was not an ogre, I had still a very poor opinion of his character. A girl brought up in the old Whig party had no idea which favored "Locofocos," as the Democrats were called. Antislavery agitation at the North was growing more intense every day. We had gone through the Mexican war. I knew by heart the name of every hero in it; we were waiting to know now what was to become of the territory won by that war. Our friend and neighbor General Franklin Pierce, although my father's political foe, was a very agreeable guest at our dinner-table. He had gone to the

war, and it had made him President; although, poor man! he would have been better off without that distinction. As we look back upon it now, we see that the time held the "irrepressible conflict" (the "immortal march" of Roger A. Pryor) in the rude Wilmot Proviso, the Compromise Resolutions, etc.; and I remember John Quincy Adams in the House of Representatives, with his noble old head, battling for the North. Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster were "compromising," as were most of the Northern Whigs. It was intensely exciting, and rather mortifying to Northerners.

Mr. Lincoln, then obscure but for his great height, was towering physically above everybody, as he was later on to tower mentally and morally above us all; but no one suspected his greatness then.

John Wentworth, of Chicago, six feet seven; Caleb Cushing, and George Ashmun, with his bright black eyes burning with genius, his fine, shining bald head, were among those who were on the floor of the House. I have forgotten many of the others, but these were the days when I knew the House of Representatives very well and heard many good speeches.

Mr. Winthrop, prince of Speakers, was in the chair. General Scott, fresh from triumphs in Mexico, walked about outside. I once saw him, Mr. Lincoln, John Wentworth, and my father talking together in the lobby, and my father, who was six feet four, was the shortest of the quartet.

In the Senate, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Benton, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Berrian made that scene notable. Rufus Choate was in the Senate in the John Tyler days, a very fervid orator and man of genius. Later on Mr. Polk was in the White House surrounded by an army of Southern sympathizers. This was in 1847.

As one fine spring day we were looking from our windows in Four-and-a-Half Street we saw a great commotion and outcry. It was the most heart-breaking scene I have ever witnessed.

It was a cargo of runaway slaves who had been caught in Chesapeake Bay trying to get away from cruel masters. They had been becalmed, and so captured. Their fate was to be taken to Northern or to Washington jails, and then to be whipped and sent back again. The captain of the little craft which had essayed to save them was being carried up to the jail in a carriage, guarded by soldiers, else the citizens of Washington would have murdered him, so strongly Southern was the feeling there. I remember one poor negro mother with a baby in her arms, and two or three pickaninnies hanging to her skirts, being whipped along with the rest. Her face with its hopeless agony is before me to-day, a greater picture than that of the Cenci.

What a sight that was for a Northern girl to see! Mr. Ashmun stood at my side, and as he watched the impotent tears fall down my cheeks he said:

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

And yet, after all that, we had to hear our idol, Mr. Webster, make the 7th-of-March speech.

I have never been able to decide whether it was because his great and well-informed mind saw the other side so clearly that it could not see the right side, or whether it was because he so much desired to be President, that he on that occasion advocated compromise and temporizing. It killed him, this Fabian policy. Had he taken strongly the Northern view, the view which Abraham Lincoln took, "*Do right — and*

sleep," he would have been the next President, and the war would have been averted, for it would have been unnecessary.

My little part in that great day, the 7th of March, was this: Ladies were to be admitted on the floor of the Senate, and my father got me the seat of General Greene, of Rhode Island, very near Mr. Webster. The venerable and beautiful Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Webster sat not far off, while everybody of distinction in Washington and crowds from Boston and New York were present. Mr. Webster rose, dressed in buff and blue, the colors of Fox, which he always wore on great occasions—a dress-coat buttoned across the waist over a yellow vest—his great face serious, splendid; his cavernous eyes glowing with fire, his hair carefully brushed back from his majestic forehead.

Surely "no one could be so great as he looked." He had not proceeded far when Mr. Calhoun jumped to his feet, making some objection to what he said. "The gentleman from South Carolina and I have broken a lance before this," said Mr. Webster. "I have no desire to do so again," said Mr. Calhoun, "but—" etc.

Mr. Calhoun was dying; in fact, he died on the 30th of the month. His face was spectral, and his stiff gray hair, which he brushed upward, gave a peculiar expression to his very marked appearance. This 7th of March was his last appearance in the Senate. He made on that occasion his most remarkable prophecy: "Sir, the Union can be broken." But neither of these great men knew that it not only could be and *would* be broken, but that it could be cemented together again, alas! by a mingling of the best blood on both sides — a cement which, please God! shall hold it through the ages. It seems now impossible that the great logical mind of Mr.

Webster should have forgotten an impressive phrase from Lord Bacon which he had quoted in his famous letter to the "Citizens on the Kennebec River":

"Among the maxims left us by Lord Bacon, one is, that when seditions or discontents arise in the state the part of wisdom is to remove, by all means possible, the causes. The surest way to prevent discontents, if the times will bear it," he says, "is to take away the *matter* of them; for if there be fuel prepared it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire."

Slavery was that *cause* which should then and there have been removed.

Slavery was not the cause

But these great topics are beyond the meaning and the purpose of these rambling recollections. A young girl listening to a giant was not thinking of the past or the future; she was probably very much more interested in her own present.

But she was conscious of a great thud of disappointment, and was very angry when a beau of the period, Mr. Cabell, of Virginia, said to her: "Less than that concession of Mr. Webster would have dissolved the Union." Many years after in St. Louis, having suffered extensively from the evils of secession, Mr. Cabell talked to me in a very different strain.

Of the great we of the lesser type have a right to cherish all memories, however trivial; it therefore is to me, who saw this great man when I was a child, and afterwards when I was a young woman, a great pleasure to recall his smile, his careful dress, his commanding beauty, and his unvarying kindness. My memories of him in the Senate and in society are not less vivid and delightful than of the days at Marshfield. I saw him in the Capitol as he was sitting to Healy for one of his best portraits. He seemed perfect, and I ceased to ques-

tion, as we should all do, what strain of human imperfection it was that clouded this celebrated life; why he was not more successful in the minor matters of every day; why he did not see more clearly what others thought to be the right; why there was one thread of logic that he did not find and follow—and so we should all cease to question. To-day I know no greater pleasure than to read his letters and his speeches.

Speaking of portraits of Mr. Webster, the earliest one, by Chester Harding (that man of genius who used to make Gilbert Stuart jealous, as his young fame in 1823 made the older man ask, "How rages the Harding fever?"), is, I think, in the Boston Athenæum. They are all good. I sat to Harding in my girlhood. He used to talk to me of Webster as of a man whom he really worshipped. He had a thorough comprehension of his subject, for he was a great man himself. He enjoyed for many years an enviable intimacy with Mr. Webster and his family, and he said, "The more unrestrained our intercourse grew the greater man he seemed to be." He was fond of telling of his taking a bottle of "mountain-dew" to Mr. Webster. Leaving the bottle on the hall table, he went in to the parlor and said, "I have left a Scotch gentleman of my acquaintance outside; may I bring him in?" On receiving a ready assent he produced the bottle (he had previously told Mr. Webster that this beverage must be taken with hot water and sugar).

"Oh," said Mr. Webster, receiving the bottle with gravity, "is this the gentleman who always bathes in hot water?"

Chester Harding was born in 1792, in North Conway, New Hampshire; he died in Boston in 1866, having painted nearly every one of note in that city. His fame grew to be a national one, and his last portrait was that

of General Sherman, painted in 1866. He had been in England, and had studied under Leslie and Sir Thomas Lawrence. He painted portraits of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Norfolk, Allison the historian, and Samuel Rogers. He always held a high social position wherever he went. He was a grand-looking man, and in his old age, with a white beard, he sat to an artist for a head of St. Peter. A characteristic of his portraits was their suggestiveness of temperament and character. But in the fine lines which Nature draws upon the living face the artist should be inspired to read that half-hidden handwriting. In this Chester Harding excelled, and therefore his pictures of Webster are valuable. His conversation was always rare and instructive, and never more agreeable than when he talked of Mr. Webster.

I remember one anecdote of Mr. Webster's immense personal charm told me by Mr. W. W. Story, of Rome.

"James Lowell and I," said he, "were very angry with Webster for staying in old Tyler's cabinet, and as he was to speak in Faneuil Hall on the evening of the 30th of September, 1842, we determined to go in and hoot at him and to show him that he had incurred our displeasure. There were three thousand people there, and we felt sure they would hoot with us, young as we were.

"But we reckoned without our host. Mr. Webster, beautifully dressed, stepped calmly forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, straight at me. I pulled off my hat; James pulled off his. We both became cold as ice and respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James turn pale; he said I was livid. And when the great creature began that most beautiful exordium our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from abject contempt to belief and approbation."

Mr. Webster talked one evening of his past, the past of the "Reply to Hayne." He told us how Mrs. Gales had saved it for him, as she could read her husband's shorthand, which no one else could. I remember that Miss Susan Benton was of this party—a very gifted girl, and the daughter of the great Missouri Senator. Mr. Seward often joined us in our after-dinner walks to the Capitol. These twilight strolls to these beautiful grounds were very fashionable then. We dined at five o'clock, and had a long summer evening to get rid of. How primitive Washington was in those days! But what good society this was during the long session!

A small, straggling city, with very muddy streets in winter; plain living and high thinking; rather uncomfortable quarters in the hotels and boarding-houses; here and there a grand house, but not many of them; the White House, serene and squalid; a few large public buildings; the Capitol, with its splendid dome, like an architect's dream, overhanging and dominating the scene, as it does to-day, one of the most splendid public buildings in the civilized world. Such was the early Washington to me.

I came to Washington as a very young girl, and was, of course, dazzled. I have only indistinct memories as to having seen the last years of Mr. Polk's administration and the first of General Taylor's. That was my first inauguration, and I remember it very well. What a cold, driving March day it was! What dreary waiting in a crowded part of the rotunda and the Supreme Court room! We had two friends—Mr. Dixon, of Connecticut, and Mr. Justice Wayne, of the Supreme Court—to put us through, and so we had very good chances. I remember now the impressive group as Judge Taney ad-

ministered the oath to the sturdy little general. Judge Taney looked like the recently deceased Cardinal Manning.

But the ball! That was the great expectation. We went with ten thousand others to a sort of shed — a large wooden barracks—and spermaceti rained down on our bare shoulders in a white snow-storm. One of our gentlemen attendants, looking at his coat, said: "Spermaceti is very expensive. I have paid ten dollars for less than a pound." However, we enjoyed the crowd, the dance, and the novelty. Had the grippe been the fashion I should have died then and there, and you would have been spared these rambling recollections. But we never seemed to take cold in those days. Washington was cold and dreary in winter then; the houses were insufficiently heated, the hotels abominable.

The belles of that ball—how differently they were dressed from those of to-day! Falling ringlets, or the hair in bandeaux put under the ears; a low-cut gown with a berthe across the shoulders; a plain skirt or one with two lace flounces; a rose or a bow in front of the corsage; perhaps a pearl necklace; white kid gloves buttoning at the wrist with one button.

A few ladies wore white feathers. I think Mrs. Bliss, the delightful daughter of President Taylor, wore a red velvet dress and one long feather in her hair. She was always lovely and well apparelled. Very few ladies wore jewelry. I remember Madame Bodisco was famous then with a Russian head-dress full of diamonds. The wife of the English Minister, Lady Bulwer, wore handsome diamonds, but American women had not then adopted coronets. Nor was there anything like the display so common now of handsome jewelry. The young girls were very simply dressed, excepting some from Louis-

ville and New Orleans. Great beauties, like Sallie Ward and Diana Bullitt, would be famously dressed, but they were the exceptions. Being a Northerner, an abolitionist, and a Whig, it was certain that my dearest friends should be Southern girls and Democrats. We never talked politics, but wondered that we liked each other so much. I adored them—these beautiful women with soft voices and gentle eyes who had been brought up so differently from what I had been. They were accustomed to be waited on; had had a dozen slaves about them all their lives, while I had been taught in cold New England to wait on myself. But we met on the common ground of youth and love of pleasure. I used to admire their pretty Southern accent and try to imitate it. They did not so much admire mine, and told me I spoke too fiercely. We differed, too, on the subject of engagements.

"Why, Miss Wilson," said one of these dear sirens, "I'd just as lief be engaged to five men at once, and then I'd pick out the best man at last and just marry him."

I gave her, I dare say, a Puritan lecture on constancy, at which she laughed. Oh, such a musical laugh! Her brother was one of my beaux, and she said to me:

"Now, Miss Wilson, you needn't marry Preston, because you're a wicked abolitionist; but you just get engaged to him and come down to Georgia and pay us a visit."

It was through the friendship of one of these dear Southern friends that I was smuggled in to a dinner at Mrs. Polk's, just before she left the White House. I remember how very long it seemed and how dreary—state dinners at sixteen are dreary. The dinner was a very elegant one, and I can now see Mrs. Ashley's plumes across the table. Mrs. Ashley was a very handsome

widow with a very handsome daughter, Miss Wilcox. Mrs. Ashley was afterwards the wife of the Hon. J. J. Crittenden. She was a most amiable woman, who always called every man colonel or general. ("Always give men brevet rank," she said to me, confidentially. "If they are colonels call them general; if they are captains call them colonel. They will forgive you.") Mrs. Ashley could say a sharp thing when occasion required. She once said to me that a certain lady, who had always been very jealous of her, had bought of her a French invoice, a toilette, which she, going into mourning, could not wear. This other woman sent back the slippers after having worn them, saying, "They are too big. I could swim in them." Mrs. Ashley took them calmly, and looking at them remarked, "My dear, I am a larger woman than you are in every respect."

The President's "levees," as we used to call them, were very much smaller than to-day, but they were very like them. I always wonder what we did for light in those days, as oil lamps, always smoky, and candles, always dripping, are all that these splendid affairs had to use in place of the diamond brilliancy of to-day. I once went up-stairs in the White House to search for a pair of overshoes, and I remember there was one candle in that immense hall. I can see now that feeble glimmer.

Mr. Corcoran gave fine dinners; so did the English and French ministers; but elsewhere I do not remember anything like the luxury of to-day. Indeed, it did not exist, and those who could afford it did not care for it. John Quincy Adams, whose magnificent head was the pride of the House, whose fame made him our first citizen, who was a rich man, lived plainly in rather a Southern fashion. It was a great treat to be permitted to see Mrs. Adams, who had been, as Mr. Everett told

me, one of the most admirable hostesses of the White House — her conversation was charming. It was the fashion to be poor in Washington in those days, and I remember the witty Henry A. Wise, who had just then published his clever book, *Los Gringos*, when he became engaged to the brilliant Miss Charlotte Everett, saying to his fellow-officers: "Don't be afraid. She is so unlucky as to have some money, but she is a good fellow for all that." What a witty man he was, and how much we enjoyed the suppers at the Mays', of which he was a factor!

Then there were quiet literary parties at Mrs. Frank Taylor's, where we met a very remarkable man, Mr. George Wood, who wrote *Peter Schlemihl; or, The Man without a Shadow*. Mr. Wood used to take us to see Mr. King's pictures, and he introduced us to charming, quiet people, who were the citizens of Washington, mostly Southern by descent, and those ladies would sit in plain black silks and dark gloves to receive their guests. It was a splendid distinction then, as now, to be asked to the White House to dine, and it was one we looked forward to once a winter; but dinners were too long and heavy, and the drinking of healths, now so happily abolished, was a nuisance, at least we young ladies thought so.

Mr. Seward was in the Senate, a youngish man, very witty and very delightful. His great fame was ahead of him, but we of New York, the Whigs, were very proud of him. His head resembled that of Julius Cæsar on the coins.

On New-Year's Day we went first to the White House and then to call on the cabinet, and sometimes to Arlington to call on Mr. Custis. That was a great chapter out of history to see for the first time his historical pictures, and to be asked by his lovely and amiable wife

to drink tea out of the Washington china. Later on I used to go there in the spring over that old Long Bridge, now happily replaced with iron. It looked as if it would break down, even with our one old hack, then.

The wild roses, the woods of Arlington, even that neglected tangle of a garden, were a delight to me, and Mrs. Lee used to encourage my love for the pink bonsaline rosebuds which blossomed all winter. Indeed, I remember that once at New-Year's Day I plucked these roses in the city garden of Mrs. Seaton, and when I was there later, in a snow-storm, I wondered if the once soft, Southern climate of Washington was one of the vanished pleasures of youth, like a good appetite and a love of balls. Washington is a garden of delight in spring. I think Proserpine sets her blessed foot here earlier and more charmingly than anywhere else; but even in winter she used to throw us out a rose or two.

Such were some of the pleasures of the early Washington, the greatest of which was to hear the talking. A very grand set of talkers were those men. Mr. Calhoun was a most elegant conversationalist; he talked literature, social events, and even gossip, pleasantly. All that severe and almost iron logic of his speeches melted away, and he rattled on gayly; he liked to talk to ladies. Mr. Berrian was another finished talker when conversation was an art. Mr. Clay, the ugliest man in the world, was one of the most fascinating. He could have said with Wilkes, "Give me one hour's start and I will captivate any woman before the handsomest man in England." He was very gallant, and could make the dullest dinner go off bravely. How near he came to being President, and how wofully disappointed were he and his friends! Mr. Webster, however, talked better than any of them, to ladies or to anybody.

It was a highly exciting, agreeable, improving life for a New Hampshire girl. We saw Mr. Webster every day, often dined with him, and spent a winter at the National Hotel, dining usually at a "mess" with Mr. Clay. I saw General Taylor inaugurated, and during the winter of his short reign saw much of Mrs. Bliss at the White House. She made a charming hostess. We went very often to the House and Senate in those days. Can it be possible that the little room now devoted to statuary, with its beautiful clock, was once that immense space? The modern Capitol confuses me. I feel at home nowhere except in the rotunda. Those stiff old pictures seem like real friends—something to take hold of—in that magnificent bazaar of politics. The library, then much smaller than now, was a great lounging-place and the arena of flirtation.

A wary, witty old gentleman, General Greene, of Providence, and General Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina—they were our watchdogs. They took turns in mounting guard; and if there was a fascinating lieutenant in the navy or a wandering officer from the plains whom we wanted to meet in the library they used to try and frustrate us. But we were equal to the emergency, and I think we saw our dark-eyed lieutenants.

Mr. Benton—striking figure, with his high nose and his recollections—was a near neighbor of ours in Four-and-a-Half Street. His brilliant daughter, Mrs. Frémont, had already run away with her lieutenant, whom she so adored all her life. Susan Benton was a most brilliant woman, whom I saw afterwards in her pleasant life as the wife of a French minister, but destined to close that life under the most cruel of misfortunes. Annie Wilcox, the beauty, became Mrs. Cabell, and died. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." I went to my first grand

ball at Mrs. Carroll's, her beautiful fair daughters being the ornaments of the scene.

Here came General Scott; in those days he was grandly the hero of the Mexican war. Here I saw many of the young heroes destined later on to be world-renowned—Admiral Farragut and Rogers, young, handsome, and stately; General Lee, a magnificent man; Zachary Taylor, Colonel Bliss, and a little quiet man who shrank out of sight—he was known later on as U. S. Grant; Franklin and McClellan, fresh from Mexico, and a thousand others whose later fame has made their early day seem dim.

Mr. Robert C. Winthrop was a prominent figure. He was Speaker of the House, and much admired for his admirable justice and presence of mind, his fairness to his political opponents, his fine temper, and his ready wit. He was, like the Earl of Clarendon, a man with a balance of the qualities, none of them overweighing the other. Mr. Winthrop was an hereditary gentleman, a man of fortune, entertained hospitably, and was of infinite service in the House when passions ran high.

Washington was seething then with the question of abolition and "North and South." The South was very much to the front in social as in political matters. The women were beautiful, full of all the accomplishments, and knowing how to entertain. The men, like Mr. Berrian, were scholars and most admirable talkers. Perhaps we young girls, in the flippancy of youth, found some of them rather verbose, rather sesquipedalian, quoting Pope more than Longfellow, and sometimes the elderly ones would attempt an elephantine flirtation. We preferred the foreign attachés and the young officers of the army and navy, and I do still. But we had our General Dix, most accomplished of

men—he who, for his pleasure, translated the *Dies Iræ*, and who, bless his heart! wrote that immortal line, better than poetry, "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." We could brag of Mr. Winthrop, who, one Southerner told me, was the only Northern gentleman he ever saw! And at his house could be seen some lovely Boston girls. Among the Southern ladies I particularly remember the beautiful Mrs. Yulee, a soft Creole brunette with exquisite manners. She was, before her marriage, Miss Wickliffe, of Kentucky, but she had the air of a Louisiana woman.

Mr. Morse—Professor Morse—was there, trying to get an appropriation for a new invention, the electric telegraph. I heard the first click that went through, either to Baltimore or New York, I forget which. Just imagine it! The year 1850 was a transition era. The old was going out, the new was coming in. The looker-on little knew of its importance. It is now to me like those mosaics at Ravenna which mark the Pagan and the Christian epoch as they separated.

As I have visited the city often since to partake of its elegant festivities, to drive out to the Soldiers' Home through palaces and flowering trees, did I ever regret that old Washington?

Yes. It is impossible not to regret the plain beginnings and the sincere patriotism, the poor little homes which held such noble lives; and I can safely affirm that anything so delightful as Washington I have never seen elsewhere. There were a mingled simplicity and grandeur, a mingled state and quiet intimacy, a brilliancy of conversation—the proud prominence of intellect over material prosperity which does not exist in any other city of the Union. I believe it does not exist anywhere but at Rome, which always, geographically as well as

politically and socially, reminded me so of Washington that I used to call Rome Washington inadvertently. As I was driving with Mrs. Story to the Pincian Hill, I would say, "Is he in Washington?" meaning Rome. She said I was not the first one who had felt it. Rome, like Washington, is small enough, quiet enough, for strong personal intimacies; Rome, like Washington, has its democratic court and its entourage of diplomatic circle; Rome, like Washington, gives you plenty of time and plenty of sunlight. In New York we have annihilated both.

So my early Washington recollections became crystallized. Cameo-like, they stand out clear and distinct. I see again that great straggling outline so little filled up, a collection of houses here and there, and then great empty spaces. I see, in my mind's eye, the Capitol and the White House, and the distant view of Arlington and Georgetown, almost a distant city. For a picnic on a June afternoon we would drive through deserted lanes to Kalorama, now, I believe, in the middle of the city. Then we had always a delightful treat in visiting Brentwood, at that time kept up with true Southern hospitality; Silver Springs, most beautiful; and to Mrs. Gales's pretty cottage. My visits to the Custis and Lee families at Arlington were frequent and delightful. It was a consecrated place then, as now; but then there was not between us and General Washington the unhappy blood-red gash of civil war. I regret that it was made a graveyard, that beautiful home.

CHAPTER IV

Early Simplicity in Dress and Manners—My Wedding-dress and my Marriage—A Novel Wedding Trip—St. Thomas and Santa Cruz—A Celebrated Lawsuit and a Unique Christmas Festival—Havana—Rachel, the famous French actress, visited the United States in 1854—Fanny Kemble—Thackeray's Visit to America—The Purchase and Restoration of Mount Vernon.

In the early forties and fifties almost everybody "had about enough to live on," and young ladies dressed well on a hundred dollars a year. The daughters of the richest man in Boston were dressed with scrupulous plainness, and the wife and mother owned one brocade, which did service for several years. Display was considered vulgar. Now, alas! only Queen Victoria dares to go shabby; fine clothes have become a necessity to the lesser lights. The greater proportion of people were happier, because there was not such emulation, such vulgar striving, nor such soaring, foolish ambitions. Then men and women fell back on their own minds for that entertainment which they now seek in fast horses, yachts, great and constant change, journeys to Europe and to Newport. Books took the place of dress and display. When a young lady was introduced into society one bouquet did duty for the seventy-five which now are considered quite too few. There was a sober elegance among even the first in position and the richest in pocket. There was no talk about money; it has become a subject of conversation since the war.

I was fortunate in being born in that hour of grace

and brighter things which followed the gloomy Calvinistic period. Several years before I began to observe things Reverend Lyman Beecher had been preaching violently against Unitarianism, but about Boston that gentler faith had permitted the young people to dance and to enjoy life. Therefore I cannot say that I suffered from any Puritan narrowness, although I heard the echoes of it. The Puritan virtues of economy, plain living, and high thinking were everywhere; yet there were balls and dinners and drives and picnics, and robust pleasure at Thanksgiving and at Christmas. Tinctured by the memories of youth, it seems to me to have been a happy and healthful resting-place between the religious gloom which had preceded it and the dreadful sorrows of the war of secession which followed. In those early days the dress of New England girls was simple and inexpensive, often white in summer and dark merino in winter, and perhaps one silk dress for great occasions. But there was one dress which was always handsome, and that was the wedding-dress. Perhaps for that reason, or a better one, I wrote the following letter to a friend:

"*Nov.* 11, 185—

"Dear L.,—I am to be married to-morrow, and have just been rehearsing the ceremony in the front parlor in my wedding-dress. It is a beauty, made with a low waist, pointed before and in the back, where it is laced; a deep Brussels lace berthe trims the neck. The sleeves are short and tight, the skirt very full and plaited into a belt. It is made of white moire antique, so stiff it would stand alone. I have a wreath of orange blossoms, with long, flowing garlands at the back, and a white tulle veil, cut like a cloak, with a point of lace *à la* Marie Stuart coming down to the forehead. This is very becoming. White satin slippers and white gloves. My two bridesmaids have deep-pink flounced grenadine dresses over pink silk, with garlands of pink acacias, which make Annie look like a dream. Mr. Sherwood has a deep-mulberry dress-coat with steel buttons, and a white silk vest; it

is very handsome. I hope the gentlemen will keep to this fashion. [This was a fashion introduced by the Prince Consort, and it was very handsome, but it did not last long; the gloomy clawhammer soon displaced it. It was attempted again in 1870, but was blotted out.] Bishop Chase, of New Hampshire, is to perform the ceremony, and is here to-night with us, as are Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Mary Bostwick, Mary Sherwood, and David Colden Murray, Robert Sherwood, and Thaddeus Lane. Our house is full, and Roxana and her assistants are in great feather getting up feasts. We are to be married at twelve o'clock, and at two leave for Mount Vernon and New York *via* Springfield. And perhaps we shall reach the Mammoth Cave.

"For our real wedding journey, however, John will take me to the West Indies, where he has an important lawsuit to take care of. Is not that a most original, delightful programme? Who ever went to the West Indies before on a bridal tour? We hope you will come to our wedding reception in New York. It will be on December 1, just before we sail. Etc., etc.

"Ever thine, M. E."

A light fall of snow through which the sun shone lighted up the morning hour. Dr. Ingersoll, a dear and witty friend, said, "Nature has paid you the prettiest of compliments; she has put on a wedding-veil."

We went on the 8th of December to Bermuda by a little propeller which was the most uncomfortable craft I ever have sailed on. It was called the *Merlin*, but had left all enchantment behind. The smell of the galley came aft, freighted with the odor of roasted onions. On board were many residents of those islands going home after a summer in the States, and with one of them we formed a friendship destined to have a most beneficial result on our winter's residence in Santa Cruz. This was the Reverend Mr. Hawley, the rector of the church at Bassin, who asked us to share his house there, as the hotel was most primitive, and we did so gladly, later on.

Bermuda is beautiful, with its turquoise waters, its oleander-trees, its white cottages of stone with yellow roofs, and its swell English regiment, its lilies, and

boundless waters, "the still vexed Bermoothes." Since those days it has become a fashionable watering-place, with grand hotels. Then it had but one little boarding-house, where we got a respectable dinner.

But its beauty is its own; it was always unique. The one day's experience and a drive to St. George was all that was allowed us, and we were soon at sea again.

The planters and their families proved very agreeable travelling companions, although they all talked ruin. They were principally from the Danish islands, St. Thomas and Santa Cruz, and were never tired of telling how the Danish governor, Van Scholten, had issued an edict freeing the slaves, and had then sailed off to Denmark in time to escape the riot, the bloodshed, and the confusion of his act. "In fact," said my infuriated informant, "you will see plenty of ruin. England has neglected and ruined Jamaica, revolution and bad government have ruined Hayti, emancipation and Denmark have ruined Santa Cruz, and Spain has ruined Cuba," and so on, and so on.

"But you still have flowers?" I asked.

"Oh yes, plenty of flowers, and we can give you a good dinner and show you a few of Thorwaldsen's statues. And you will see neglected fields, tumble-down properties, looking-glasses cracked and boarded up, windows broken, etc. Losing our slave labor, we are all poor, poor, poor," etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

When we reached the picturesque harbor of St. Thomas, and, looking up a steep mountain like Vesuvius, saw the little town of Charlotte Amalie hanging in air, with palaces and flowering trees everywhere, we were so delighted that I lost all sense of ruin. My gloomy planter, coming up in a suit of white duck, was more cheerful, and watched for his little schooner, which was

to take him to Santa Cruz, twenty miles away. We were to go to the hotel and spend a week in St. Thomas before we sailed over to Santa Cruz.

A famously good French table we found, and the heterogeneous company of all the islands joined in this hotel, which from its piazza commanded a splendid view. The thermometer stood at 88°, although it was December. Near us at dinner sat Father Ambrosius, a most celebrated Catholic priest, who had been on the *Merlin*. Father Ambrosius had been sufficiently human to talk to the young bride of subjects in which she then took a decided interest, and perhaps does yet.

Amid those tropical seas and lustrous stars and those soft breezes, on whose wings fly delicate love fancies and tender dreams, the old monk had talked to us of the Provençal poetry, of Petrarch, of Clémence Isaure and the violet, of old Spanish romance, and of modern French romance and poetry. He had all Petrarch's sonnets at his tongue's end. No two young married lovers had ever a better companion. Even at the dinner he proved himself a *gourmet*, was a capital judge of wines, and told us what to eat and what to avoid; he even told us *who people were*—such as the old sun-dried banker, the Danish Councillor Feddustal, the Danish beauty Miss Stridiron, etc. After dinner he sat out with us on the balcony, looking at the unlimited reach of ocean and the calm, splendid, brilliantly illuminated heaven. Venus seemed to hang down by an invisible thread, and she caused the palm-trees to cast a visible shadow; she glowed with such pale, intense fire in that clear air that the earth was filled with her radiance. He knew his classics as well as his breviary; he knew even human nature; he knew literature; he had taste and intelligence—in fact, we always wished that we could have

taken Father Ambrosius, brown capuchin, rope round the waist, shaved head and all, along with us through life.

The next day, at his suggestion, we had mounted two little Spanish jennets and rode up the Sugar-loaf to see more of the view. I believe nothing finer exists than this sudden elevation out of the blue sea, St. Thomas, W. I.

On the following day we were asked to dine with the old banker, to whom my husband had brought letters of credit, and to whom was consigned a very large sum of money which was to settle the claims of one Anna Maria Sparks to the estate in San Francisco owned by her son, one Leidesdorf, and bought by one Captain Folsom. I shall have more to say of this romantic story later on. As it was, I picture myself dressed in an India muslin and going down to my first West India dinner. The change from the propeller was delightful. The thermometer was up among the nineties, and yet the Englishmen present were in the orthodox black coat and trousers, and the two American officers were sweltering in their fine naval uniforms and stiff embroidered collars (one of them, who was very fat, said in my ear, with a good-natured smile, "You know how uniforms shrink"). The Americans present were in white-duck pantaloons and black dress-coats, the only ones who dared to differ from the English regard for *les convenances* (and I am not sure they were much cooler). Several ladies were present, and the dinner was admirable—a well-seasoned soup, a fish called the barracouta, an excellent *entrée*, a pair of guinea-fowls, roast mutton, a salad of green peppers and tomatoes, well dressed; and, what was more important to the gentlemen, good old Madeira which had travelled far, Tinto which was fresh from Spain, clarets as good as when they first left France, and Burgundy a trifle better.

After the dinner was finished our host, the banker,

arose and, stretching out his hand to me, said, "*Welbekomer.*" This custom went around the table. It seems it is a Danish word signifying "Welcome," "Your good health," "May your dinner agree with you."

I retired with the Danish ladies, all of whom spoke English, and I asked them how they spent their lives.

"Oh, we rise early, go out on horseback, come back, take a siesta, and dress for an eleven-o'clock breakfast, then lounge and read or do embroidery; then we lunch at two, take another siesta, drive at five, to get the ocean breeze, and dine at eight—a busy, uninteresting, sleepy life," said Miss Sigenbrod, a pale Danish beauty. But she sat down at the piano and played with great vigor. The Danes, men and women, are consummate musicians—a great resource in that sleepy island. The gentlemen finally got through with their cigars, wine-and-water, Peter Herring brandy, and cordials, and came in to join us. Our host, hospitable to the last, offered us ladies aërated waters, as we did not take the heavier drinks; but what would I not have given for one glass of ice-water!—a luxury I was not destined to taste in three months, for all the *cooling* which drinking-water gets in these remote islands is to hang it in a porous jar in the breeze, which I thought made it more tepid and more tasteless than before. But I could talk of my ride on a Spanish jennet, a pacing pony which is nearer to being a rocking-chair than any horseback motion I have ever tried. No carriages would be of service on that sugar-loaf which St. Thomas is, so we did all our sight-seeing from the ponies' backs.

"Well, how did you enjoy your dinner?" asked my husband, as we regained our own rooms in the hotel.

"Oh, immensely!" said I. "I should like to live here forever."

I have been glad since that he was not of my opinion.

We left on a little schooner for Santa Cruz in a week. It was a short sail and uneventful. Our friend the Reverend Mr. Hawley received us at the wharf with his carriage in waiting, drove us to his house, and gave us afternoon tea on a shaded veranda which looked into a garden. And afterwards we sauntered down long avenues which were thickly shaded by polished-leaved orange-trees, the *Olea fragrans,* and the innumerable blooming trees of this famed island. These alleys radiated in fan shape from the house. Along one, lovely scarlet pendent blossoms lighted up the green; in another, yellow tassels hung gracefully; in another, pink blossoms blushed. Down another alley white flowers gleamed like stars; the banana, the pine-apple, the orange, the guava, the lemon, all planted at intervals; and over the pretty shaded portico hung the passion-flower vine, heavy with symbolic blossoms and its fruit, the queer pear-shaped papaw.

I could not express my ecstatic delight; nor was this delight ever satiated. Never, except in Italy, have I seen anything more lovely. Miss Ballin, a colored housekeeper, of excellent manners, showed me to my room, and I found no glass windows—there is not a pane of glass in Santa Cruz; a bed with one linen sheet over the hard mattress, a pillow, a mosquito-net, two chairs, a dressing-table, and a wash-stand, *voilà tout!* Seeing me look askance at the bed, she said, "If madame should wish another sheet I will give her a square of mosquito-netting."

And that was all I had during six weeks. It was all I needed; but the great trouble was to get a bath-tub and enough water.

The mosquitoes troubled me when I sat on the veranda, so I soon got to pass my days in a long, low, beau-

tiful room down-stairs, which had a marble floor and was carefully mosquito-netted against the enemy. I found that silk stockings and low slippers must be abandoned and thick boots substituted, else these ferocious biters would eat me up. I got to like Miss Ballin's dinners, heavily freighted with red pepper though they were; they were savory, and a certain pastry called guava-berry tart was highly appreciated.

"Christmas will come day after to-morrow," said Mr. Hawley, one evening, "and I wish to appropriate Mrs. Sherwood's day." He told us that we were to dine with him at Mrs. Abbot's, where we should see the true elegance and hospitality of the island. Mrs. Abbot had been twice married, her first husband having been Captain Blakeley, of our navy, of distinguished fame. His daughter had been a ward of the United States, and after her mother's second marriage she had come to these islands, married, and had died. Mrs. Abbot had, however, other sons and daughters, and with her brothers and sisters, was rather the queen of Bassin.

"But first I wish you to go with me to early church, and see me administer the communion to eight hundred negroes," said this dear, good, faithful rector. This excellent man had me called at six, and I went with him through the glory of the tropical morning, through the churchyard filled with the works of Thorwaldsen. The little grave of one little child had been marked by a butterfly, and this work of Thorwaldsen's skilful fingers was doubly beautiful, in that the damp sea air had fretted the wings of the butterfly until they were diaphanous. We came to the church, already half filled with the black women in their white turbans and gowns, the black men decently dressed for church, all standing awaiting that blessed hospitality which had said

to them as to us, "Eat, drink, in remembrance of Me."

The clerk introduced them all to the clergyman, saying, "Diana and Cæsar, estate Diamond and Ruby"; "Clio and Manuel, estate Mon Bijou," before they took the cup. This was necessary, as Mr. Hawley could not remember them all.

That was the only thing which remained to remind one that they had so recently been chattels.

It was a long service, that of Christmas-day, for at eleven o'clock arrived the planters and their families, many of whom kindly called on us afterwards at the rectory. Among those was Mr. Randolph, an Englishman, who asked us to dine with him at Mon Bijou, his pretty place seven miles away. My husband went off with him to call on the governor and some of the other dignitaries, and on old Judge Feddersen, who held the fort for Anna Maria Sparks in the Captain Folsom case.

I was very glad to retreat to the mosquito-net and the one linen sheet and to fan myself into a siesta. I rose at seven reluctantly to dress, and at eight o'clock we drove to Mrs. Abbot's, where we found a large party. Mrs. Abbot was a lady of high degree; her manners had the majesty of a past age. Councillor Feddustal, a very distinguished person, stood near her. The governor and his wife, evidently people of the world; Miss Sigenbrod, Misses Stridiron, Miss Feddersen, Danish beauties; Miss Abbot, a gentle blonde, and some fine-looking old gentlemen in uniforms, made up a distinguished party of twenty-four people.

There seemed to be a white-haired negro behind each chair. The long table was illuminated with wax-candles in tall glass globes which defended their flickering light from the insects and from draughts. The table was

loaded with flowers and most delicious fruits, with heavy old-fashioned silver-plate and china, all of which had been curious and valuable for more than a hundred years. The viands were savory and well cooked. My husband had the honor to sit next Mrs. Abbot, and I soon saw them looking at me and pointing to a picture on the wall. As I looked at it I noticed that it was like my mother and my sisters, and that the lady was dressed as I was, in yellow. In fact, it happened to bear a singular resemblance to me. Mrs. Abbot was much affected by it, and as this was a picture of her deceased daughter it became a very intimate bond between us, and led to a thousand kindnesses on her part towards the stranger.

The hour of toasts arrived, and the clergyman arose and drank "To the *roof*," always the first toast; then "His Majesty the King"; then "To our absent friends, God bless them!" drunk standing; "To our friendly allies, Europe and America" (rather patronizingly); and, finally, "To the bride and groom," at which my next neighbor threw his glass over his shoulder and broke it in my honor.

Then rising, each shook hands with the other, exclaimed "*Welbekomer!*" and we ladies retired, leaving the gentlemen to cigars and rum-and-water.

After Miss Sigenbrod had dashed off a superb sonata on the piano, Mrs. Abbot sat down by me and put her sweet old hand in mine, telling me how I reminded her of her lost daughter. "There is her picture by Sully, of Philadelphia," said she; "it might be a picture of you." She asked me to come next week, King's Day, and see the people dance. "Our people [meaning the negroes] come in from the plantations and sing their old African melodies, and play the drum and dance; it is a wild

scene, one that strangers never forget. We have an African prince named Manuel, who was brought here when he was a boy. He was very unruly, but kindness has tamed him."

So I saw Manuel, the African prince, and many another with the original brand of the slave-ships on their foreheads, and they played the rude drum (which was a skin pulled over the head of a barrel) with their thumbs, as they sang a monotonous chant in the minor key (all savage music is in the minor key, and is profoundly sad, never joyous); and they danced, wildly, savagely—as a bird might fly, with one of its wings broken.

Our next expedition was to the house of an old Scotch knight, Sir Matthew Macdonald, whose house commanded a splendid view. We found the old man of scientific attainments at his post of observation, noting barometers and thermometers and Nature generally.

Two naval officers were of our party; their ship, a fine man-of-war flying the Stars and Stripes, lay in the harbor. Sir Matthew showed great interest in these, and opened a musty yellow volume in which he recorded the name, tonnage, number of guns, etc.

"This I have done for fifty years," said the old gentleman. "My interest in this world is bounded by what comes into these seas which lie under my eyes—by Nature, which lies all about me, and the heavens above me. I do not care for society, for politics, for the performance of man in the theatre of this world. So long as friends choose to come to me here, they are welcome; I go nowhere. It may be a selfish existence, but to me it is a happy one, and it hurts no one." After taking coffee with Lady Macdonald, Sir Matthew led us into a ruined, desolated wing of his house to show us the rav-

ages of the ants. They had eaten away the whole interior of the wood which had supported his astronomical instruments, and he had these mounted on iron ploughshares and broken bits of sugar-boilers. We often heard these ant ravages alluded to, and afterwards we saw a colony of them deliberately strip off their wings and worm their way into a wooden wall in Mr. Hawley's house. Sometimes the leg of a table would go down unexpectedly and reveal a hollow inside; they had entirely eaten out the heart of the wood.

Most of the houses at which we visited were monuments of past prosperity, where poverty was bravely and silently borne. They were, many of them, full of learning and refinement, full of dramatic secrets. It was the veriest atmosphere for the novelist. No one knew anything about Time. He had never crossed over from St. Thomas, the old thief Time! Having no seasons, it was always summer—"sacred, high, eternal noon." These West-Indians never said "last autumn," "last winter." They had none of these reminders; so the growth of children was their only calendar. Their newspapers were a fortnight old, and nobody read them but the planters, and they not often. A newspaper is of no interest unless you read one every day. One must keep hold of Time.

The day came when we were to dine at Mr. Randolph's, and the rich English planter received us in a beautiful, well-kept house. Fortune had not gone hard with him. We drove thither by the sea over one or two gentle elevations, seeing St. Thomas and Porto Rico—very dimly the last, but dreamy and delicious. The plantations looked, each with its negro huts about it, like little towns; and the long, smooth, white roads, planted with palm-trees like long zones of umbrellas,

had a pretty effect. But palms are not half so beautiful as elms. In a landscape they are ineffective.

Mr. Randolph lived like an English nobleman, but he was no more cheerful than the rest of them. He knew how to give a dinner. London could not have given us a better one. People who live in quiet, remote places are apt to give good dinners. They are the oft-recurring excitement of an otherwise unemotional, dull existence. They linger, each of these dinners, in our palimpsest memories, each recorded clearly, so that it does not blot out the other. Mr. Randolph had travelled extensively. He was a "London swell" condemned to an existence in this remote corner. But then he had a French cook from the "Trois Frères Provençaux," a keenly developed sense of gastronomy, and plenty of money. Given these three things, "avec cette sauce," and one could give a dinner in the desert.

"Oh, what a good dinner we have eaten, and what cigars we are smoking!" whispered my husband to me as he came in furtively to bring me my fan and handkerchief; and then he returned to the moonlighted veranda, in the shade, to look at the tropical night and to imbibe the fine old Santa Cruz rum and water. The time came for us to depart, and we drove home in the tropical moonlight, my husband holding a parasol over my head —in that superb moonlight, so soft and clear. Why? Randolph had told him to do so, he said, else I should have a swollen face, which would not become a bride.

"Randolph thinks the moon particularly dangerous, not only to one's brain, but to one's personal beauty," said he; "and what stories they tell of centipeds and the poison fish, the barracouta and the moon!"

Our next fine dinner was at Government House. There we had an exact copy of what such a feast would

be at Copenhagen, and it was very stately. As we got talking music during the charming dessert, his Excellency promised to play for us afterwards on the piano some works of a Danish composer. I found out that he was an ardent admirer and pupil of Rubinstein, and that he himself was the composer. How rarely, I thought, shall I find a governor who will play the piano like this for me!

"Much talk of Bulasminda after you left the table," said my husband to me. "It is the old residence of the late governor, Van Scholten. The present governor offered it to us, if we wish to take it, for almost nothing. It stands there furnished, and with a corps of accomplished servants ready at your hand. Moreover, he and his delightful wife will call for us and take us for a drive and lunch at Bulasminda to-morrow."

Bulasminda was on a height far above the city of Ballin, and commanded the view and the sea-breeze so coveted in these islands; here were great breezy salons and broad verandas, and cozy little charming boudoirs furnished with bright chintz. From the telescopes along the veranda one could but fear that Governor Van Scholten had sat looking out to sea, for the best part of his occupancy, to sight the vessel which should bear him away. There was his journal on the table, like Robinson Crusoe's notched sticks:

"*Calypso* sighted this morning.
"*Ariel* weighed anchor at seven last evening.
"*Christian the Eleventh* sailed to-day.
"Schooner *Gustavus* arrived.
"American man-of-war *Lancaster* in the harbor.
"English steamer *Trent* expected," etc.

The perpetual summer of the tropics had evidently not enchanted Governor Van Scholten.

We were asked by the steward to put our names in this book, but as we were not a steamship, nor even a schooner, we hesitated. After luncheon our hospitable hosts showed us the house; it was vastly convenient, but we did not take it, not even for a week.

The busy and hard-working young lawyer had not forgotten his business. The case at which he worked several hours a day was this: A certain half-negro, half-Dane sea-captain named Leidesdorf had done so good a business between St. Thomas and San Francisco in the early forties that he had made money. He had the good-luck to be in San Francisco when gold was discovered, and came to own a piece of ground in the then small town which struck the fancy of one of the "Argonauts of '49." Sea-Captain Leidesdorf promised to sell this piece of land to Captain Folsom for a certain sum, and was paid that money, but he started home in his ship for St. Thomas before the transaction was completed, and died just before landing.

Hence confusion and New York lawyers. His old mother, Anna Maria Sparks, who could neither read nor write, demanded boxes of jewels and barrels of gold. The price had gone up every hour since Captain Folsom made the first treaty. Should she allow her son's great fortune to escape her? A shrewd old Danish lawyer, Judge Feddersen, said no. So poor Captain Folsom kept paying and paying, and other heirs sprang up. My husband had been twice to Santa Cruz before on this business; I only came in at the finish. Finally, one payment remained, and he said that I might see that; so he drove me up a hill to a humble shanty where sat a drunken Danish soldier on a three-legged stool awaiting his share, and it was paid to him—$20,000 in gold. He was not a Populist or a Silverite; he distrusted paper,

and he would have none of his own depreciated Danish coin; so a little bag of gold was produced, and he was paid in the presence of Judge Feddersen and the clerk of the bank, while my husband did the legal business and took the receipt. I remember exactly how this Danish soldier cramped himself up to write his name, "Holder Guindrop"—I can see that autograph now. We then left him with his gold. He was a brother-in-law of the late Captain Leidesdorf, and he drank himself to death in three months out of his bag of gold.

When we came back to New York Captain Folsom called to see us—a pale, resolute man, very embittered and disappointed. He had fought with wild beasts at Ephesus for his land, and said that he had paid old Anna Maria Sparks $200,000 too much. He died soon after, and the distinguished firm of Halleck, Peachy & Billings took care of his affairs; this was the last little leaf of romance which came to me with my wedding journey.

We left Santa Cruz and our dear, hospitable friends, our kind Mr. Hawley, and the unique days we passed there with great regret. I often see in my dreams that flower-laden porch, the lovely view from Bulasminda, and during Christmas week I always hear that monotonous droning sound; I see the negroes advancing, singing that melancholy minor strain. Unhappy Africa with her burdens comes before me. I see the barbaric spirit get the mastery of them. They wildly throw their arms in the air, hysterically seize each other by the waist, as if the tarantula had bitten them; then they advance slowly and with majesty towards the house, with courtesy and obeisance. They ask for "old Missus," and raise her hand to their lips and their brows; then a fine athletic negro asks for the baby. It is brought in its long white robe; he takes it tenderly and passes it from one to

another; they all smile, kiss the new-comer, and show most enviable ivory teeth, thus saluting age and youth with fine poetic instincts. Then they bring forward their oldest man, Manuel, the African prince, who performs the same Oriental homage and utters more rude original rhymes, to which the whole family listen politely, and they all disappear slowly; the festival of a Santa Cruz Christmas is at an end.

We went through the Caribbean Sea towards Cuba, stopping at Jacmel—miserable place—at Hayti and Jamaica, all very sad; rounded the island of Cuba, and came to those fortifications at Havana which cost the Spanish king so much that he asked if they were built of silver! Our steamer happened to be the English *Trent*, which years after was made historical by the fact that Mason and Slidell were on board of her when a Yankee gun stopped her further progress. Havana was then a beautiful, peaceful town, full of rich people who were fond of entertaining. I remember we attended a grand fête at the palace of Mr. Aldama, the richest of the Cubans. It was fairy-like in its beauty, regal in magnificence. We went to the opera, one of the gayest in the world; we drove in a *volante* up and down that gorgeous Paseo of a Sunday afternoon, all the ladies in full dress; we bought fans; we enjoyed and explored the romantic Spanish city, full of luxury. But, alas! the negroes, the slaves with the chain-gang, each with an iron ball on a lame leg, cleaning the streets, spoiled it for me. Even then Americans were objects of suspicion, and we had to conceal our identity while an English officer took us over the Moro Castle. We went out to Matanzas to see a coffee plantation. It was all very gay and very tropical and yet unlike Santa Cruz. There was no *ennui* in this lively Havana

life; yet there were mutterings, not loud but deep, over the hated Spaniard. Captain Walker, the filibuster, had been in that neighborhood. There was talk of annexation, but the trouble had not come yet. So I remember the island in perhaps its period of greatest prosperity, and certainly when it was one of the gayest and most agreeable of winter sojourns.

New York had three great visitors within the two years after my wedding journey. They were Rachel, Thackeray, and Fanny Kemble. Each a memory for a lifetime.

It was after a tiresome journey from our country place, one October evening, that, making a hasty toilet, I went to the theatre to see Rachel in *Phèdre.* I did not know that I was to have this supreme pleasure so soon, although I knew I should see her sometime. So incoherent were my expectations that I thought my early memorizing of the great play would help me to understand her and to measure the greatness of her acting.

I had been made, when studying French, to memorize those lofty Alexandrines of Racine's masterpiece; therefore the story of *Phèdre* was very familiar. Remembering that the goddess had condemned the poor queen to fall in love with her stepson, I pictured her as rather an elderly person, perhaps a sort of Mrs. Nickleby. Who, then, was this young, sorrowful woman coming in with tragic face, dragging after her, as if its weight were insupportable, the long crimson mantle of a queen? Who was this dark-eyed creature, so young, so lovely, who sank into her imperial seat, the crimson mantle draped behind her, throwing out her beautiful arms and her delicate little head? The lover, an ugly, big-headed

young Frenchman, against whose presence she shuddered so that she seemed to shake the stage, fully carried out the idea that the power of the goddess must have been supreme, for no woman in her senses could have fallen in love with him. Rachel never seemed to walk, and in *Phèdre* she gave the idea that a serpent was hidden under her long robe, on whose undulations she was moved along irrespective of her own volition. Her eyes were half closed, and her whole face, expressive of baleful passion which her nobler self hated, was the most beautiful, painful thing possible. Her voice was the very soul of music. She did not seem to know that an audience was present. Her absorption in her part was so perfect that I was full of pity for her, and wondered if she would live until the end of the play. When it was ended I found myself paralyzed and unable to rise for some moments. It was the most powerful of all artistic emotions that I have experienced in a long life of theatre-going.

I afterwards saw her in all her best parts—Adrienne Lecouvreur, Camille, in which she was emphatically beautiful, in a classic Greek dress with scarlet fillet in her hair; and again in a charming comedy, *Le Moineau de Lesbie*, in which her rare smile and playfulness were most conspicuous. I remember even the beauty of her robe in this play.

The wonder of Rachel's playing was the wonder of all genius. You did not see *her*, or her *art;* you saw the *real creature* whom her art portrayed. In this respect Salvini was nearest to her of any artist I have seen. Her sister, Sarah Félix, was an admirable artiste, and so was her brother, Raphael; but they played on the stage, while Rachel floated in an ether over it. When the two sisters played Elizabeth and Mary in the great drama of

Marie Stuart there was a question as to which was the greater queen; but when Mary Stuart receives her death sentence there was no doubt. Such a creature ruled heaven as well as earth, and human misfortunes assumed their appropriate place beneath her real exaltation. And yet this part was not Rachel's greatest triumph. She reigns in memory as Camille, the Roman sister.

Soon after the departure of Rachel, Fanny Kemble began a course of readings in New York. This gifted niece of Mrs. Siddons gave us all the great Kemble traditions, and her voice, a miracle of expressive music, added the final charm. It was a message from Shakespeare.

I liked her best in the *Tempest*, as the contrast of Ariel and Caliban is so extraordinary. The majestic poetry, and, again, the broad humor of the minor characters, especially of the drunken Trinculo, afforded her all the sweep and scope she needed for her tremendous powers. She absolutely reeled in the scene with Trinculo. Her Caliban was immense.

She was very grand in *Measure for Measure* and *Cymbeline*, two plays with which I had not been familiar. And oh! how great in *Macbeth* and *King Lear!* The latter was almost too much. It gave me a headache. I am not sure I would like to see it again.

I heard Thackeray's first series of lectures in New York on "The Four Georges"; but I was not destined to know him until he came the second time, in 1855. America had welcomed him as the author of *Punch's Prize Novelists* and of *Vanity Fair*, which reached us about 1849. The enthusiastic regard of Charlotte Brontë for Mr. Thackeray, who spoke of him as the "first social regenerate of the day, the one who should restore to rec-

titude the warped order of things," found an echo in our hearts. He was a complete success. He was as delightful as his own literary personages are, and so "like his writings" that every one spoke of it. His allusions, his voice, his looks, were all just what we had expected. Never did a long-hoped-for hero fill the bill so thoroughly. His loving and life-giving genius spoke in every word. Wonderful examples of excellence those papers on "The Four Georges," and delivered in a clear, fine, rich voice. Their simplicity was matchless, and the fun in him came out as he described the fourth George, and then stopped, not smiling himself, while we all laughed. He silently stood, his head tipped back, and then calmly wiped his spectacles and went on. He had a charm as a speaker which no one has since caught: it defies analysis, as does his genius. It was Thackerayian.

I think that I heard then that he was more widely read in America than in England; he was certainly treated with great hospitality. The Century Club (then wholly made up of authors, artists, and actors) was pronounced by him the "best club in the world." He was allowed the fullest liberty there; and as he was a man of moods, and his mood was sometimes silence, he was glad of a corner where he could sit unobserved. Fitz-Greene Halleck, who wrote "Green be the turf above thee!" and "At midnight in her guarded tent," entertained him; and Hackett, the comedian, and Sparrowgrass Cozzens and Willis and Bryant and Cooper were all of this party. While in Boston James T. Field, most admirable of friends, took that care of him which his genial nature suggested. Washington Irving and Bayard Taylor were also here then to greet him.

I saw him several times during his later visit in 1855, and in the company of Miss Sallie Baxter, who was the

beautiful girl who suggested to him the character or personal appearance of Ethel Newcomb, at least such was the gossip.

I remember going with her to one of his lectures and seeing Thackeray in the greenroom before he entered. It was here he showed the playful and engaging side of his manner. Thackeray was a gentleman born and bred, and his polish of manner never left him, even when his fun would have made him boyish.

Sallie Baxter was a dark beauty of the Spanish type, most exquisitely lovely, with fabulous great black eyes, whose lashes swept her eyebrows. She was a natural, unaffected person, and during his stay in New York Thackeray was frequently a guest in her mother's house. Miss Baxter seemed to treat him like a daughter. Perhaps she brought back those dear ones whom he had left at 13 Young Street, South Kensington. Many suppers and dinners and theatre parties brought me to see the great man rather intimately, and I do not remember a more easy-going and genial person. His tall, commanding form and gray head, his *nez retroussé* and his eyeglasses, his firm tread and charming laugh, got to be as well known in New York as they were in London. His little notes in his very neat handwriting found their way into our albums. He was always accessible and full of enjoyment, and yet when we saw him sailing along majestically down Broadway, with his hands in his pockets, there was an air of melancholy and of preoccupation in his expressive face. But he was "as reticent as he was brave," and no one heard him speak of his sorrows, if he had any. Perhaps this was one of the happiest periods of his life. Sallie Baxter married at the South, was separated from her Northern family by the terrors of the civil war, and died young,

away from them. I think she died about the same time that Thackeray did, perhaps a year before.

A kind-hearted, noble, tender man; a generous, sincere gentleman; a healthy, good liver, and with a fine grip to his hearty hand. He was a big man and heavy, and walked with a strong step; a healthful, broad-shouldered Englishman, whose jollity and fun seemed to forbid reticence on his part, but who could and did, at the touch of humbug or affectation, retreat into himself, turn away with an expression of polished irony on his face, and, with a singular movement of the head, assure the bore that he was no longer needed.

When we went to England in 1869, Miss Thackeray gave us a dinner. Her home then was with her sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stephen. The afterwards much-talked-of Mr. Justice Stephen was of the party, and Doyle was there, the artist of *Punch*, so distinguished for his "Brown, Jones, and Robinson." I had a letter to Miss Thackeray from Dr. Bellows; but to be an American and a friend of their father was to these ladies a sufficient introduction, and they treated us with great kindness. We saw many of the MSS. of Thackeray's famous works, illustrated by his own hand, and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stephen took every pains to show us these treasures.

During this dinner, at which Miss Thackeray made herself very agreeable, a message came in from Madame Ritchie saying that her son, Richmond Ritchie, had passed his examinations successfully. This seemed to be much-longed-for news to all of them, and it is the more agreeable to remember, since he is the gentleman who has made her so happy as her husband for twenty years.

I had the pleasure of meeting this famous and agree-

able Mrs. Ritchie at Aix-les-Bains in 1888, and to sit and talk with her near a vine-clad wall, up which the lizards were climbing, was indeed a great pleasure. Her companionship made this prettiest place on earth, Aix-les-Bains, even more attractive ("Savoie, c'est la grâce alpestre," says Victor Hugo) than it is by nature.

And indeed here, by the Lake of Bouget, did I have one of the most treasured talks of Thackeray with one of the dearest of women, his much-beloved daughter Anne.

Anthony Trollope said of Thackeray, "One loves him as one loves a woman, tenderly and with thoughtfulness, thinking of him when away from him as a source of joy which cannot be analyzed, but is full of comfort."

Nor was he less dear to others who saw less of him.

The great heart which kept that gigantic brain going was indeed a tender heart.

These early fifties were the blessed days, when we had a novel by Dickens and one by Thackeray running at the same time; and Charlotte Brontë, having overwhelmed us with *Jane Eyre*, was good enough to give us *Villette*, which has in it the best description of Rachel's acting which I have ever seen, and her not less characteristic novel of *Shirley*. Such was our literary luxury.

Among the visitors to New York who created no little stir in the early fifties was Miss Anne Pamela Cunningham, from Virginia, introduced by Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie. Miss Cunningham started the idea of buying Mount Vernon. It reminds me of how small a town New York was then that we soon set the whole of it ringing with this enthusiasm. Dion Boucicault and Agnes Robertson played their sensational drama *Pauvrette* for us; Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie gave some tab-

leaux at Mr. Edward Cooper's. Mr. Everett, however, was our best friend in the way of raising money.

I think Mr. Everett's contribution to this purchase amounted to nearly $50,000. I know that Mr. Robert Bonner sent him a check for $10,000 for writing some papers for the *Ledger*, all of which Mr. Everett contributed to the cause. Miss Mary M. Hamilton was made Regent of the State, and, assisted by the best people of New York, bravely carried the burden to her lamented death.

What a forlorn, old, neglected place Mount Vernon was then! but how soon it became cared for and clean! And now it is almost as it was when Washington lived there, if we can spiritually see the real furnishing of the past. The office of regent fell to the able hands of Mrs. Justine Van Rensselaer Townsend, a Colonial Dame, and fitted in every way to be the sponsor of such a trust. I rejoice that it is now the care of the women of America, but I am glad I remember the poor old place in 1848, when it had nothing to look at but the key of the Bastile, which nobody wished to take away or steal.

I worked with Miss Hamilton all these early years in favor of this patriotic object. Glad were we that it was paid for and safe before the dreadful days of the war, for we had other and more urgent need for all the money that any one could give.

Miss Anne Pamela Cunningham was aristocratic to a great fault, and so very "Secesh" in her sympathies that she would not speak to any Northern person after the war. Mrs. Ritchie, poor woman! after her striking career as a beauty in New York's best set, and her career as an actress in America and England, married Mr. Ritchie, of Richmond, went abroad during the war, and died in London poor, and inexpressibly saddened at the inevita-

ble separation which that war had brought about. One of the most interesting events of the early fifties had been to me the seeing her official retirement from the stage. She played Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*, in which she had made her début, ten years before, at the old Park Theatre. The house was crowded as the pretty blond woman made her graceful speech. The next most interesting event was her wedding, at the country place of her father on Long Island, and a very gay fête it was. Her husband was an editor at Richmond, Va., a most gentlemanly and excellent person, tenderly fond, and true to her. But the sorrows of their country tore them apart, nor did they live to see the day of reconciliation, prosperity, and reconstruction.

I have often thought that some record of this service of hers should be perpetuated at Mount Vernon. I know that Miss Hamilton (afterwards Mrs. George L. Schuyler) had this very much at heart. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie brought this idea to the notice of the public of New York, the purchase of Mount Vernon, and she should have her picture hung in one of those now beautifully restored rooms, and the memory of Miss Anne Pamela Cunningham should be venerated.

CHAPTER V

The Visit of the Prince of Wales—The Ball at the Academy of Music—The First Days of the War—The Sanitary Commission—The Metropolitan Fair—Washington in 1863—General McClellan and the French Princes—A Ball at the White House and Picnics in Camp.

One of the first events of social importance in the early sixties was the visit of the Prince of Wales to New York. I remember the pretty, slender, fair-haired youth very well, and went to the ball given in his honor. Ladies then dressed in the style of Eugénie's portrait by Winterhalter—long, flowing trains, a rather small hoop, tight sleeves, the low-necked dress defined around the neck with a berthe of lace, and the hair dressed low in bandeaux under the ears, with wreaths and streaming garlands of artificial flowers on the head. Certainly the style left a fine figure well to itself, with no impertinent deformities.

Very aristocratic and grand looked the assemblage in the old Academy of Music at the ball given to greet the Prince.

The Fishes, Belmonts, Astors, Cuttings, Morrises, Kings, Livingstons, Hamiltons, Jays, Duers, Emmets, Russells, Cunards, Howlands, Aspinwalls, Grinnells, Schuylers, Pells, and Rhinelanders made then a very decided and exclusive circle, of which Mrs. Belmont might be called the fashionable leader. Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. Robert Cutting, and Mrs. J. J. Astor were the duchesses; Mrs.

Lloyd Aspinwall and Mrs. G. G. Howland the great beauties. Miss Helen Russell was elected to dance with the Prince. A very beautiful girl, whom I saw for the first time that evening, was Miss Pierrepont, of Brooklyn, who afterwards married Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, and who died in her early married life.

This ball, however, was more municipal than exclusive. I remember that Mr. Maunsell B. Field, a very accomplished literary man, took great interest in it, and was especially distressed when a loud explosion took place and down went the floor, a great temporary structure built over the stage and parquet of the Academy. I remember seeing strong men grow pale at this catastrophe; some women shrieked, and the Duke of Newcastle dragged the little Prince out of harm's way. One friend of mine, who had a great horror of balls, happened to stand directly over the very spot where the floor sank gently down into a sort of V-shaped funnel and then stopped. "There," said she, "I told you so!" as her husband dragged her out. It might have been the most frightful catastrophe of the year, but it was, mercifully, not. It was easily mended, and the Prince was gayly dancing and talking and laughing over the late chasm. It was great "nuts" to him, doubtless.

I principally enjoyed talking to the Duke of Newcastle, who told me of some of his anxieties about the Prince.

"Prince, how air you? and how's your mother?" was the address of one lady to the rather astonished boy.

I liked to see the gay procession of carriages and soldiers who accompanied the Prince on his way from his steamer to his hotel through crowds of gazers. The city was *en fête*. It was but a little city then compared with what it is now. Albert Edward bowed to right and left,

and put up his hand to smooth his hair, boyish fashion. He visited Mr. Buchanan, the President, and then went on to Richmond, where he was not so well treated.

Mr. Buchanan wrote a beautiful letter to Queen Victoria about the manly bearing of her son, and of how well he had passed through a trying ordeal for one of his age. Indeed, Albert Edward always had tact; he has it still. "Dignified, frank, and affable, he has conciliated, wherever he has been, the kindness and respect of a sensitive and discriminating people," said Mr. Buchanan in this very good letter.

Probably one of the many reasons why Victoria and Albert were so friendly to the North when their friendship was needed was their remembrance of the kindness of the Northern people to their son.

Poor Mr. Buchanan! the Northerners were not satisfied that he was trying to prevent the war, and General Dix's emphatic message to an officer of the navy, "If any one fires on the American flag, shoot him on the spot," fired the American heart; and yet all the Southerners and Washingtonians thought Mr. Buchanan was doing exactly right. Miss Josephine Seaton wrote to Mr. Buchanan, in June, 1862: "I consider you the last constitutional President we shall ever see. At a moment when passion whirled the country to frenzy you had the true courage to refrain, to abide within the lines marked out by the Constitution for the Executive. Were you still with us we should not be embarked in this fearful fratricidal strife."

Such were the two sides of the shield. I think every American should be glad to have not seen that fratricidal strife.

And yet it was profoundly grand and heart-stirring. I had just grown to know Theodore Winthrop, the young

author of *Cecil Dreeme*—a name which seemed to describe him. And it was heart-breaking to learn that his life ended at Ball's Bluff. I remember the soft summer morning when I looked from my window to see a gun-carriage with a coffin covered with roses, on which lay his little blue cap, his sorrowing friends walking by his side. The last of Theodore Winthrop! The next day five young captains were borne by dead on their shields. It seemed as if not all the principles in the world were worth that agony. Had it not been for the Sanitary Commission, our hearts would have broken.

It is amazing to remember how every one responded to the trumpet-call which Dr. Bellows sent forth, how every woman became a "worker" for the soldiers in the field. It was no holiday enthusiasm; it was the business of life.

I became the secretary of the Metropolitan Fair, and wrote innumerable letters to all our representatives in Europe. Mr. Motley and Mr. Marsh (at Rome) responded nobly. All answered well. I only happen to remember these two men whose letters were uncommonly eloquent. I remember that I sold Mr. Motley's letter for fifteen dollars at our autograph counter—a fact which I told him in 1869, when he was minister to England. I said "that ardent youth would have bought your name over again half a dozen times for that amount, Mr. Motley." "Well," said he, "I will let him have it very cheap now." After a winter's work we sent Dr. Bellows "one million three hundred and sixty-five dollars," in one check, as the result of our winter's work at the Metropolitan Fair.

Richard Grant White was the secretary of the male part of the work, and together we got up a Dramatic Committee which was very successful in its little way.

Indeed, we made twelve thousand dollars in a month. Mr. Lester Wallack became stage-manager, and ladies and gentlemen worked hard in their various parts at comedy and opera. One of our most beautiful *jeunes premiers* was Archie Pell, and our play-bills bore this striking record (he left his part unplayed one evening): "Lieutenant Pell obliged to leave for the seat of war." It was all like the ball the night before Waterloo.

A strange *carnagnole* gayety reigned in society. People were only half sane. They went to the theatre madly, worked seven hours a day at the Sanitary Commission, and then danced all night. Young fops went off to the war and became wonderful soldiers. "The puppies fight well." Leaders of the german became good leaders of men, and one of the best drill-master generals had been a dancing-master.

In our own ranks at the fair, Mrs. Hamilton Fish was our president, Mrs. David Lane vice-president; Mrs. Astor was a diligent worker, Mrs. James B. Colgate very ably led off an auxiliary in Union Square, and a great many earnest women killed themselves by overwork. A most gifted and rare woman, one of our first humorists, Mrs. C. P. Kirkland, fell dead in the fair building one crowded evening; and Mrs. David Dudley Field died at her own house, just after leaving the fair.

One of the most curious epidemics was that of an unbounded generosity. Everybody would give away his or her most treasured possession to be sold for the soldiers. I have always been afraid that many rare editions of books, taken from libraries and committed to these fairs, and many an autograph, were sacrificed. Old silver, too, was given with reckless freedom, to be sadly missed afterwards. And none of them brought what they were worth.

Mais c'est la guerre. War is a most uneconomical, foolish, poor arrangement, a bloody enrichment of that soil which bears the sweet flower of peace, and we saw the worst of it in many ways.

We went on, feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, clothing the soldier, binding up his wounds, harboring the stranger, visiting the sick, ministering to the prisoner, and burying the dead, until that blessed day at Appomattox Court House relieved the strain. I went to Washington in 1862–3, when it was a camp. Probably no capital in a state of siege was ever more gay and amusing. Foreigners, princes, and potentates, names of a thousand years and names of yesterday, were all jumbled in a state of frenzy and confusion. And the mud! Oh, the mud! I saw General McClellan with his two young aides, the French princes, Count de Paris and Duc de Chartres, ride into Washington so encrusted with mud that they looked like fossil monsters.

All about the city for thirty miles spread the tents, the camp-fires, the stockades of a citizen soldiery, apprentices to the great art of war. Every new condition of human life, every possible embarrassment of climate, food, and shelter, came to try men's souls. Suffering of the keenest dwelt in those tents, besides joviality and excitement; for the light, easily amused American temperament found much to like and to laugh at even in the surroundings of cold and mud, poor food, and ineradicable dirt, not to speak of the sober realities of the measles and scarlet-fever and smallpox and typhoid fever, all of which paid our army a visit from time to time.

I went to the great ball at the White House given by Mr. Lincoln to General McClellan. There were five thousand people at this ball, and ten thousand outside disap-

pointed. All the upper grades of the army and navy, the diplomatic corps, the distinguished members of the two Houses, the Supreme Court, the cabinet, foreigners of rank, and that class of persons who, having none of these claims, are, by some subtle magnetism, among those who are always invited everywhere — all these were there.

The two French princes were, of course, most conspicuous and honored. The Comte de Paris was then tall, slender, good-looking, and with the ideal manners of a prince. The Duc de Chartres was taller, thinner, less handsome, but with fine manners. They were both young enough to enjoy a ball and the society of young ladies.

There were the brilliant young soldiers gathered from the ranks of civil life, over whom hung the fatal pall; but the clash of civil war paused while the waltzes played, and the gay festival went on while Death waited outside. A great, original, and distinct form, a grotesque figure perhaps, but lighted up with a pair of wonderful eyes, stood there to receive the guests—a man over whom hung the deepest trials and the baleful death of assassination, Abraham Lincoln.

His smile and voice were beautiful and his eyes superb. There his beauty ended, but the magnetic result of genius remained. Every one is glad to have touched his hand.

We all felt that the men about us were making history, and that we were looking at heroes, if we could only find them out. Mine was General McClellan, whom I always continued to admire. I remember now what a thrill ran through me as he was kind enough to come and talk to me. His style was very quiet and reserved, but his conversation had a charm, impressing

one with the feeling that he could say a great deal more if he only would.

Washington was at that time full of illy regulated and discontented spirits. Women also had ranged all the way from flannels to flirtation. Among many better women was the *femme incomprise*, who wanted to "nurse in the hospitals." She, however, wished to do the poetry of nursing—the writing of letters for some mysterious nobleman who was now posing as a common soldier, and who should make this beautiful and fashionable nurse his confidante.

Then, again, there were women spies and women traitors in high places who had the inside track, and who sheltered themselves behind their sex.

This miserable spy business, which seems one of the worst horrors of war, contaminating him who gives and him who takes, was amplified and most terribly complicated by the fact that the daughters and wives of distinguished Northern generals were perhaps Southern sympathizers and ready to betray the secrets of the Northern army. There was one such who gave General McClellan great trouble. She was graceful and winning. She went through the camps learning the character of army officers; was as keen and sagacious as she was winning, and was a favorite with all men of mark. And what a strange time it was! Who knew his neighbor? Who was a traitor and who a patriot? The hero of to-day was the suspected of to-morrow. No one knew when he went to bed whether he should rise a general, or, ceasing to be anybody, should be consigned to disgrace and the Capitol prison; for our great War Minister, possessed of strong virtues, was also arbitrary and violent almost to a fault.

Through many such a maze was the plain, honest, in-

corruptible soul of General McClellan bound to travel until it met relief in action. The plans of the army, however carefully prepared, however secretly conceived, became known to the enemy before they were known to the President. There were traitors in the most secret council-chambers. Generals, senators, and secretaries looked at each other with suspicious eyes. At length a woman discovered one traitor, and thus another was unmasked; and some were asked to cross the sea, and did so.

I think history has not sufficiently emphasized this distracting element in our early warlike days. It was inevitable, perhaps, in a civil war, when father and daughter, and husband and wife, brother and sister, were armed against each other. It is a great wonder that the city of Washington was not betrayed, burned, destroyed a half-dozen times.

The scene for four years was "idyllic, grotesque, and barbaric," and society was most interesting. The student of the romantic side of life had great opportunities. Women of genius, sparkle, and even of eccentricity were sure to succeed. Washington society has always demanded less and given more than any society in this country—demanded less of applause, deference, etiquette, and has accepted as current coin quick wit, appreciative tact, and a talent for talking. The slender figures on horseback of the pretty women made the Long Bridge look like the Row in London, and the physical exercise gave them splendid color.

Picnics out at the camps were the fashion. The camp equipage, tin cups and plates, knives and forks of the simplest, Spartan fare, all added to the attraction of the feast, and as all cavalrymen are bound to be dashing, one or two such were always at the head of the feast,

pouring sympathetic and most dangerous compliments into the ears of a New York or Philadelphia belle. It was romance in its concrete form, while the presence of a beautiful woman in a camp has been decidedly fascinating since the days of Antony and Cleopatra.

The cloud was so dark that it needed all the bright lights that could be turned upon it. But for four years there was a contagion of nobility in the land, and the best blood North and South poured itself out a libation to propitiate the deities of Truth and Justice. The great sin of slavery was washed out, but at what a cost!

But for this no work was too hard, no effort too great, no sacrifice too sublime. The thinking bayonets, the men fighting for an idea with no idea of conquest, nothing to gain, facing frightful loss, probable death—such men had different faces from the ordinary soldier. As one heard them chanting their hymns to the accompaniment of iron heels and clanking bayonets there was an expression so lofty, so touching, that no one who has heard it will ever forget.

And the day after was a bright and prosperous one in all our cities. Equipages dashed out in foreign liveries; women dressed superbly; palaces began to go up into the air; New York looked as if she had inherited the wealth of the Indies; and so she had—on paper.

Pay-day came somewhat later on, and has recurred frequently since. But the way these two armies melted immediately into good citizens, how they took up the plough and the hoe—that is the strangest and the most inexplicable fact of all.

During the years after the war, and when General Grant had become President, I made many visits to Washington; twice to the hospitable home of Governor Morgan, whose handsome house was on the very site

of the former isolated hut where my negro washerwoman had lived in the early forties. Washington grew like a gourd in the night, and was then fast becoming what it is now, the most beautiful of cities.

Sir Edward Thornton was the English Minister; the Hon. Hamilton Fish was Secretary of State, and his dear accomplished wife was filling her place as it has seldom been filled. I saw the High Joints (as they were facetiously called) in all their glory at her house at a party--Sir Stafford Northcote, Earl de Grey, etc. The High Joint Commission presented a noble list of names on both sides. One of the most agreeable men at Washington at this time, and for many years after, was the Hon. Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island, a dear friend, a polished and cultivated man.

CHAPTER VI

Some Memories of Distinguished People—The New England Literati — Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Sedgwick — Dr. Bellows and the Transcendentalists—Mr. Bryant's Dinners—Recollections of Booth —The Iago Dress — Chief-Justice Chase — Sherman and Grant —Adelaide Ristori.

In many visits to Hartford, which beautiful city was the joy of my girlhood, I met Mrs. Sigourney—the sweet, calm Mrs. Barbauld of our early verse, and a dear woman. She was Hartford's first *littérateur*, to be followed by such eminent stars as Mrs. Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain, and I do not know how many more. Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Anne S. Stephens, and Mrs. Sigourney were the most read and talked of of our authoresses of that day. Mrs. Stephens's *Fashion and Famine*, in which was pictured Mrs. Coventry Waddell's curious house on the top of Murray Hill, surrounded by unoccupied lots (and which bore the strong and useful suggestion for the subsequent helping of the poor so admirably carried out by Miss Schuyler), was the novel of the day. Miss Sedgwick was a most distinguished woman. Her novel *Hope Leslie* had been the first New England success, and she was the idol of the most agreeable and successful of all the great brother-and-sister families, the Lenox Sedgwicks, who were to be followed by the Dwights and the Fields, all Berkshire County people of that day. Mrs. Robert Sedgwick was one of the entertainers of the literary and fashionable sets as they commingled when I first

came to New York to live. It was there that I first met Bryant and Dr. Bellows and the *illuminati* generally. Her four charming daughters, her handsome son, Ellery Sedgwick, and their celebrated "Aunt Catharine," with Mrs. Sedgwick's wit and hospitality, drew all around her. It was a home to the somewhat lonely young woman, who had not then found her place. Dr. Lieber, the great philosopher, was there sometimes. Dr. Bellows was the delightful and genial talker of the group. Who could, who ever can, describe his fascinating talk? His sermons were models of pulpit eloquence; the mantle of Channing fell on his shoulders, but it was the every-day charm which was his attraction. Genial, delightful, scholarly, always in a fine Sydney Smith humor, he poured out his deepest, wisest, best thoughts with prodigal lavishness; then would come wild, witty, airy fancies and sweet seriousness, and facts that could scald like tears. Whatever mood he was in, whatever part of your character he wished to impress, his eloquence was always to be depended upon. No one wished to argue any point he had taken; he carried all before him.

His sermons were infinitely inspiring and useful; his talk was a celestial recreation; he was funny as well as witty, and behind all there was a good, hard, New England common-sense. When he and his associates, Dr. Agnew, George T. Strong, etc., took up the Sanitary Commission, this latter qualification made him the superbly successful organizer and useful man that he proved to be. At his house what assemblages of humorists and philanthropists and talkers I have met! — George L. Schuyler, Hoppin, Bryant, Tuckerman, Bancroft, Peter Cooper, Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, George William Curtis, and all the artists. Those delightful

daughters of Mr. James A. Hamilton, Mrs. Schuyler and Miss Mary Morris Hamilton, Mrs. Kirkland (the first of our female humoristic writers, author of *A New Home, Who'll Follow?*), Parke Godwin, Willis Gaylord Clark, Huntington, Frothingham, Lewis Lang, Dr. Osgood, and so on, met at his house; their names escape me, the list is so long. Dr. Bellows's wit-combats with Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble were kept up twenty years, each giving the other friendly little pats; and no one enjoyed her witty retorts more than he did, although perhaps his ears tingled.

Dr. Bellows's life was a great part of New York, and of the war it was the bright and illuminated page. Why does not some one write it? What a book it would be! I suppose his administration of the Sanitary Commission would read like a romance now — alas, how much of it I saw! and some of it I was.

I cannot remember when Dr. Bellows began to be a bright star in my life. We were neighbors in the country, and he often took my mother's tea. Many old associations continued to draw us together until his lamented death; and now that he is a brilliant memory I often find myself referring to that excellent example of undying cheerfulness, that patience in which he excelled all his peers. Dr. Bellows was a fortunate man outwardly; he was always first in every circle; he had enjoyed a great deal of the luxurious happiness of travel; the world was full of beautiful places for him to be happy in, for he made every day a holiday for all around him. He found that the bliss of a spirit was in action; he worked hard; but he had a great many grievous trials, for which he wore the armor of a Christian spirit. There could be no enlargement of

such a horizon except in eternity. It was a model life.

Living with him at one time were Mr. and Mrs. Octavius B. Frothingham, and they added a great charm to that pretty rectory, corner of Twenty-first Street and Fourth Avenue, of which one of the doctor's witty brothers-in-law, Mr. Fred Nevins, said that it was too handsome for a "dissenting minister." Mr. Frothingham's wit, eloquence, and peculiar belief drew around him a set of worshippers of his own; he had for many years a large following. His excellent compendium *Transcendentalism in New England* is a most valuable book, being a thoughtful, scholarly history of that strange, mystical liberalizing of religious thought which swept over New England for forty years, doing much good and very little harm. It brought out such men as Theodore Parker, C. A. Bartol, John Weiss, the younger Channing, James Freeman Clarke. Emerson may be said to have been its Luther.

Dr. Washburn used to say of these transcendentalists, "They opened a window and let in a fresh breeze, cleansing the close garret of New England theology." This from a churchman was great praise, but Dr. Washburn could afford it. He was one of the great lights of the Church.

I am amused to remember now how much of my reading, when I was very young, was *polemical*. It was not intolerant, for I was surrounded by those transcendental philosophers. Articles by Colenso, Arnold, Temple (now Archbishop of Canterbury), Stanley, the *Tracts for the Times*, Pusey and Newman, elbowed Carlyle, Goethe, and Schleiermacher, Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, and Coleridge, with the oncoming dessert of Thackeray and Dickens, who are not polemical. Fortunately for me, I

had a Shakespeare-loving father, and a mother who read poetry aloud with a sweet intonation. I knew all the Lake poets early, and my "polemical" reading was much lightened by *Childe Harold* and Coleridge and Keats. I miss now very much that love of poetry which was so common among the young girls of fifty years ago. Indeed, I miss also the poets. In fact, we all read very much, beginning with Jane Taylor's *Poems for Infant Minds*, and including *Thalaba* and *The Ancient Mariner*.

And yet so illy directed, so carelessly done, was all this reading that I once shocked Dr. Bellows by telling him I had never read *Comus* or Milton's prose. How soon he repaired that omission by reading *Comus* aloud to us in a masterly manner, and following it up by giving us readings from, and almost a lecture on, Wordsworth when he was paying us a visit at Keene! Society is like a Cremona violin; those who play upon it decide that the old ones are incomparable. "A crowd is not company, faces are but galleries of pictures, and talk is but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love." "But there was then love and liking." Where society is founded on the provision that people know each other well and like each other, it certainly follows that there should be more "love," or liking at least, than where it is merely a matter of display. When society is bought it is apt to lose the distinction and the value of the company of such men as Dr. Bellows, if, indeed, there are many such.

Certainly the *individual* was then of more consequence than his surroundings. There was less luxury and much more conservatism thirty, and even twenty, years ago. Dr. Bellows played his noble part both before and after the war with singular distinction. He had the courage of his convictions. It was not an easy

berth which he filled during the war, for the regular army was always against him. General Sherman never spoke well of the Sanitary Commission. He thought the whole business of taking care of a war belonged to the regular army. So it did, if they could have done it; but they could not. So it was well that some outside aid brought a cup of cold water to the dying soldier.

Dr. Bellows was fortunate in having for parishioners Mr. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Schuyler, Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, and many such people.

Mr. Bryant, unlike most poets, was a rich man, and gave excellent dinners. I remember many a distinguished company in his house in Sixteenth Street, charmingly conducted by his daughter, Miss Julia Bryant, who knew how to mingle the elements which make up a dinner.

I often thought that his dinners might be compared to Rogers's breakfasts in London, so many bright minds conspired to make them eloquent. Mr. Bryant and his son-in-law, Parke Godwin, were kind to actors, then not so often invited into society as they are now; and at their houses I met Edwin Booth and his first lovely wife. Badeau and Booth were very intimate, and the former brought the great tragic actor often to my house. I never saw a more perfect union than that of the Booths.

I remember Booth was then playing Othello and Iago on alternate nights. A select few of us preferred his Othello. It was so intensely *Venice* in all its belongings that it fitted his romantic Eastern beauty. I remember no picture more vividly than his as he sat on a couch reading over his military orders, the great captain Othello, in an Oriental robe and sash. And then, as

Iago begins subtly to instil the poison, the carelessness with which Othello heard the first suggestion that Cassio had played him false; how, half sighing, and turning over his despatches as if he wished those lazy days to return, he said, "Oh yes, he went between us very often." The temperament of the actor, the dress, all fitted him nobly in this part; but his Iago continued to be the world's favorite, and I once asked him the reason.

"Oh," said he, "my wife dressed me so well for that part; she composed and made that dress." It was a superb dress of scarlet with pearl buttons running down the jacket. They looked like bullets; there was a hidden ferocity in that dress. Thomas Hicks painted a great picture of him in it.

Booth's rare smile was most effective in Othello. As he heard Desdemona tell her love, it broke over his face like a gleam of sunshine on a dark day.

I saw his Hamlet many times. It was almost our only amusement in the first days of the war (he played it a hundred times in one season). He was the ideal mad prince. As some one said afterwards of Irving's Hamlet, "You forgot the player and thought only of the prince." His reading in this part was the best thing he did. He was again most wonderful with Barrett and Bangs in *Julius Cæsar*. He was the very best Cardinal Wolsey I have ever seen; how grand and old he was! But oh! his King Lear! To have heard Mrs. Kemble read that play and to see Booth play it was the very poetry of despair.

Like all geniuses, he did things of which he was unaware himself. The expression on Lear's face in his last wild moments, the gleam of recognition, the pleased memory, the joy of being still loved, the gratitude—to

be immediately chased away by the wild torments of insanity — I declare I never could see that expression that the tears did not rain down my face.

And yet, like his fellow-genius General Grant, who at that same moment was playing his rôle so extremely well on a distant battle-field, he was no talker and no orator; he could not, or he would not, talk about his parts or about Shakespeare.

He said of his Othello that it was only a sketch, and he rather laughed at its being a good one. He liked later on to be praised for his Hamlet and his Cardinal Wolsey and his Petruchio; he said he was satisfied with those impersonations.

He failed utterly as Romeo; and when his theatre burned down and he was temporarily ruined, of all his wardrobe nothing was left but one shoe of Romeo's, "left for me to kick myself with," he said.

I never met him after those days of his youth and beauty in society. He became more famous, and was always much liked and respected; but I am glad to keep apart my little vision of him at this period when he was a dream, the realization of what Shakespeare might have seen with his mind's eye. He was an exquisitely refined person, and had an air of sadness and preoccupation even then. The sadness of those days, the misery which the assassination of Lincoln brought upon us all, my own private grief at the time, induce me to skip much that would be historical. It has, however, had the advantage of a thousand pens—that dreadful epoch during and just after the war.

I must notice one little book. I dare say the gifted author has forgotten that he ever wrote it.

It was Whitelaw Reid's account of a *Tour in the South with Chief-Justice Chase in 1866.* The learned

author, destined later on to become an editor and a foreign minister, was then favorably known as "Agate," a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*. The vigor and vivacity of his style had already made him a great favorite, but this little brochure probably answered more questions and satisfied more people at the North than many a more ambitious volume. He travelled with the Chief-Justice to New Orleans and across to Charleston, saw the returned Confederate officers, all of whom said "they were going to get some new clothes"; questioned the negro, and found out what every one at the North wished to know (it had been a terrible dread), that there was no danger of a negro insurrection; in fact, he opened for us the long-closed South. This rare pamphlet is, perhaps, as important historically as it was useful at the time.

Chief-Justice Chase was born in New Hampshire, and my father had bought the ground on which our home was built of his grandmother, old Mrs. Janet Ralston, who lived in Keene, a shrewd Scotchwoman. When my father said to her, "Mrs. Ralston, you ask too much for this land," she answered, wittily, "Ah, Mr. Wilson, I notice no people gits enough for their land but those who asks enough for it"; and she got her price.

My father, when rusticated from Middlebury College for some boyish pranks, kept the village school in Keene for one winter, and used to carry a little light-haired boy on his shoulder to school through the snow. This boy's name was Salmon P. Chase. He wrote it largely on the history of his times, and when in after-days we used to meet at Washington, and he was everything that was distinguished, he always remembered this early friendship and treated me almost as if I were a relative.

As Mr. Evarts said of him, "he was always one of

the first three." A very sweet-natured man, I think he never was happy as Chief-Justice. He would have preferred to be President, as we all hoped he would be.

With his two beautiful and gifted daughters, Mr. Chase, whether Minister, Secretary, or Chief-Justice, always kept open a delightful house, and until his health failed he was a great pleasure to meet. He had the canny Scot in him, as his grandmother had. It gave a unique flavor to his wit, and shone in and out behind his remarkable genius for affairs in that public service for which he was so essentially suited.

I went to see him in his last days in New York, where he was under treatment for some nervous malady, and he talked of Keene as if nothing had intervened. "My tall schoolmaster," he said, "was the most fascinating person I have ever met. I felt a great confidence that he would not drop me into the snow. I have not always felt that same confidence in men since."

I suppose that this great man tasted the insincerity of human friendship and the ups and downs of fortune and the instability of fame as few men ever did, unless we may except James G. Blaine, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and Samuel J. Tilden, all of whom had the Presidency within their grasp, but it slipped away. And yet how often the Presidency has simply meant that a man shall be abused, distrusted, and worked to death while he is filling the great office, and that he should drop into unmerited oblivion when he has left the White House (General Grant alone excepted)! But, then, his fame was kept dear by the people. He could not travel through the remotest village that the farmer would not leave the plough in the furrow, and run for wife and children to come and see the man who had saved the nation. Even to touch his hand was distinction.

Indeed, even after the war was over, the most interesting personage to us all was General Grant, who, of all people, hated to be interviewed, and who would not be exploited. He was no talker, and unless he was strongly interested in or excited about his subject, he was deficient in fluency; and yet every new acquaintance found him remarkable for the transparent lucidity of his explanations, and he had a good command of nervous English; so, as we all knew that he had talent enough, the natural inference was that General Grant did not wish to talk. When he did talk it was therefore taken as a great compliment to the listener.

What a contrast to him was General Sherman, one of the most renowned talkers that ever lived! He had an immense command of words, almost volubility, and the most friendly willingness to talk of his campaigns. This soldier by nature, who had an entire scorn of luxury or even comfort on the field, slept in a *tente d'abri*, or in the open air, and had no cumbrous baggage. His ménage was a roll of blankets and a haversack full of hardtack. He declared that he could fall asleep on the hard floor or wet ground, or when a battle was raging near him. Attention to detail, promptitude, decision, order, and unfailing punctuality were part of him, and yet his rugged face could unbend in society, wear a most winning expression; and he loved the theatre, all amusements, and a good dinner. I never knew any carpet-knight who could wait for a tardy lady who had forgotten her fan so patiently as he could. He was a many-sided man and a perfect gentleman.

He became renowned as an orator, and his speeches at West Point were the most perfect specimens of that difficult art — the talking to young men without patronage.

These two great friends, great military geniuses, who were so true to each other and so free from any jealousy that they could write two such letters to each other as those of March 4, 1864, from Grant to Sherman, dated Nashville, Tennessee, and answered by Sherman March 10, 1864 (every school-boy should learn them by heart); these two great men, of all our heroes—one a President, the other a lieutenant-general—seem to have escaped that almost universal concomitant of greatness, ingratitude and lack of constancy on the part of the fickle public.

General Grant's tour around the world made him so replete with delightful reminiscence that he talked more when he came home. I remember dining with him at Governor Cornell's in New York, and it was a very distinguished dinner. I told him that an English officer who had been present at the dinner given him by the Duke of Wellington in the Waterloo Chamber told me in London that he thought him a very *learned* soldier. "Well, I am not," said Grant. "I had neither the genius of Sherman nor the learning of Lee or Macpherson. *I only meant to get there.*"

But the fountain of talk was unsealed on this occasion, and he told me of his travels in China and Japan, of the wonderful men he had met everywhere, and the dinner with the Queen, of which he said, "I did not sit next to her, as I expected to; she had a prince and a princess between us, but she was very agreeable, and talked across. Better than all," said he, "I had Fred with me everywhere." The affectionate tone of this delightful character, the simplicity mingled with greatness, made General Grant the idol of the people. His entrance into a city made a gala day. "Celebrity is the chastisement of talent and the punishment of genius." I think he never liked it.

"I can't talk like Sherman," he used to say, with his rare smile; and, indeed, nobody could.

I happened to see him twice when his character shone out free of adventitious circumstances. The first time was at West Point, just after the war was ended, in 1865. He came to his old Alma Mater, bringing Mrs. Grant, without whom life had no charm for him. We were in the library. The examination was going on, and Professor Bartlett left the room, coming back with Grant on his arm. What an intense moment it was to us all! The professors rose to receive him. I think poor General Grant nearly sank through the floor; he winced as he never had done in the face of the enemy. "Those dreaded professors rising to do me honor! Why, I felt all the cadet terror all over me," he afterwards said. He was more comfortable when he got outside and commenced shaking hands with all mankind and womankind, but no one who saw that notable scene can forget his modesty.

Again I happened to be in Washington during his second term of office, and with my husband and son took the boat for Mount Vernon. To our delight and surprise, General and Mrs. Grant, Miss Nellie Grant, and Miss Edith Fish were on board, the two latter young school-girls of seventeen.

When we reached Mount Vernon, finding the President was expected, we tried to efface ourselves, but General Grant asked us to dine with him, and especially drank wine with my young son, the youngest member of the party. Nothing could be so kind as he was, and after dinner, as we sat looking at the Potomac, Mrs. Grant said, "Oh! I wish I had a house on the Potomac!" "Do you?" said he. "Well, I can buy one cheap." Then they had their little badinage about the improb-

ability of their paying for their purchase out of their crops, etc. We came home together, of course, and although I saw him often, both at the White House and at great dinners, and much in private life after, I remember General Grant best on these two occasions. He was gifted by nature with a genius for military command, but he had also the unmetaphysical character of the Roman intellect, and in his private life he was all that was sweetest. While Sherman was a Greek, with the wit, tact, quickness, and elegance of the Greek mind, yet these two great captains loved each other and understood each other, and were alike heroes worthy to save the sinking ship of State, good husbands, fond fathers, and citizens of high renown. Sherman's sensitive and impressionable mind got him into trouble occasionally, and he never wished to be President. It was fortunate for him that he did not have that "bee in his bonnet," as old General Greene, of Rhode Island, used to call the desire for the Presidency.

Adelaide Ristori brought letters to me when she came to New York (in 1866 I think it was) from my friend Charles Hale, then our Minister to Egypt.

Virtue, beauty, and genius were this woman's title-deeds to fame, and, as one of her poetical biographers said justly, "Romance presided over her birth, and her path was strewn with as many incidents as flowers."

She brought her noble husband, Capranica, and her two children, the beautiful Bianca and her son, with her; and she also brought us Myrrha, Camma, Medea, Lady Macbeth, Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Pia dei Tolomei, and Adrienne Lecouvreur. When first asked to add Medea to her répertoire, she at first said no; that she could understand all passions but that which led to the murder of one's offspring. In the original, Medea mur-

ders her children savagely before the audience, but, owing to Ristori's reluctance, Legouvé, the author, altered his situations so that the murder is implied rather than consummated, and she made the great tragedy one of her successes.

She was a beautiful woman, of the dark-eyed Italian type, a large nose, and the most perfect figure. I remember her dancing the german at a ball at Mrs. Roosevelt's (who was one of the most distinguished hostesses of the period) quite as well as the youngest débutante, and a most serene and unaffected person she was, fond of talking and disposed to be communicative about herself. She told me that she was the daughter of poor actors, who happened to be at a little Venetian city, Cividale del Friuli, when she entered on the responsibilities of life; and at two months of age she was brought on the stage in a basket in the play *The New Year's Gift*, while at four years of age "La Piccola Ristori" appeared in a child's part as an infant phenomenon. Even then her salary was greater than that of her parents. As a girl she inherited from her father a great love of music, and Nature gave her a mezzo-soprano voice of the finest quality. She was good enough to sit down to the piano and accompany herself while singing me some of the very interesting Italian popular songs of the people. But her grandmother, a fine old tragic actress, probably seeing the genius for acting strong in the child, used to take away her guitar and shut her up in a trunk, "*à la* Ginevra," when she sang; so she was quietly ruled out from being a singer. This threw her into a deep melancholy, and she would only play with her dolls as dead bodies, laying them out and surrounding them with candles. This gloomy amusement she followed up by a passionate attachment

to burying-grounds, and she ascribed some of her deep and tragic powers to this early heart-break.

She became very religious, and while performing in Faenza, in 1841, she was so devout that the people thought her a budding angel or an incipient saint; they mounted a ladder and looked in on her midnight vigils, but only found that she had thrown herself on her bed in her clothes. However, they felt such faith in her future canonization that they divided one of her dresses, which she had left behind her, as a relic. At fourteen she was playing Francesca da Rimini, so tall and thin that she had to be padded—"*cotonnée*," as she said—to look like a woman. She worked incessantly under a fine old actress, who was most severe with her. She worked until she broke down. She got well, however, and in 1842 began to create parts as a comédienne. As a delineator of the romantic drama, in Goldoni's masterpieces, she held the stage until 1848 in all the great cities of Italy. Mr. Lowell saw her in one of these years, and could never forget the charm of her comedy, especially in *Gli Innamorati.*

But she went to Rome, and the young Giuliano del Grillo, son and heir to the old Marchese Capranica, fell in love with her, and her own tragedy began. She was of humble origin and an actress, so the old marchese would have none of her. It was most amusing to hear her describe her beautiful youthful lover, and then turn to look at the fat, elderly, exceedingly comfortable Del Grillo husband by her side.

Rome was beside itself with revolutionary ideas in 1846. The young Giulano was watched; the spies were thick; but love laughs at locksmiths. They met and were married at Cascina, whither Del Grillo went as a Papal envoy.

She could play in *I Promessi Sposi* with a vim after this. They remained faithful to each other until death.

The young wife retired from the stage for a year to please her husband and placate his mother, but art reclaimed her child, and in 1848, while French bombs threatened Rome, she gave three representations to help Piscenti, one of her former managers, who had been imprisoned for debt. I have forgotten what play she appeared in, but I think it was in *Cuores ad Aeti*, by Forti. At any rate, her father-in-law went to see her, was completely swamped by her greatness, forgot his prejudices in his enthusiasm, and, in fact, took her to his heart as the Marchesa del Grillo, but allowed her to become once more and forever "Adelaide Ristori" to the public.

Then she began her faithful study of high tragedy. She made her début in Alfieri's masterpiece of Myrrha, and unluckily failed; but she afterwards surpassed all other actresses in this part. She became triumphant through all Italy, and sighed for Paris, which is now, as in antiquity, alone entitled to throw the apple. It is the world's tribunal for art. In 1852 Rachel had visited Italy; why should not Ristori visit Paris? The actress was determined, and in 1855 she was playing Francesca da Rimini to a pit full of kings, with Rossi as Paolo, and in Paris! What a triumph!

Dumas *père* was her first conquest. Scribe paid court to the new favorite, and Jules Janin, the clever Figaro of the *Journal des Débats*, sealed her fate by his clever praises. Myrrha followed, *la sublime actrice* had a furious success, and her triumph was celebrated in verse, marble, prose, and music.

She was most astonished herself. "Why," said she, "I played Myrrha to empty benches at Turin, at eighty

centimes a ticket, while here in Paris they will pay ten francs and crowd the theatre to see me. Why is that?"

Rachel resigned her position as a *societaire* of the Théâtre Français, and the throne was offered to Ristori by the director, Arsène Houssaye. The Emperor sent M. Fould as his advocate, begging her to accept.

But the Italian tragedienne was true to her flag; she would not desert the Italian language and drama. She won, and received the imperial decree, authorizing her to play at the Théâtre Italien for four months. Her first season brought her a half-million of francs.

To see this illustrious woman first play Marie Antoinette and Maria Stuarda, and then to hear her tell these facts with flashing eye was a most dramatic experience.

The Emperor sent her a beautiful bracelet in form of a serpent, the head sparkling with diamonds, which she was fond of wearing. Medals were struck in her honor, and all the world acknowledged her greatness as a tragedienne. The King of Prussia decorated her with the Order of Merit for her Deborah.

She had been emphatically a queen's favorite in Spain, and always spoke well of poor Isabella. She saved the life of a Spanish soldier, Nicolas Chapado, by her eloquence, kneeling first to Narvaez, then to the queen—a story she was fond of telling.

She played, in French, Beatrix at the Odéon; it proved a great success. Then she took Shakespeare to London! She played Lady Macbeth and Elizabeth, and was called the second Siddons. In 1864, she sailed for Egypt and played in Cairo, Athens, Constantinople, giving the tragedies of Alfieri beneath the shadow of the Pyramids.

She came to America with all this glory behind her, and was received, both as an actress and as a woman, with

most enthusiastic welcome. She was an intelligent, industrious, earnest, good woman, with great sensibility and most wonderful talents; but as a successor to Rachel she never seemed to me a *genius*. She rose early; she attended and managed every rehearsal; she had a most excellent company; she was the strongest and most indefatigable person ever heard of. She used her needle cleverly, took care of her theatrical wardrobe; she was reading, writing letters, attending to her daughter (a beautiful girl), making calls, going to dinners and balls; yet all her excitements were so reduced to a system that she never seemed fatigued. The only woman whom I have met who seemed at all like her is Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, and she is very like her. The practical was not swallowed up in the ideal in this extraordinary woman, whom I am happy to have known. She never broke an engagement; she was always punctual; her people adored her.

Of her parts I liked best her Marie Antoinette. It was infinitely affecting, tender, and true. Her beauty in it was something astonishing. She must have been fifty years of age; she did not look thirty. And the support was admirable. The king was played by an actor so good that he is always before me when I read of Louis XVI. She told me that she always cried an hour or two after playing this part, which shows that she was an actress at heart; but she declared that hard work had done more for her than inspiration. She was grateful to her father, her grandmother, and her early teachers because they were so severe. She never spoke of Madalena Pomatelli except as "a great beauty." This was her mother; I suppose a very mediocre actress. But she must have been a good woman to have had so serious and so good a daughter. Ristori had the

temperament of virtue. She was naturally religious, firm, temperate, and judicious; and if not a genius, she certainly had incomparable talent. Her dresses were studies from all that history and art could do for the drama; she redeemed the honor of the Italian stage, and opened the door for Salvini, the greatest Othello and Hamlet and Samson that the world has seen.

She made a very large fortune and left her children rich. What a fortune to inherit the memory of such a mother! A woman who could not be moved from her sublime pedestal of devotion to art, to duty, to religion; who could pass through all the temptations of youth, beauty, celebrity, and triumph utterly unscathed! She was nobly patriotic, true to her friend Cavour, kind-hearted and philanthropic to a degree. It is hard to say which to admire the most: the talent of the actress, making famous the woman, or the character of the woman, giving depth, solidity, and enduring strength to the fame of the actress.

I cannot leave this celebrated memory without referring to her Queen Elizabeth. The play gave us forty years of that stormy life. Ristori, coming on as a young girl, the pretty auburn-haired princess, adroitly grew ten years older at every decade by putting on more clothes, more jewels, and more paint and whitewash, until the lion woman, sinking down to die on the stage, was the old Elizabeth who shook the dying countess for having deceived her about Leicester's ring. It was a superb study. I cannot forget her startling scream as she heard of the success of Francis Drake and the destruction of the Spanish Armada. "Drak!" said she, throwing out a long forefinger, as if she would touch the absent commander and give him the accolade. It seemed that "Drak" could hear that cry; it had in it

all the uncontrollable emotion of the red-haired daughter of Henry VIII.

It is a curious fact that the two greatest actresses who came to the United States played in French and in Italian to audiences not half of whom understood either language. But the genius of artistic and dramatic representation confounded the Tower of Babel. Rachel, Ristori, Sara Bernhardt, and Duse would be understood in the Choctaw. For them, and such as they, the Tower of Babel does not exist.

CHAPTER VII

A Glimpse at Literary Boston—Prescott, Emerson, and Agassiz—Darley's Picture of Washington Irving and His Friends—The *Knickerbocker Magazine*—Mrs. Botta's Salon—Reminiscences of Bancroft and Bryant—A Birthday at the Century Club—Longfellow.

Although we did not leave home as much in those days as residents of New York do now—we had nowhere to go, unless we made a long, wearisome journey to Florida for a cough—we still found time for visits to Washington and to Boston.

I, being a New England woman, was true to my Boston, and went to Nahant in summer as well as to Cambridge in winter. There I saw Prescott and Agassiz, and Lowell and Longfellow, and, much later on, the youthful Howells, just beginning his successful career; and Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, and Dr. Holmes, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, most witty of women. It was "the Illuminati"; it was most delightful, and Mr. Prescott was one of its distinguished members.

Mr. Prescott was a true son of Boston; well-born, well-bred, of extremely dignified and agreeable manners, and with a delicate and nobly chiselled face. He was a perfect man of the world, fond of society, and with not the slightest touch of the pedant about him. I saw him frequently and intimately at his Nahant house and at the neighboring villa of his daughter, Mrs. Lawrence, who was an admirable hostess as well as a beautiful woman. Although he was past sixty when I first

met him, he was still as attractive as a man of thirty in dress and manner, and with the added delight of his extremely cultivated mind. His infirmity of sight did not prevent his getting about alone and eating his dinner with the grace of a diplomatist. If he asked any one for the toast or the cream at one of his daughter's delicious country teas, it was really a pleasantry and a compliment, and he could make his infirmity of sight a joke. If the cream-pitcher turned up under his hand, he would thank the finder and say, "If it had been a bear it would have bit me." He asked my husband and myself to his "workshop," as he called his library, and showed us the apparatus which is used by the blind—a wire-ruled machine for guiding the hand.

His library was filled with Spanish books, and with documents (acquired at great expense) from the archives of Spain; these were lying all about, arranged in that order which is Heaven's first law. He told us that his sight would come back curiously at times. He took immense care of his health, and walked every day around a great tree until he had worn a path. Mr. Prescott's home relations were delightful. He had married the love of his youth, a beautiful Miss Amory. He told me he used to look through a window where he could see her dance. Surrounded by his family, and with his charming daughter next door, this distinguished man passed his summer at Lynn, working every day for several hours, and then emerging from his library, with none of the dust of the old folios adhering, bringing with him only the aroma of learning. When I travelled in Spain some years since I used as my guide-book *Ferdinand and Isabella*, his masterpiece; nor do I want a more delightful set of books with which to cheat Time of his dulness than his entertaining histories. I have an auto-

graph of his, "written through the bars," as he called his wire net:

"I am happy to welcome my dear Mrs. Sherwood in my little study, and wish she would always come and never go.

"W. H. PRESCOTT."

This is more precious than rubies, as testifying to the amiable character of this most amiable of men. He had enjoyed a great triumph in England on his first visit there, and told us much about it. He said Sydney Smith had sent him word before he went, saying, "Send Prescott over here and we'll drown him in turtle-soup."

"I sent him back word," said this genial-tempered man, "that I could swim in those seas." And indeed he could. As an elegant American he was a good specimen to send to London, as indeed were Everett and Motley, who seemed fitted to rub out the caricatures of Uncle Sam with which *Punch* and other papers have amused themselves.

Mr. Prescott was most fortunate in his biographer, for George Ticknor was one of the ripest of scholars and Prescott's friend of a lifetime. These men were as far off as possible from the Concord School and the transcendentalists, who were making themselves world-famous at the same time. Tom Appleton's witty explanation that "the reason there were so many Unitarians in Boston was because a man born in Boston did not think that he needed to be born again" did not apply to Mr. Prescott or to Mr. Ticknor.

I dare say they looked upon Theodore Parker with horror, as he was a "come-outer" even among the Unitarians.

Emerson was "the consummate flower which the sturdy root and thorny stem of Puritanism existed to

produce." He was a poet, a genius, and had the face of an angel. He had gone early to England, and knew Carlyle, Wordsworth, Landor, Coleridge, and that fine group of literary men. He grew too liberal for the Unitarians, and left the parish over which he was settled to become a lecturer and literary man. He seems to have been the first man in America to recognize Carlyle, and he spoke of "Craigenputtock," with its desolate, feathery hills, as "the spot where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." He became the Sage of Concord; around him were Thoreau, Curtis, Hawthorne, Ripley, W. H. Channing, Parker, Phillips, Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The little agricultural village began to put forth germs and growths. The author of the *Humble Bee* gave it a tropical climate. The prophet was most honored in his own country, and pilgrimages were made to this modern Mecca.

I had heard this great thinker lecture, but had never known him personally until about 1858, when I met him at a party at Mr. Bancroft's. To my amazement, he showed a curiosity to know "who people were."

James Russell Lowell, who had the discernment to read Emerson's character, regarded his head as a well-balanced sphere. "One pole on Olympus and t'other on 'change" is his witty line describing this prince of dreamers, this "simple child and worldly wise, who so largely raised the value of real estate in Concord." I remember asking Mr. Emerson if Hawthorne (whom, with other young novel-readers, I was then adoring) ever went into society. "Oh no," said Emerson. "It would take a forty-dowager power to drag him to such a party as this."

His great friend, the devout idealist Alcott, I never saw, although I read many of his *Orphic Sayings*.

Mr. Emerson brought nothing of this Concord atmosphere into society, but a great deal of good Yankee curiosity. When I asked for a Massachusetts lady whom he knew he looked at me with those penetrating eyes that seemed too far off to have recognized anything lower than the rings of Saturn.

"Well, marm, how did you happen to have known her?" said he. I had to give him my whole lineage before he was satisfied. I remember that he quoted Alcott. We were speaking of a certain President, whom we did not love, and his large majority.

"Oh!" said he, "Beelzebub marshals majorities, and multitudes ever lie." A famous *Orphic* utterance.

Mr. Emerson was very learned. He could have been the "instructor of academies." Agassiz preferred his conversation on natural science to that of any other man in America, and the young poets went to him to hear about Beaumont and Fletcher, Plato and Bœhme, Bhagavad Gîtâ, Hafiz and Goethe; he could talk of them all. He said on one occasion, "When nature wants an artist she makes Tennyson or Robert Browning." And again, "*Paracelsus* is the wail of the nineteenth century."

When I saw Emerson again the mighty intellect was in ruins. The memory so deeply stored was wiped out. The inductive philosopher was no more; but "that mystic past, that miracle sense," which had been present in his essays and poems will last forever. He is to many people the seer and the prophet still.

After seeing Ralph Waldo Emerson I spent one glorious day at Nahant with Agassiz. He took us to his laboratory, where we saw jelly-fishes galore and heard his wise, witty talk, which instructed the American people—North, South, East, and West. If ever a man made nature give up her secrets, that man was Agassiz. He was

large, hearty, and most agreeable. His sympathy amounted to enthusiasm. He had polite French manners, and left you with the impression that you had contributed very largely to his stock of information. I have known several great men who had this kind of flattery. One was Judge Story and another was General Dix. You always felt rather an awe of yourself after these supremely celebrated men had humbled themselves before you. It is a characteristic of a great heart and a supreme tact.

Agassiz spent happy days at Cambridge and at Nahant. The nation was listening with hand behind her ear, and Nature threw her sea-urchins and starfish and every fish suspected of any eccentricity at his feet. He gave lectures all over the country, and told me that he could invoke sleep when he needed it, even to sleeping when standing up. His health seemed to be perfect. He gave one the idea of an immense and very agreeable boy who somehow had come to know everything, not by the usual hard penance of learning it at a school, but by intuition. He told me that he had once brought a bunch of wild flowers to his mother instead of his appointed task, and asked her to tell him all about them. As she could not do so, he said, "One day, dear mamma, I will tell *you* all about them." How nobly he kept his promise! Agassiz did not believe in the Darwinian theory, which was a great comfort to me.

But to return to New York for a moment. Imagine the delight of Darley, the artist, when called upon to paint "Washington Irving and his Friends": Prescott, with his handsome face; Longfellow, thoughtfully attentive; Fenimore Cooper, conscious of his own world-wide fame, yet cordially mindful of the higher eminence of Irving; behind Irving the happy, smiling face

of Ralph Waldo Emerson, hopeful of all good things; and again the strong, decisive profile of Bancroft in the attitude of an attentive listener. This picture of representative writers in America, in history, philosophy, romance, and poetry, was also enriched by Bryant's noble head, Hawthorne's dreamy face, H. T. Tuckerman's scholarly look, and Willis, the Count d'Orsay of the literary college, jotting down his impressions.

This picture was drawn, I think, for the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. I would give a great deal for a copy of it, for I have lost the impression which I owed to the kindness of Lewis Gaylord Clark, then editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, to whom I had taken a story called *The Man in Armor*—a story which grew out of my West Indian experience. I have the poor little dusty thing beside me now; but this accidental connection with that magazine led to the delightful privilege of knowing many of the writers, and to my admittance to the literary circle of Miss Anna C. Lynch, an American Rahel,* our first authoress to hold a salon, my friend for the rest of her life. It was a most agreeable circle. If there is anything so good now in New York I do not know it. Mrs. Botta, after her marriage—for Miss Lynch married the Italian physicist Botta early in the fifties—continued to be the Rahel, as I have said, of New York until her death. At her literary reunions I have met not only many of these most agreeable literary men and women of our own country, but the historians, authors, and artists of England, France, and Italy. Such a grand phalanx as would often gather in a single evening!—Christine Nilsson, Salvini, Ristori, Anthony Trollope,

* Rahel was the wife of Varnhagen von Ense, and the Queen of the German salon.

Sala, Thackeray, and George P. Marsh; Mr. W. W. Story, home from Rome, and General di Cesnola, fresh from Cyprus. This was a salon indeed! Everything that was fresh and new. Paul du Chaillu, from Africa and the land of the gorilla, and Charles Kingsley, with his gifted daughter Rose. From time to time a fresh arrival—N. P. Willis, General Morris, or Lewis Gaylord Clark—while in one corner would sit the authoress of *Queechy* and the poetesses Alice and Phœbe Cary, and Bryant, Bancroft, Everett, and Emerson. Then to know Mr. Bancroft and to have had the entrée to his always hospitable house was like going behind the scenes with the stage-manager after having been taken to the play. He knew everything and everybody; had a most exhaustive habit of reading, and sometimes asked me to come and hear the last chapter of his *History* as he read the MS. to his wife and a few friends. He sent me books such as then only seemed to come to a great scholar. At Newport his knowledge would overflow in the most delightful manner, as, in talking of the old mill, he would tell us how he had waded through a swamp near Taunton River to read a runic inscription supposed to have been left by the Danes, which he thought would throw light on it. He waded his way through water, forced his way through scrub, and was often impeded by a lack of foothold, but still never lost his grip on the subject; and he was honest enough to say that he had gained no light on the subject of the origin of the old mill. He concluded that it is simply a windmill, built by an early settler of Newport.

Mr. Bancroft, unlike Varnhagen von Ense, whom he was fond of quoting, never lost his pleasure in society. He said that every ten years a man should move nearer the sun. He moved from Boston to New York, from

New York to Washington; was Secretary of the Navy; afterwards American Minister to England. His party having gone out of power, he retreated to his books for the day, but spent his evenings in society. The energetic historian's lamp was lighted at five on winter mornings, and when called to breakfast he had already done a noble day's work. Later on Mr. Bancroft became our Minister to Germany, and was complimented by Bismarck on his perfect German.

He seemed never to forget anything, nor to need any other amusement than that which he could always provide for himself. He rode horseback daily, and never, until he was eighty, had he even been troubled with a headache. This was one evening at Washington, when I heard him complain of a dizziness in the head. He was a very peculiar man, and had some stiff mannerisms. His career had been not unlike that of Everett. He went to Gottingen as a young man from his father's parsonage. He acquired his tendency for historical research from Heeren, Eichhorn, and Schlosser. For several years he was at the head of the Round Hill Academy for boys at Northampton, where he had for one of his pupils the witty Tom Appleton, and for his undermaster Dr. Cogswell, afterwards the learned first curator of the Astor Library. He must have been a severe master, for "Uncle Tom Appleton" used to tell stories of his school days and say, "Mr. Cogswell, whom I loved, and Mr. Bancroft, whom I didn't." But Mr. Bancroft grew exceedingly amiable in his old age, as men seldom do. He was always most charming to me and kind to every one.

It was an epoch in my life when I first heard Charles Sumner. This most honored man of Boston was delivering his bold and fiery invectives against slavery in the

early fifties, and came nearer to Webster as an orator than any one I remember. He was fine-looking, and had an English manner. I came very near being in the Senate when he was felled by Preston Brooks, which assault laid him on a bed of sickness for months, and from which he did not recover for years. This undeserved misfortune evoked for him a cosmopolitan sympathy. The last time I remember seeing him was at a dinner of Governor Morgan's, given to General Grant after he was elected but before he was inaugurated. Roscoe Conkling was at that dinner, and I remember thinking how much Conkling resembled Coriolanus in Shakespeare's immortal sketch of that passionate hero, and again as he appears in Beethoven's *Coriolan*, where the music makes you think of the stamp of an armed heel. Conkling was impressive.

The American is said to become full-flavored, and in time a most all-round man, through the polish which Europe can impart. Mr. Sumner had behind him all that Boston and Cambridge could give before he went to Europe. He had a great brain and a great soul, but he had no sense of humor. It may be because of this limitation that he was never a popular man. But he rescued us from a helpless state of degradation at a trying hour. His services should never be forgotten, particularly the noble speech delivered in 1869, which fitly rounded his great career.

Another genius whom I met at Mrs. Botta's was Fitz-James O'Brien, the young Irish poet, author of *A Diamond Lens*, which, next to the stories of Bret Harte (which came ten years later), was the most surprising short story that ever startled the reading American public. Fitz-James O'Brien followed up his successes by delightful poems, and his *Monody on the Death of*

Kane was and is worthily remembered. He was a fascinating conversationalist, a rather handsome, dashing, well-dressed young Irish gentleman, very much courted in society for a brief hour. He went to the war, fought bravely, and surrendered his young life gracefully and well after the second battle of Bull Run.

It is a thousand pities that Mrs. Botta had not had the French autobiographical spirit, for she could have given us immortal sketches of the historical characters who for forty years went in and out of her hospitable door. She had sentimentalists and genuine thinkers among her guests. She could have given an unparalleled chronicle of that early dawn which led up to *Harper's Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the thousand and one successors of those famous monthlies. She herself had been glad to write for the *Democratic Magazine* at ten dollars a page in her youth; and although she never cared much for society, she could have given a tolerably faithful chronicle of society from 1850 to 1880, before that respectable and conservative epoch had harnessed four horses to its carriage.

She wrote well herself, both prose and poetry, and with great industry compiled a book of the *History of Literature.*

But how much greater would her fame be now if she had had a Boswell or a Samuel Pepys in her disposition: we love the minor details. One would meet all the most distinguished men and women at Mrs. Botta's, perhaps four times during the winter, at some reception given to one great man or woman, the author of the last novel or poem. I remember T. Buchanan Read reciting his *Sheridan's Ride* at one of these, and I remember a charming breakfast with Booth, with Ristori, and with Salvini there. I also remember delightful interviews

with Charles Kingsley, as he was twice her guest. She "kept house" admirably, and her little breakfasts and dinners were perfect.

She compiled during the war a very valuable book of autographs and prints, which was sold for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission—or, at least, she intended that it should be, but the sudden peace at Appomattox Court House and the overflow of money for the Sanitary Commission came before she had finished it, and she gave the money to France to establish an art scholarship.

As a woman she was a model character, ready to drop her own personality entirely, unselfish, agreeable, patient, sweet—the very person to hold a salon; with liberal opinions, but of a most respectable and modest character. She was an evangelical moralist in conduct, but would go to hear everybody preach—from archbishops of the Roman Church to Henry Ward Beecher. She was an "intelligent social being," but I do not think she ever asked herself what she did believe. She was determined to see and allow for both sides of the shield. She was interested in all the ultra views of the principal thinkers of her epoch. She liked to bring them all together. Everything that belonged to goodness, virtue, and humanity was dear to her. Everything she could do to advance the interests of art and literature, everything to help a friend in distress, to make the world happy and better, to promote sociability and the recognition of talent, this dear and distinguished woman did, during a long life. A thousand pities that she did not write herself down every day of her life!

There one would meet her early friend Mr. Charles Butler, the Hon. John Bigelow, Minister to France and biographer of Franklin, who had helped her to rise;

there would come Charlotte Cushman and her faithful Emma Stebbins, the sculptor, and Harriet Hosmer, who gave us the "Puck" and many another lovely marble. It was a salon after the French fashion.

Before I leave the *literati*, let me record a most eventful day—an evening in 1864—the celebration of the birthday of Mr. Bryant at the Century Club. He was seventy—a fine-looking, Homeric sage with a big white beard, a most venerable-looking personage, with brilliant eyes and a manner which, when he chose, could be smiling and agreeable, and which, when he did not choose, could be grave and repellent. The Century Club loved him to a man, and their elegant rooms in Fifteenth Street were wreathed with violets, immortelles, evergreens, and roses on that evening. Mr. Bryant and Mr. Bancroft entered together, and sat on a dais surrounded by such lights as Emerson, Holmes, Willis, Street, Tuckerman, Boker, Read, Stoddard, and Bayard Taylor. At the conclusion of some well-chosen music Mr. Bancroft addressed Mr. Bryant, and congratulated him and the world that the poet's eye was undimmed, his step as elastic as it was in his youth, his mind as strong, and his brain as prolific. Mr. Bryant answered in a very witty dissertation upon the folly of felicitating any one on being "seventy years old." He referred "to the beauty of youth, its quick senses, its perfect and pearly teeth, its flowing hair." He drew a graphic picture of what the world would be if it were made up of old men, and expressed his thankfulness that there were youths and maidens to laugh and be merry.

Yet those two wonderful old men were destined to live one of them to eighty-four, and the other to nearly ninety, while many a youth and maid who listened had gone to an early grave.

Mr. Bryant spoke of Pierpont, Longfellow, Sprague, Holmes, Dana, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Lowell, and Willis, and wound up with a very charming compliment to Mr. Bancroft. Then followed letters and poems from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Whittier, Lowell, Halleck, and one read by Oliver Wendell Holmes, which was full of fine points.

Then came the artists with a volume of sketches. I remember Cropsey, Stone, Huntington, Lang, Kensett, Hennessy, Benson, Durand, Leutze, Darley, Hays, McEntee, Vaux, Hicks, Launt Thompson, Church, Hazeltine, Coleman, Hall, and Cranch.

It was a delightful ovation, and calculated to give to every listener and spectator a love of literature and learning. It occurred in a gloomy moment of our civil war, but it was enlivening as taking our minds away for a moment from the horrors which were breaking our hearts. In the language of Bayard Taylor's noble hymn, written for the occasion:

> "One hour be silent, sounds of war!
> Delay the battle he foretold,
> And let the Bard's triumphant star
> Pour down from heaven its mildest gold!
> Let Fame, that plucks but laurel now
> For loyal heroes, turn away,
> And mine to crown her poet's brow
> With the green garland of the bay."

My memories of Longfellow shall be confined to three interviews. One on the Rhine, when he was travelling with his daughters, and I could but remember *The Pilgrims of the Rhine* and his own pretty prose volume embodying his love affair. Again, at the house of George Abbot James, at Nahant, where, in the late seventies, I had the honor of meeting at lunch Long-

fellow, Mr. Tom Appleton, Mr. Story, Mr. William Amory, senior, and the late artist Hamilton Wilde.

Mr. Longfellow, already old, and always silent, was beautiful that day, and as charming as his gentle nature prompted him to be. Mr. William Amory told us the long, romantic story of the famous law trial on which he was associated with Webster. It concerned the murder of an old Mr. White by two nephews, one of whom killed himself in prison, and it was upon this occasion that Mr. Webster uttered the famous dictum, "Suicide is confession." I am ashamed to say that the rest of us did all the talking, while the venerable poet sat and mused. He was engaged on the great poem which appeared in *Harper's* soon after, in which he describes the process of making pottery. But what he did say was so much to the point that it seemed like nuggets of gold.

A part of Mr. Longfellow's charm was his way of listening; another charm was his beauty, which was remarkable. His kindness to young authors has passed into a proverb, and he was a natural-born gentleman. Another beautiful old man was Mr. William Amory.

While Mr. Amory talked, which he did wonderfully, Mr. Longfellow listened as if to music. When he had finished his reminiscences of Webster, Mr. Longfellow whispered behind his hand, "It is like hearing Atticus praise Cicero; he is the best talker in Boston." Mr. Tom Appleton was wildly funny, and kept us all laughing, including Mr. Longfellow, who greatly admired his brother-in-law. Mr. Appleton was amusing us by a witty account of how Mr. Longfellow had been bored and swindled by an adventurer and adventuress. To all of which Mr. Longfellow only said, smiling, "Tom is a poet, you know; also an artist and a romancer."

Mr. Story dropped a few pearls. It was an exquisite day at one of the most lovely houses on the sea. Every one was cordial, and as Mrs. James put a shawl over Mr. Longfellow's shoulders he said, "The world is in tune." He helped to make it so.

The third interview was at his own house, where he thanked me for my translation of *Carcassonne*, which he said Bret Harte had sent to him, and which he incorporated in his volume, *Poems of Places*. There was something in his praise which the heart does not willingly let die. *Vale.*

CHAPTER VIII

My First Visit to England—Chester Cathedral—Sunshine in London—Westminster Abbey and the British Museum—English Art—At the English Dinner-table—Our American Hospitality an Inherited Virtue—Oxford, Kenilworth, and Stratford-on-Avon—The English Attitude towards America.

In 1869 I went to England for the first time. I had no mission, political, religious, or literary. I represented nobody but myself. When I found the English people kind, courtly, well-bred, and especially polite on the ground that we were *Americans*, I could not but be won. "Remember, you are taking the reflex wave of the war," said one of my friends, who was not so much fascinated as I was. No matter what I took, it was very good, and "mine own."

We went for the delicious purposes of travel. We wished to realize the reading of a lifetime; to see the Tower and Westminster Abbey and Eastcheap; to hear Bow Bells; to see the Queen; to look at Madame Tussaud's waxworks. Nothing was too low or too lofty for our omnivorous appetites. One of us had travelled before, but the other had not. But we both enjoyed alike her hedgerows, her golden pheasants trooping through the grass, her deer hiding in the ferns, her magnificent old oaks, her lordly residences, and her rose-embowered cottages.

It was a gracious June day, a red-letter day in my humble annals, when we found ourselves sailing up the Mersey.

We had had a glorious view of the romantic Irish coast the evening before and all the morning, and I thought it a fine sight when Liverpool, proud commercial town, lay before me. I did not find Liverpool ugly. Her stately public buildings, broad streets, public squares, and noble statues redeem her from the charge; and after a bath, a nap, and an excellent dinner at the comfortable Adelphi we took a drive to a park in the environs, which we found charming. They say the first cathedral you see remains with you forever as *the* cathedral of the world. Perhaps this first glimpse of an English June and of a European park so favorably impressed me because it was the first, but I am convinced it was charming; so was the fresh-looking, pleasant-spoken English lady whom we met walking in the park, and who so kindly and even learnedly answered our questions about the new trees and flowers. And this English lady, who so agreeably surprised us by her affability and courtesy, was a type of all our accidental acquaintances. "His speech bewrayeth him," and our accent generally brought out, "I see you are Americans"; or if not, we had but to say so, and our questions were answered with a ready politeness which it is but fair to say English people do not seem to show to each other. I suppose the great differences of rank necessarily bring about a certain stiffness. We took our first bath in antiquity at Chester, where we spent a Sunday. The service in that venerable cathedral—those boy voices in the choir—shall I ever hear anything like it this side the golden gates?

Time should be imaged with a paint-brush instead of a scythe; he knows how to wield the former even better than the latter. What he has adorned let no man attempt to copy. I dare say those ruined cloisters were

very commonplace in their youth; now time has so judiciously colored them, gnawed them, hung them with ivy and mosses and lichens, that they are beautiful, with a tender, perennial loveliness. Wandering through the cathedral, we found, strange to say, a memorial stone to one Thomas Phillipse, who was much praised for having remained loyal during the "late rebellion in his Majesty's colonies of North America, by which he lost much valuable land and all his riches," etc., etc. Thomas Phillipse lost the goodly town of Yonkers, on the Hudson, and many acres besides, and gained the ugly name of Tory over here; but there he lies in the odor of sanctity in Chester Cathedral, which is some compensation.

We went up to London through Shrewsbury, bought some "Shrewsbury cake," and thought of Falstaff fighting an hour by Shrewsbury clock. As we were talking and laughing over the former, a companion of ours in the railway carriage, who proved to be an English manufacturer, and who had been talking of America to us, said, "And so you know Shakespeare over there, and Byron too?" Our national vanity got another shock after this from a young lady who asked us if we had ever heard the music of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. However, our friend the manufacturer was extremely kind. He showed us the "Wrekin" in Shropshire, well known to all ballad-singers by the song "Round the Wrekin," which he said embodied a Shropshire custom. Not being a Shropshire man himself, he told us that the Shropshire people thought the world of themselves and were the most self-sufficient people in England.

We glided past the smoky chimneys of Wolverhampton, and finally, after a railway journey of four or five hours, rich in pictures to us, reached London.

I was awakened my first morning in London by the brilliant strains of the band of the Coldstream Guards, who were marching, as they do daily, from guard mounting to St. James's Palace, where they play delightfully. I should like to stop and say something about the precision and brilliancy of this band, but I forbear, lest my geese be accused of being all swans.

There was a bright sun shining. Buckingham Palace was in front of our windows, and shortly the well-appointed equipages, unsurpassed in the world, began to drive by. At one o'clock we went to Rotten Row to see the equestrians. It is a pretty sight, were it only for the horses. At first we were very much disappointed in English beauty, but after a while the pretty faces and majestic figures began to reach us. The men are magnificent—the young men tall, well formed, and admirably dressed; the old men positively beautiful, with their fresh complexions, white hair, and admirable neatness. Nothing struck me more than this, and we might copy it to advantage here. As an Englishman grows older he becomes more and more careful in his dress.

To say how London opened itself to us in the next six weeks would be to write an encyclopædia. First itself —its illimitable extent; its magnificence; its gay, courtly, rich life; its historical points; its inexhaustible stores of museum, picture-gallery, library, church, abbey, tower, everything. What a city it is! And this was the gloomy, foggy, melancholy city which every American had told me to avoid, to hurry through, and get to Paris! I have now seen them both, and I find London in June superior in attraction to Paris in any month, beautiful, gay capital that it is. I must acknowledge that we were in England in an exceptional summer as

to weather. The weather was brilliant, warm, and clear. Had it rained all the time my enthusiasm might have been dampened.

One day we consecrated to the venerable abbey, of course. No amount of description can render this threadbare to us. I gazed with as much emotion on the beautiful profile of Mary Queen of Scots as if I were the first person who had ever wept over her "strange, eventful history." Nothing is disagreeable here but the old vergers, who trooped us round like sheep, and who gave us the most familiar historical facts with great deliberateness, as if they feared we should "dilate with the wrong emotion." I was pleased to see a full-length statue of Mrs. Siddons in Westminster Abbey. Since the Romish Church denies Christian sepulture to actors, it was pleasing to see this proof of the superior liberality of her English daughter. I stopped a moment before the bust of Thackeray. He was the only one of those immortals whom I had seen, and I rejoiced as I looked upon the speaking marble that I had known and listened to that great genius.

Westminster Abbey is thoroughly Saxon; its architecture suggests a forest. Its stones seem to have been dug from primeval quarries; those dark rafters hewn from Saxon oak, smoked perhaps by druidical sacrifices. Those Gothic lines in their upward flight tell us that nature is herself a church, even as she is a tomb. Westminster Abbey is nature crystallized into a conventional form by man, with his sorrows, his joys, his failures, and his seeking for the Great Spirit. It is a frozen requiem, with a nation's prayer ever in dumb music ascending.

To look at and properly appreciate the British Museum is the work of a lifetime. We gave it one day—

just enough to set our teeth on edge. There I remember a letter of Sir Walter Scott denying emphatically the authorship of *Waverley*. I afterwards had the pleasure to meet Mr. Jones, the curator of this magnificent place, and I begged him to hide that away, for it is not pleasant to see Walter Scott's name appended to a lie. "Oh! he was a writer of *fiction*, you know," was his answer.

The National Gallery we visited on a private day, thanks to the courtesy of Sir John Bowring, whose accomplished wife and daughter we found copying pictures with great ability. This accomplishment, so rare here, is an almost universal one in England; all the educated women sketch well, and some paint admirably. The Hogarths interested me immensely. I had no idea he had such a charm of color. His pictures are as fresh to-day as when they were painted. I looked long and earnestly at the Turners, and found that I could get to understand them after a while. But Turner is like classical music and Browning's poetry — he requires study. The valuable Raphaels, Correggios, and other treasures of this glorious gallery have been too often described for me to add a word. The water-color galleries were our next great delight. We found these pictures exquisitely beautiful and choice. The English landscape lends itself naturally to water-color. When I afterwards paid a visit to an English country seat and saw, as I sat at breakfast, the old family chapel hung with ivy, just framed by the window, I said, "There you have a water-color arranged to your hand." I imagine this lack of neatly finished object is the reason we have so few water-colorists in the United States. Our grand distances and atmospheric effects, the absence of mullioned windows hung with

ivy and of other architectural beauties, undoubtedly stint us as to water-colors and therefore make oil * the most convenient medium. Our American landscape-painters—Kensett, Church, Gifford, Bierstadt—have no superiors in Europe in oils, if, indeed, they have many equals.

I saw the yearly exhibition at the Royal Academy. Of it, I remember one of Landseer's—a curious picture—eagles attacking swans, a bloody, cruel, unequal fight. Then I saw a "Vanessa," by Millais, the deserted love of Dean Swift—another unequal fight. She was represented a tall, proud, unhappy-looking creature, a beauty, and in the handsomest brocade that ever was woven or painted. That brocade alone should have insured a large female attendance at this exhibition.

Westminster Hall I remember with peculiar pleasure, and also the richly decorated St. Stephen's Chapel, under the House of Commons, of no use to anybody, but as rich as an illuminated missal. I was afterwards shut up, as becomes my dangerous character, in a wired den over the House of Commons—and heard Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Lowe, and Dr. Ball; also some men of lesser note. Mr. Gladstone speaks with singular clearness and elegance, and I noticed none of that hesitancy so often attributed to English speakers. Disraeli had just been defeated for the premiership,

A permission to the House of Lords was not so easily obtained, for it was the height of the debate on the Irish Church Bill, and the peeresses demanded their right to every one of the few available seats. However, that came in time, and I was so fortunate as to hear Earl Granville, the Lord Chancellor, Lord John Russell, and

* This was my opinion in 1869.

some others, on an interesting subject—that of life peerage. There was a desire, as I was told by a member of the House of Commons, to infuse some new life into the "Lords" by the introduction of a limited number of life peers, men who did not desire or who had not the wealth to aspire to "founding a family." The opponents of the case quoted some good things from English history, of men who had desired title simply that they might give it to a son, and the question of life peerage was lost.

The House of Lords, architecturally, is a magnificent room, and the dignity, quiet, and repose of the scene made me unwillingly acknowledge that the Senate of the United States might possibly improve its manners. Perhaps in our desire for simplicity, absence of title, or badge of office we may have thrown over too much. The drives out of London shared, of course, in our pleasures. Hampton Court, Windsor, Richmond, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, came in their turn. I walked through a half-mile of roses at a rose show at Sydenham, and saw that imperial flower for the first time, for we cannot grow such roses here. The rose in America is dwindled and thin compared with the English rose. It has suffered from transplantation, as the human animal did for two centuries. Now the human animal is beginning to grow broad and rosy and show his English origin. I hope the roses may too.

Of the English dinner-table we had a pretty fair experience. Had our indebtedness to English hospitality been limited to the dinners alone, we should have returned overwhelmed with a sense of unrequitable favors bestowed; but when all these dinners were followed up by other kindnesses, we owned ourselves hopelessly bankrupt. For every letter a dozen doors flew open; for

every friend you make you sow dragons' teeth for innumerable other friends, and each one is kinder than the last. Some of my new friends spoke handsomely of American hospitality. I was compelled to say, "It must be an inherited virtue."

They *can* be more hospitable than we, these fortunate people. They have a far more highly organized system of domestic service; they have immense wealth; they have that regular, graduated society wherein every man and woman knows his or her place; and whatever we, as republicans, may say as to the so-called snobbery of English people, I have seen something like it at home. It is better to pay court to a queen (who to them is abstract England) or to a duke with a "long pedigree" than to worship, as we too often do, some unworthy person whose wealth is his sole passport into society. I believe that a habit of respect is good for the human race—"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes," and it produces in England such manners in the tradespeople, servants, innkeepers, and, in fact, in all who serve you, that I would fain become a student and a copyist of the better specimens, that I might become in my turn a teacher "of the same" to the dominant race who drive our carriages and rule our households. I do not wonder that American women like Europe and are happier there than here. Women are more sensitive than men in this matter of respectful attendance; and they receive so little of it here from our so-called servants that the perfect deference and good breeding of that class in the older countries is a happiness in itself.

We reluctantly tore ourselves from the delights of Nilsson and the opera at Covent Garden, and all the theatres, and from the parks and drives and dinners of London, for fresh fields and pastures new. We wanted

to see Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Kenilworth, York, Edinburgh, and all that glorious company.

Oxford we saw out of term-time. There were no gowns and caps walking about, no races on the Isis. But what a regal old town it is! How we enjoyed the architecture—the quaint old gargoyles, the delicious gardens of Merton, Magdalen, and St. John's! How heavy the air was with the perfume of the lime-trees, then in full bloom! Nowhere in England is the turf more green, the English landscape purer or more characteristic. The air is eloquent with learning and splendid names. We drove to Blenheim and enjoyed its magnificence, tried to realize that we were in Woodstock Park; but here two sets of reminiscences clashed, and it was hard to define where Fair Rosamond ended and the stormy Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, began. We drove home by Godstow Abbey, where the frail favorite ended her career; and we finished the day by a visit to a sweet English rectory right out of Birket Foster, all strawberries and roses and diamond-paned windows. Our host was full of the legends of the spot, and told me he had an apple in his garden called the "Fair Rosamond," which shows (for he was a divine) how meritorious a thing it is to be pretty.

From Leamington we drove over to Stratford-on-Avon, on one of the loveliest summer days I remember, and lunched in Washington Irving's parlor at the "Red House." We afterwards walked to Shakespeare's house, where we found five Americans before us. We were not surprised, though perhaps our national vanity was a little gratified, when the sensible old lady who acts as custodian took down an American edition of Shakespeare and told us how highly the English scholars appreciated the work of our Shakespearian scholar, Richard Grant White.

We attempted to walk to the church where Shakespeare lies buried, but the heat overcoming one lady of our party, we sought shelter on a friendly door-step in the shade, while the gentlemen went back for carriages. The door behind us softly opened and revealed the features of an elderly lady, who kindly invited us to enter, saying, "I am sure the rector of the parish would not like to see ladies reduced to sitting on his door-step. Pray walk in." We accepted the gracious invitation, and were soon rewarded by the presence of the rector, a good-looking, well-bred man. He told us that of all the visitors to Shakespeare's tomb the Americans constituted one-sixth; that they were by far the most interested in the visit. He preached every Sunday in the famous church where Shakespeare's bust and body are enshrined; and he knew Miss Bacon well, but was, I thought, a little astonished that she lodged at a shoemaker's. He gave me some local details of the place, and offered us refreshments with true English hospitality.

The old church is delightfully situated close to the banks of the Avon. We went in, read the inscription:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear!"

and looked at that wonderful bust which gives us all we can see of the most astounding genius the world has ever known.

We drove away silently, too full of delicious reverie to talk. Nothing roused us till our coachman said, two or three miles from Stratford, "Charlecotes, the seat of Sir Thomas Lucy; now the property of Mr. Lucy. Strangers not permitted to enter." So the family keep up the traditional inhospitality. We allowed our eyes to enter, however, and saw through the barred gate the

beautiful long, low Elizabethan house, and some of the finest elms in England. We drove home by Stoneleigh Abbey, another charming specimen house, where are some interesting relics of Lord Byron, but we were not able to stop and see them. The owner, Mr. Leigh, however, permits his house and treasures to be seen at certain hours by the public.

Kenilworth, Warwick Castle, Guy's Cliff, afford another day's drive from Leamington; and I insisted on going through the old town of Coventry, for the sake of Godiva and Peeping Tom, whose luckless effigy is carefully arranged at a window. But, alas! Coventry is a modern, prosperous manufacturing town; and had it not been for a wonderful old church we should have been wofully disappointed. At Warwick Castle, where are the two best Vandykes of Charles I., I saw the only relic of Oliver Cromwell which I could find in England. It was a cast of his face after death.

Kenilworth is a dreadful disappointment. It is too much of a ruin. You can scarcely, even with Sir Walter in your hand, reconstruct that famous banquet-hall, of which the floor and the roof are gone. I found Amy Robsart's staircase. She is the most real person connected with Kenilworth.

York Minster was one of my great joys. It is the only cathedral I have seen in England or on the Continent that *can* be seen. It has no ugly, unsightly, intrusive buildings between you and it. It stands majestically in its own green park, glorious, complete—a poem and a history in itself.

We could never become accustomed to the beauty of England—the finish, the perfection of the whole thing, all so agreeable to an eye used to our own incompleteness. We have not been touched up by time yet; and,

indeed, where will be our old cathedrals, our Warwick Castles, to touch up? We can never have the green turf or the lovely flowers; our torrid summers and frigid winters forbid it. We are a vast country with few people; they are a small country with many people. They can afford to have their railway embankments sodded, their little stations each a flower garden. With us those enormous public works must remain forever rough, great scars on the face of nature. We must get our beauty in other things, and leave to England her peerless enamel of green grass, brilliant flowers, her gray ruins, and graceful ivy.

I was amused, sometimes a little offended, to find how little English people knew of the United States. It seemed impossible to believe that two steamers a week ran between Liverpool and New York,* each freighted to the water's edge; and yet the English ladies would ask me if we "ever had ice-cream in New York," if we "had frequent fires because it was built of wood," etc.; and they would smile incredulously when I said it had been against the law for forty years to build a wooden house in New York. And the worst of it is, they do not care to know much in the social way about the United States. The stream of thought flows steadily from England here, not from here there. They are very kind, very friendly, interested in a general way, and consider us a great, wonderful, unknown sort of Australia, and that is all.

One thing they do respect and admire in us—the way we are paying our national debt; but they cannot understand (and who could explain to them?) the curious combinations brought about by our system of poli-

* This was in 1869.

tics and by our republican institutions. "Who are your best people?" was a favorite and unanswerable question. It is a strange and significant fact that Americans who travel in Europe are more amazed at the other Americans they meet there than at any other people who travel. So we may well stop trying to describe ourselves to foreigners. We are too vast, too heterogeneous. Lord Houghton said, "Don't try."

One question I always asked and never got answered satisfactorily. It was: "Why did England take the side of the South?" I hoped to receive some philosophical solution of this great problem. Sir John Bowring said, "She did not." Dr. Mackay, the poet, gave me a witty answer: "Because England loves all rebels except at home!" But, with all this, they were most kindly, most hospitable; they seemed to feel, in spite of themselves, a sort of brotherhood. They take trouble for you, are delighted if you enjoy England; take pleasure in opening wide those splendid doors within whose folds are hidden so much luxury, so much comfort. The conversation at an English dinner-table, cordial, refined, often learned, never (to my hearing) commonplace; the low, deliciously musical voices of Englishwomen (would that they could be imported!); the straightforward, pleasant talk of the men—all these things go to form a society such as we cannot have in this country for many, many years to come, if ever.

This was written in 1869, after my first visit. Since then I have spent five seasons in London and have almost lived a year in England, but I do not know that I could improve upon my early recollections; at any rate, I am glad that I saw England then as I have always seen it—kind, hospitable, and most agreeable.

CHAPTER IX

The Social Side of London—Sir William Stirling-Maxwell and Sir John Bowring—Mr. Motley and General Adam Badeau—A Visit to Hampton Court—Racial Characteristics and Differentiation—The Lord Byron Scandal Again—A Page of Unwritten History—Across the Channel to Paris.

The first person to call on us on our arrival in London was General Adam Badeau, our Secretary of Legation, who was of great use to us. I had known him since he was a young newspaper-man, who used to pause admiringly before Mr. Bancroft at the opera to get a word or two from the great historian, and who also had a word or two of chat with me about society, for which he was ambitious. After going to the war he had painfully climbed up my steps with his crutches, having been wounded in the foot—poor fellow!—and he had done me the greatest of favors in making General Grant my friend. He had a decided talent for society and was a generous and discriminating entertainer, as well as a man of ability.

The next day we called on Mr. Motley, our minister, and he immediately returned our call; and from that moment, after presenting our letters, we were launched on a sea of dinners and fêtes, balls and social functions. I remember Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Lord Houghton, Sir John Bowring, Tom Taylor, the dramatist; Sir Harry and Lady Verney, Mr. Beresford (at Hampton Court), and Mr. Holford as among our earliest friends.

We had letters to Dean Stanley, to the Bishop of London, to the Bishop of Chester, and to the Bishop of Rochester, from our bishop Horatio Potter, of New York; and we had our own Mr. Motley and General Badeau, who never forgot us for a moment.

The presentations to the Queen were over for the season (it was late in June); but we did not miss them, as we had all we could do. I remember balancing my regret with the thought that I should have another day for sight-seeing. I think now, if I were to do it all over again, I should always devote the first season in London to sight-seeing, the second to society, the third to a judicious mixture of the two; for when doors are opened to one which never may be thrown open again it seems cruel and absurd to one's self to not seize the opportunity to know those who are eminent in that courtly world which so few have entered, but which is so well worth seeing.

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell was a man whose acquaintance was to be dearly prized. Charles Astor Bristed had introduced us to him, and he seemed to find no trouble too great, no kindness too elaborate, to take for us. Through him we saw all the great balls, the grand functions, excepting those of royalty. He gave us dinners himself, at which we met the choicest people in society. I remember his intellectual wife, Lady Anna Stirling-Maxwell (afterwards she met the dreadful fate of Mrs. Longfellow), and Sir Andrew and Lady Buchanan, and Lady Emily Hamilton, a beautiful woman, the sister of Lady Anna; and, better than all, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, whom I had been worshipping as an authoress since I was thirteen. She was still handsome, although she told us her age and that she had just had the scarlet-fever! The Khedive was in London—Ismail, the

hero of the canal and sponsor for Ismailia. Sir William managed it that we should see some of the festivals in his honor. London depends on the opening of a single door, and more than one such admirable friend opened the door for us. Where everybody is kindly disposed, your heart must be a bitter one if you are not pleased.

General Badeau had been in London long enough to realize our unexpected good fortune and to congratulate us on it. Mr. Motley was, I fear, secretly pleased that we did not demand anything of him, the more so as he had just had bad luck at Vienna and some troublesome experiences in London. He was one of the most beautiful of men, as well as one of the simplest, most agreeable, and most attractive. I had never seen him in America. I am glad to think that I saw him where he was so honored, and where he so honored America.

Dean Stanley took us through Westminster Abbey with one of his smaller parties, and threw the illumination of his knowledge into the dark corners.

The promptitude of English hospitality rather alarmed us. Sir John Bowring had told the Bishop of Rochester that we had letters to him from Bishop Potter, and he immediately asked us to his house for three days! Bishop Jacobson, of Chester, wrote three letters of introduction for us while we stood in the library of the Athenæum, which were of great service to us at Oxford and at York Minster and at Canterbury, and indeed everywhere else.

And so we were passed along. One of our most enjoyable visits was to Sir Harry and Lady Verney at their noble old house at Claydon. Lady Verney, a sister of Florence Nightingale, was an author, a botanist, a very charming woman, and a good artist. She had diligently compiled all the history of the Verney family, and we saw some rare family portraits—one of Sir Ed-

ward Verney, who fell at Edge Hill; and Sir Harry showed us the ring which Sir Edward's servant brought home from his dead hand.

Another visit was to Mr. and Mrs. Beresford at Hampton Court. Mr. Beresford was the warden of the tennis court, an honorary office that gave him a residence in the old palace where the Queen lodges her old servants. It was a picturesque home, and gave upon the garden of Anne Boleyn. Some strawberries from this sacred enclosure were added to our luncheon. Mr. Beresford had been a friend and admirer of George IV., and, I think, the Tory "whipper-in" during one session of Parliament. He had also been an under secretary of state, and was a fine old prejudiced Englishman, of a type which Dickens would have worshipped—most gentlemanly, gouty, and hospitable. We saw Hampton Court under his auspices thoroughly, but he was very glad when he found that we did not wish him to take us to see the state apartments or the Sir Peter Lely beauties; that, indeed, we could do by ourselves. We returned to take tea with his wife, who was most agreeable.

So we got a glimpse of that life at Hampton Court which Dickens so funnily hits off in *Our Mutual Friend* as the home of Edgar's mother, and Mr. Beresford told us of the former days when the debtors could only come out on Sunday, and so on. Sir John Bowring took us to the clubs, to the British Museum, and to the National Gallery, where we found his wife and daughter copying pictures; and I learned then twice as much of these two great national institutions as I should have done with a less instructed cicerone.

Indeed, we saw much of that now far-off, lesser London, of which I was to see so much more later on, and we went to Marlborough House and Lambeth Palace,

and other great houses, and to galleries galore, until we had not a foot to stand upon from fatigue. Then we journeyed up to York Minster, and to Edinburgh, and to Blair Athole, and to the "Queen's View," and down by the English lakes; then back to London for some late balls and dinners, and some invitations to country-houses within a few hours of London.

In this my first visit to London I was struck with the intellectual tone of certain houses. Men of distinction, artists, and authors were invited everywhere and made much of. Literary and intellectual questions came into the gayest salons. Those agreeable men, the English clergy, seemed omnipresent, and London was a metropolis of science, letters, and the fine arts. Having been introduced by Mr. Motley, it was possible that we saw more that was polished and intellectual than we should have done otherwise; but we were struck, among the older men, not only with that polish of an hereditary aristocracy, but with the respect with which they treated men of genius—those eminent old men—like the Duke of Abercorn, whom some one called "the last of the grand seigniors," being conspicuously elegant and courteous. They were pre-eminently well-mannered. Lord Houghton was so very individual a man that it was impossible to call him a typical Englishman. He liked to gather oddities and geniuses around his table, and he was always particularly friendly to Americans. We came in at the end of war. The North had been victorious; we Northerners were the fashion; but one lady confided to me that she thought it strange that our President, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, should come over as minister! She could not separate Reverdy from Andrew Johnson. They really knew very little about us.

Mr. Motley, aristocrat by birth, association, education,

and manners, was still too much of a patriot to allow any disrespect to the republic which he represented; but his intelligence was too broad not to distinguish between what was pure and simple ignorance of our affairs and what was intended for impertinence. His fine lips would curl a little, perhaps, at any mistake too palpable; but he was, like our minister, Charles Francis Adams, able to keep his indignation in check.

London society was far more exclusive then than it is now; it was smaller, and the age had not "ripened like a plum." I was also struck by the reserve of certain coteries: they kept back the intellectual treasures of their minds; they even regarded a quick wit and a lively tongue as a little fatiguing. Wit was a gymnast whom they distrusted, reminding one of Marie Antoinette's remark about Molière:

"Ce Molière est de mauvais goût," said the queen.

"Vous vous trompez, madame," said the king; "on peut reprocher à Molière d'être *quelquefois* de *mauvais ton*, mais il n'est *jamais* de *mauvais goût*."

Lord Houghton did not think it bad manners or bad taste to be witty, but many of his countrymen differed with him and said as much. Again, I think the English are very fond of being entertained, and that they regard the French and the American people as destined by Heaven to amuse them. Between the two there are always those cosmopolitan English who understand both and interpret both. Such men as Mr. Motley, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Henry James, on our side; such men as Lord Houghton, Sir Stafford Northcote, Earl de Grey, Tom Hughes, and Kingsley, on their side, were capable of understanding both. I think Dean Stanley, kind and lovely though he was, never understood or thoroughly liked Americans; we were strange beasts to him. I had

the pleasure of seeing him later on at Mr. Cyrus W. Field's, and I think the only hour he thoroughly enjoyed was when he was going to see the monument to Major André.

These differences of temperament are utterly beyond our control. Tennyson and Carlyle could never endure Americans, nor do I believe Disraeli was much more tolerant, although always most polished. But there were hearty friends of ours in London, enough to make a visit there most enjoyable; not only such splendid examples as Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, but innumerable others; and of women, I found in the beautiful Duchess of Westminster (sister to Lord Ronald Gower), in Miss Thackeray, and in Lady Verney, three types which will always stand for the most cordial and the most kindly of friends.

Of literary ladies I was not so fortunate as to see many. The Hon. Mrs. Norton and Miss Thackeray were the only ones whom I knew well. Lady Verney told me that the literary society of London was too busy to go out much, and I fancy this was the truth.

George Eliot had published the *Spanish Gypsy* the year before, and I was determined to see her, but the opportunity never occurred. Mr. Bancroft had given me a letter to Carlyle, and we diligently drove to Cheyne Walk; but the sage was out walking. I think he always was, when Americans called.

But these our failures were far more infrequent than our successes. We saw all the fashionable people that we wished to see, and received that social welcome which warms the heart. And one knows a country better in thus entering its homes, its strongholds, than by merely bowing to a celebrity.

Our little experience of a two months' visit has filled my whole life with a joyous remembrance of England;

it made me many friends, and led to a correspondence with Lord Houghton which has been of priceless advantage. The experience has been oft repeated, and I have spent many seasons in London since, knowing well her artists and *littérateurs*, her hospitable nobility, and have even a slight acquaintance with her admirable Royal family.

In later days General Badeau presented me with his *Life of Grant;* I have it, with his autograph. It is a noble book, and does both honor. Later on, with all his friends, I felt very much astonished at, and terribly disappointed by, the attack which he made on his dying chief. No one could mistake Badeau's style, nor that of General Grant; therefore his assumption, if he ever made it, that he was the author of that last wonderful book, which the dying hero wrote with death clutching him by the throat, made me feel, as it did many, that Badeau was profoundly ungrateful. He is gone now, and I desire to lay this flower on his grave: he was a man of talent, filled with good impulses, when I knew him; what he became afterwards I do not know. I did not see him for ten years before his death, but read his occasional papers with great pleasure.

Nobody in England had a better chance to see and observe the different phases of such characters as Lord Houghton than had Badeau, and he knew well the noble ladies about whom he wrote so admirably The lady of Strawberry Hill had never so good a portrait painted of her. Countess Waldegrave, who had risen from the lowly position of the daughter of Braham, the singer, to being one of the first women in English society — a woman as famous in her day as Lady Cassell Holland was in hers — rendered herself completely up to Badeau's pencil; and the sketches of the Queen, the visit

of General Grant to the Prince of Wales, all of which he witnessed, have become historical through his facile pen.

Lady Verney confided to General Badeau, as she did to me at her own house, her displeasure at the revelations of Mrs. Stowe in regard to Lord and Lady Byron. She was the most intimate friend of Lady Byron, and told me that she had from Lady Byron's own lips the following account of the cause of the separation:

Lady Byron found in one of his old desks a certificate of the marriage with the Spanish beauty of whom Moore speaks. Horrified beyond endurance at this terrible disclosure, by which she felt herself not a lawful wife, she went to Sir Samuel Romilly and to Dr. Lushington and asked their advice. They both said to her, "Stay in Byron's house until your child is born, and then leave him and await developments." She followed their advice implicitly. So much was she in love with Byron that she took up his little dog and kissed it as she left the ill-fated house where she had been so badly treated.

The grave question of the legitimacy of Ada prevented her from speaking of this discovery, but she never lived with Byron after it. The Spanish beauty never troubled her, so perhaps it was only a mock-marriage. As for the terrible aspersions on Byron's sister (Lady or Mrs. Augusta Leigh), Lady Verney declared them to have been scandalous lies. She thought Lady Byron could never have uttered them, as the sister of Byron was her friend through life. The only explanation which friends of Lady Byron could give me as to this discrepancy was that Lady Byron was not at all times perfectly sane; but Lady Verney believed differently, and was not at all sparing in her criticisms of Mrs. Stowe.

We came home in November, to begin again that home life which was not to be disturbed for many years; but

the education and delight of this first visit were not to be measured by words.

There are three things which astonish an American beyond the power of expression on a first visit to Europe. One is a mountain, the second is a cathedral, the third is an old Italian villa, or a French château, or an English great house peopled by three hundred years of cultivated and continuous ownership.

What a superb thing it is, that great house, with its terraces and fountains, its statues and groups of marble and bronze, its noble façade, its stately flights of steps, its gardens, *à la* Dufresnoy, at once grand and poetically wild; Nature claiming all in her charming caprices and fairy fantasies, Art standing back to look on and to admire! Shall we ever achieve that? No, not until we have had a past in which monarchs can squander millions. To cause a turf to become velvet we must first have a race of nobles and a dynasty of artists. Millionaires may paint their beautiful ceilings and hang the tapestries of Flemish looms on their walls, yet the most delicate intelligence, the most perfect taste, cannot give that last touch which Time so unconsciously adds; and without that touch how can we expect to build a cathedral like Milan, Cologne, Canterbury, York, Ely, Lincoln, or Seville, Toledo, Strasburg, Notre Dame, Chartres, Rouen?

And again, although since then our Western railroads have thrown open to us the fine snow-peaks of the Rockies, we can never have the surprise of the Swiss snow-mountains (which are next door to the palace and the cathedral); our scenery, majestic as it is, wants tradition and the marks of man's handiwork to give it perspective.

When we reached Paris, on our way home, it was November, and I had a cold, so that my first raptures were somewhat chilled.

CHAPTER X

A Little Journey in the Land of William Tell—Basle and Lucerne—On the Way to Interlaken—The Jungfrau and the Giesbach—Byron and Voltaire—Geneva and Mont Blanc—An Ascent of the Brévent—Over the Simplon Road and through the Gorge of Gondo—On the Italian Slope.

My trip through Switzerland must ever remain a pleasant memory of my first visit to the Continent in 1869.

Basle is a picturesque old town, with its ten-storied houses—almost as quaint, some of them, as those of Nuremberg—crowding down to the rushing and overflowing Rhine River, which here is more tumultuous than anywhere else we have seen it. That troublesome water-spirit, Undine's uncle, Kuhleborn, who was so inconvenient alike to his friends and his foes, and who had to be held down by very heavy masonry even in the courtyard of his niece, has taken up his abode in the Rhine, beneath the walls of Basle; and it is an ever-recurring wonder to careful and anxious mothers why the Basle children are not all drowned. It is evident that if they once got within the grasp of the water-spirit they would never escape, for he lashes the green glacier tide into a superb fury here, and the Rhine is nowhere more impressive than at Basle.

The Münster is a delightful nut for the antiquarian gourmand. It has two lofty towers, is Gothic and quaint, and religious in its sombreness, with those em-

blematical bas-reliefs and statues and carvings of which the old workers in stone were so fond. Here we have John the Baptists and saints, our Saviour and the angels at the dreadful day of judgment, and an allegorical relief of the "Works of Charity," very beautiful, with women's and children's faces. Then we have over the doorway the significant parable of the wise and foolish virgins, all the foolish virgins handsome and all the wise ones plain. The west front illustrates the fourteenth century. There the Virgin and Child are represented, St. George and the dragon, and the benefactors of the church, the Emperor Henry and his Empress.

This church was excommunicated by Pope Eugenius IV.; it was one of the first to bathe in the advancing wave of the Reformation, and is said to be the "finest Protestant church in existence." It dates back to 1010, which is a long time ago. Many vicissitudes have passed over it. It has been partly destroyed by fire, and rebuilt. It of course suffered in the iconoclasm of the sixteenth century, but it has been so judiciously restored that not a particle of its charm is gone; the restorer has borrowed the tooth of time, and has used it with his other tools. How immensely old are those reliefs of the eleventh century, and the old episcopal chair! The pulpit and font are considered modern, as they only date to 1424. There are monuments to the wife and mother of Rudolph of Hapsburg, who seems himself in the twilight of history.

It has a charm for the student, for here is the tomb of Erasmus of Rotterdam, the gentler genius of the Reformation, and the learned, delightful scholar.

In its old, dusty council-hall are the famed frescoes of the "Dance of Death," erroneously attributed to Holbein. They are gloomy and fantastic, like the age

they symbolize. The plague has left this dreadful evidence of itself all over this part of Europe. Everywhere you see a "Dance of Death."

The artist is, after all, the best historian of his time, and in whatever he is wrought upon to paint, be it "Holy Family," "The King Drinks," "Beatrice Cenci," "Galileo before the Council," or the grim and gloomy allegory of the "Dance of Death," he paints better than he knows, and gives us the age he lived in, its ruling influences, its agitations, and its crimes.

From Basle to Lucerne is a short railway journey, but rich in experiences, for you see first that long line of snow-clad Alps. It is an enormous lift to the vision, as you gaze on that rosy summit:

"The last to parley with the setting sun."

We arrived at the Schweizerhof, one of the best hotels of Europe, in time for a glorious sunset over the Lake of Lucerne. Its royal guards, Pilatus (named for the Governor of Judea, who is supposed to have wandered hither, pursued by a guilty conscience, and to have perished miserably on the cloudy heights) and Rhigi, were clad in purple for the occasion, and it was a kingly sight.

There arose beyond the lake those White Peaks, lovely nymphs who entice you onward to their frozen bowers. Who can describe them, who can resist their weird, unusual charm? I do not wonder at the power of the Siren of the Alps, nor at the numbers of her victims.

Lucerne is the chief town of the canton, and situated as never town was, with the lake in front and the mountains on three sides. The "Lake of the Four Forest Cantons," this lovely Lake of Lucerne, is probably the most beautiful in the world. It is of that peculiar and indescribable blue—

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

And the whole scene brings back to you the apology of the Swiss print-seller who explained the predominance of that color in his pictures by the American demand for it:

"Il faut toujours, monsieur, beaucoup de bleu pour les Américains."

He thought, good man, that as the Americans paid most money for everything they should have their money's worth; and he did not know, perhaps, that they, of all travellers, are most struck by this peculiar blue, so different is it from the tints of our own lakes.

This lake touches the four historical cantons of Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden, and Lucerne. Here is the land of William Tell, and Schiller's poem is your best guide round the lake. If William Tell is a "myth," as the iconoclasts of history pretend, he is a myth who "preached the eternal creed of liberty," and I believe in him, and listen always with much emotion to the story of the apple. His statue at Altorf, the frescoes representing his celebrated feat with the bow, and all relating to him are genuine enough for me; and Schiller has made him true, if he were not. I grant that the three friends of Tell — Stauffacher, Melchthal, and Fürst — as you see their three figures in fresco, and particularly as they are presented in the opera, are apt to be bores. Patriotism, like all other virtues, is interesting only so long as it is not run into the ground.

But how lovely is that virtue when you see it imaged by Thorwaldsen's lion—the noble old monarch, with his wounded paws stretched over the lilies of France!

As I looked at this sculpture there came a trick of sunlight for which I felt infinitely obliged. It was a

gloomy day, and we could scarcely see the lion, overhung as it is by the rock, and the shadow of the trees is heavy about it always. But as we were trying to spell out the inscription the clouds parted, and one last tribute of the dying day rested on the dying lion. We saw him at his best.

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Here, again, the artist has proved himself the best historian, and no one has written the story of the Swiss Guard as has Thorwaldsen.

The ascent of the Rhigi and of Mount Pilatus afford work for two days each, and draw to Lucerne the greatest number of tourists. Here conversation is wholly of the picturesque. Your next neighbor on the right has been in the clouds all day. Your neighbor on the left has been up the lake, and can talk of nothing but the Blumenalp and the Bergenstock, or the vision he has had of the Bernese Alps; or your artist friend comes in with a sketch made just above Tell's chapel.

Here we met Mozier, the American sculptor, who passed his summers frequently at Lucerne. Nothing could exceed his enthusiasm for this delicious spot, and he bade it adieu with regret, having engaged to meet some friends at Lake Como. As we said farewell to this refined and delightful person we little thought it was for the last time, but in less than a year we heard of his lamented death. Here we met our American artist Mignot. He was full of work, full of hope, and sketching the mountain effects with great enthusiasm. He has gone in his early middle age, and works no more.

Here we saw the King and Queen of Belgium, wearing on their faces the imprint of their great sorrow—the loss of their only son.

Here we met, I should say, twenty-five hundred of our own countrymen, more or less, all spending money with great energy, and being reprehended for so doing by the travellers of all other nations as price-raisers. If the Americans would look at their bills and condescend to be economical, as the English are, it would be in quite as good taste; but the trouble with some travellers is that they have not had money a great while, and any new sensation is apt to be uncontrollable.

Lucerne is a pretty Swiss town, with eleven thousand souls, mostly Catholics. We saw a great demonstration, ten thousand strong, of the "men of Uri" and the other cantons, who went about singing their national songs. Had they retained their costumes how interesting it would have been! but they wore the disenchanting clothes of the nineteenth century, and were simply short and ugly men with spectacles. But Lucerne has an unrivalled organ. You are allowed to go and hear it at twilight, and as you gather, wanderers of all nations, in the dimly lighted church you are in the mood for music—

> "As o'er the keys the musing organist,
> Beginning fitfully and far away,
> First lets his fingers wander as they list,
> To build a bridge from dreamland for his lay."

Then come wondrous chords, great harmonies, clashing weapons; then you seem to hear monks chanting their evening hymn; then a single voice—almost a voice from heaven, so pure, so exalted, so sadly sweet; again it becomes human, freighted with human sorrows, human tears. It soars upward in the *Ave Maria*. Then rises a chorus of voices chanting the hymn of peace or a requiem for the dead; now the shrill voices of the nuns;

and above all floats the serene beauty of the boy choir—that faltering, vibrating soprano which is of all musical sounds the most touching, the most profoundly affecting to the human heart. As tears begin to trickle down cheeks all unused to such visitants, the melody changes and a woman's voice sings tranquilly some Italian air. Again your senses cheat you, and a pattering rain beats upon the roof; the thunder rattles and you look anxiously at your thin coat. However, the innocuous storm bursts over your head and vanishes in the chords of the Russian national hymn, the American anthem of *Yankee Doodle* (somewhat apotheosized), or *God Save the Queen*, for the cunning organist knows to whom he is playing; and after a few more glorious notes the music dies away, and you fold your tents like the Arabs and go back to your hotel.

I can believe anything of the tricks of sound since I heard that organ; and afterwards we timed our daily journeys so that we might arrive in the towns famous for organs at the hour of twilight and hear them play. But we never heard anything so fine again. Perhaps we were under the spell of that rosy first love of travel, whose fruits are so delicious; perhaps (and this is probable) the organist was a man of genius.

From Lucerne we drove to Interlaken over the Brünig Pass. This road, after leaving the Lake of Lucerne, became very disagreeable from the dust, and very sad from the effects of the inundations; villages half gone, and that dreadful devastation of sand and gravel covering the once smiling fields which is so hopeless and disheartening.

Yet the latter part of this drive is very picturesque, and the twilight finds you wishing for "more light," that you may see Interlaken and its walnut avenues.

But in our case the approach to that pretty and convenient town, with its Kursaal, music-shops, Americans, English, and its innumerable excursions, was veiled by night.

It is delightfully comfortable, this town "between the lakes," Brienz and Thun. The hotels, particularly the Victoria and Hotel Jungfrau, are good even for Switzerland, famous for good hotels.

Here you have the excursions to the Wengern Alp, to Reichenbach, to Lauterbrunnen (what a word! "nothing but springs" is its beautiful meaning), and there you see the Staubbach. Then to Grindelwald, where you meet the glacier, a most distinguished and uncommon acquaintance. And there — oh the ineffectuality of language!—there you see the glorious, the unrivalled Jungfrau! When I begin to talk of the Jungfrau I am convinced that language was given to us to conceal our ideas. Other things are lofty, are grand, are lovely, and are beautiful; but the Jungfrau is unlike all other things, and yet she is all these. How can I begin to describe this lovely lady of the Alpine world? How, if I begin, can I stop? How can I tell of her majesty, her unsullied snows, her noble uplift above the sordid lower world? They say those dizzy heights have been scaled by human footsteps; they can never be reached by human epithets. She is serene and unassailable in beauty —the Jungfrau—without a rival. How respectfully the other mountains stand away, like courtiers round a queen! and how her green velvet hills crouch at either side like footstools for her royal feet! Perfect in outline, sublime in height, fortunate in position, dazzling in purity, the Jungfrau is one of the dearest delights of Switzerland.

You get so fond of her that you like to toy with your

liking, and go away and turn your back upon her, that you may have the pleasure of seeing her again with surprised vision. You try to forget how beautiful she is, that you may enjoy the charm over. You come again and again, like any fond, foolish lover, and worship her anew.

Perhaps because the Jungfrau is surrounded (as you see her from Interlaken) by green mountains, her snows obtain that intensity of whiteness which makes her conspicuous even in the land of snow. One would think all snow must be equally white, but the Jungfrau makes all other snow look gray; and her peak, "the Silberhorn," is almost blinding in its dazzling brightness.

If one has time and strength, one should go over all the passes and make all the excursions. But, alas! who has time or strength in these degenerate days? They are both things of the past, and went out with our heroic ancestors. That blessed invention the *chaise à porteurs*—blessed for the lame and the lazy—will take you, sans fatigue, sans danger, sans everything, wherever a mule can go and wherever you want to go. I saw an Englishman who must have weighed three hundred pounds being comfortably transported over the high Alps in one of these chairs, and he was so generous with his *pourboire* that his bearers uttered blessings on him as they wiped their streaming foreheads and wished inconsistently that there were more like him. A Swiss will carry you anywhere, or do anything for you, for five francs. But the carriage routes and the piazzas of the hotels will give you views enough to last you a lifetime, if you have not time or strength for more. The most delicate invalid could make the tour of Switzerland.

At Grindelwald you see the glacier, of all things most indescribable. The sea frozen in a storm is the image

which most nearly describes it to me. Whether you look up at its awful solitudes or down where it rests its icy tongue on the valley, with the pink crocus blossoming on the very edge; whether you examine its blue and broken ice or draw away from its fearful crevasse, or think of its cold, defined, steady, and silent course, with the immense boulders on its bosom—wherever and whenever you see it, it is the miracle of nature, the wonder of the Alpine world.

At Lauterbrunnen you have the Staubbach, so famous from Lord Byron's comparison to the tail of the white horse of the Apocalypse. It is not so grand as that, but a graceful, evanescent thing—a veil floating in the winds, a vapor, a vision, a "silver dust of water." You see a dozen such on your way to Reichenbach, which itself is a gloriously abundant, wild, American sort of fall.

But the prettiest of all the excursions from Interlaken is the Giessbach Fall. You go up the Lake of Brienz to Giessbach, and must then ascend a very precipitous hill. You find a hotel in a forest, but embowered with flowers, and near to the famous waterfall. So isolated is the whole thing that you and your fellow-travellers are like a family, one which could easily draw round the fire, and each tell his story.

At evening they illuminate the fall with colored lights. The guide-books denounce this as tricky and unnatural, and as a *coup de théâtre;* but I did not think so. It was playing with nature, but she can afford it in these her wild and sportive moods.

All about these charming spots you meet the Swiss beggar in his most protean forms. He is very anxious you should buy a marmot—why, I could not discover, as the animal is simply an enlarged rat, and not at all rare.

The inexorable necessities of travel force you onward, and after a pleasant sail on the Lake of Thun and a short railway journey you are at Freyburg in time to hear the organ.

Freyburg is a romantic town hung in mid-air. It is built on several precipices, and the business of life goes on by means of two suspension-bridges, each longer than our famous one at Niagara. In your hotel you are hung up as if in a bird-cage, and realize the life of a pet canary. What is the reason for Freyburg? Why was such an impossible town built? It has drives of unusual beauty, an old tower of extraordinary interest, any amount of antiquity, and great apparent comfort and prosperity; in fact, the world has not sufficiently emphasized Freyburg as one of its attractive spots.

Go hence to Lausanne, and stay as long as you can at the "Beau Rivage," a lordly place. Sail up to Chillon, and examine that lonely, sad prison. Look your fill at those blue mountains. Recall your "Nouvelle Héloïse," for here was her home.

Stop, if you can, at the Hotel Byron and at Vevay. Go down the lake to Geneva and see Mont Blanc for the first time. Old Voltaire had a poor opinion of Geneva. "When I shake my wig, I powder the whole republic," said that acidulated wit. They thought better of him. They said he "made his estate pay, his tenants prosperous, and his prospects smile." Few better things were ever said of any man. And yet how few people read him now, and how little the great genius who ruled his own age has affected, or will affect, any other!

His house at Ferney is interesting, and is kept scrupulously as a show-place. The long "pleached-alley" drive in which he used to walk is still shady and sweet, allowing you glimpses of the distant prospect, a "ver-

dant cloister," through which can be seen the Alps and Mont Blanc; yet no one loves it better that Voltaire has walked there.

Far different feelings associate themselves with Champagne Diodati. Here Milton visited, and here Byron lived — the poet whose genius has added a charm to nature's loveliest and most sublime scenes. You feel your indebtedness to Byron nowhere else as you do in Switzerland. To him alone has it been given to find a phraseology noble enough for the Alps.

"The avalanche, the *thunderbolt* of snow"

is one of these fine descriptive lines.

Lake Leman needs no other description after his. No artist could paint it in calm or in storm as he has done. With what undying charm has he invested Chillon! "Clarens, sweet Clarens," and the lofty Jura, who "answers from her misty shroud." How perfectly he describes the "glacier's cold and *restless* mass"! And even the guide-books can find no words so fitting as his with which to describe the scenery, climate, the most noble or the most common phenomena of the Alpine world.

Every house in which Byron lived has become a "shrine to the pilgrim of genius," and it is with loving pity and unbounded admiration for the splendid gifts of the unhappy poet that you tread the classic paths about the Champagne Diodati. Yet with all this newly awakened gratitude to the poet in our hearts, we had the exquisite pain of reading, at this very time, the terrible attack made upon him by a countrywoman of our own. The poet is silent; he cannot answer it, but the world has answered it for him, and has met the attack with indignant disbelief. Byron was too fond of accusing himself to have been a very guilty man. Men

who really commit crimes are not fond of telling of them. The morbid and the highly imaginative often think themselves worse than they are. Perhaps Heaven may forgive such false self-reckoning, and may think it a lesser crime than a comfortable self-righteousness.

I said the poet was silent. Does he not from that far-off sphere, where all that was noble of him exists, purified from the frailties and passions of earth, drop these words of answer and reproof upon the bosom of the lake he loved?—

> "Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
> With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
> Which warns with its stillness to forsake
> Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
> This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
> To waft me from destruction. Once I loved
> Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
> Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
> That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved."

So long as the lake mirrors the mountains, so long as the Alps rise one stone above another, so long as the human heart can detect what is true and what is false in the utterances of inspiration, so long shall these lines be read and quoted and admired as Lord Byron's unanswerable defence.

"Mon lac est le premier," says Voltaire; and you almost forgive Voltaire for his disagreeable qualities when you remember how he liked this beautiful Lake of Geneva. It is hard to say it is the most beautiful when you remember Lucerne and the Italian lakes; but when you are looking at it you cannot say that anything is more beautiful. Its extraordinary blue, its clearness, its variety of scenery, vine-clad hills, rocky precipices,

and above all, in every sense, Mont Blanc, make it a memorable spot.

Geneva is such a clean, healthful, agreeable city, with unrivalled sites for villas along the lake, and in full view of Mont Blanc, that you are not astonished to find some of the English nobility, like Lady Emily Peel, or Germans, like Baron Rothschild and others—the luxurious of all nations—living in its environs. The day we were permitted to see the splendid villa of Baron Rothschild was a day clothed in all the glories of midsummer, and the tints of lake, intervale, and mountain were in their perfection. Nothing can surpass the view from this princely residence; nothing can surpass the view *of* it, for it is one of those perfected combinations of architecture, landscape gardening, flowers, fountains, statues, vases, and vines, of which we have no examples in this country, few even in Europe. The villas at Newport more nearly approach it than any I have seen. And they cannot have the view. They cannot see Mont Blanc at sunset, with attendant Alps, its crowning stone a burning, brilliant ruby. Nor can they enjoy the lake, a huge sapphire, blue and beautiful, though they do have an undeniable ocean.

There are so many birds, flowers, animals (for he has quite a little zoological garden) at the Baron's villa, so many trees, walks, solitudes, and arbors, that you would be tempted to call it a wilderness of delights, did not any allusion to wildness seem out of place. It is like the "wilderness" in Miss Ferrier's novel of *Marriage*, where the heroine says she thinks she should like a wilderness if it were "full of roses and good society."

We started off for Chamouni in a heavy rain, but the weather-wise told us it was not impossible that we should find serene weather before we got there. Their

words were words of wisdom, and we saw Mont Blanc peering into the valley just beyond Sallanches. He seems to be bending a crooked nose over the valley at this point, but at every turn he grows higher, whiter, more sublime, more magnificent.

> "Above me are the Alps,
> The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned Eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity."

You cannot do without your Byron.

The road to Chamouni is perfectly good. You drive to the very foot of Mont Blanc with the greatest ease. The hotels at Chamouni are comfortable, and you want five days there of good weather to see all that you must see.

For there is Mer de Glace, most mighty and most wonderful; you approach it by the Montanvert, up which you are carried by mule or *chaise à porteurs*. You get views of the Arve below you and the Félgère and Brévent opposite; as you ascend you see the Aiguille de Dru, a needle of granite, rise before you. You can look up the Mer de Glace two leagues, and see beyond it the various "aiguilles," and a thousand nameless peaks, all distanced by the gigantic Aiguille Verte, which is 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. No language can describe the silent majesty of this scene.

Not being able to ascend Mont Blanc (and, strange to say, you have a terrible desire to do so!), we did the next best thing: we went up the Brévent, *vis-à-vis* to Mont Blanc.

We had a glorious day—not a cloud in the blue sky (it was, by-the-way, the 12th of September, a month

often blessed by good weather, our guide told us)—and we wound up easily in two hours to Plauprat, by various conveyances, mules, chaises, and feet being put into requisition. We finally got 9000 feet above our ordinary walk in life, and held Mont Blanc in the hollow of our hands.

Every peak and every glacier, all the "aiguilles," the pine forests below and the eternal snow above—all is visible from this splendid position; you are two-fifths of the height of Mont Blanc above the valley, and see what is justly called the "whole mass of Mont Blanc."

One little fleecy cloud rested two minutes on that rounded summit which they call "Napoleon's Hat"—and indeed it reminds one of a *chapeau-bras*—and then went floating up into the blue, retaining the shape perfectly, as if it were seeking some other monarch higher up to crown with its unsubstantial honors. It was a pretty phenomenon, and much noticed and talked of by our guides, one of whom had scaled that dizzy height sixteen times. He was "chief of the guides," and wore a medal. We could trace well the path over the awfully dangerous solitudes used by those who are so foolishly venturesome as to ascend Mont Blanc; and our memory of it has lent a painful interest to the accidents which we have since read of, for we know into what fearful crevasses have fallen those doomed men who perished there.

The older guides shook their heads when they talked about it. "I do not like to look at 'him,'" said one old fellow; and yet he lives at the chalet at Plauprat, and is obliged to look at "him" always. But we were obliged to descend and to look at "him" no more. Majestic monarch of mountains! he gives you thoughts and memories which will follow you all the days of your

life, which will be blessed companions for a sleepless night, and which will not be unworthy as the solace of the bed of sickness and of death.

"Give me a great thought," said the dying Herder, "that I may solace myself."

We lost the Matterhorn. We presented ourselves at Visp, as, according to programme, it is proper to do; but it "snowed and it blowed," and the expedition was abandoned. Visp was dreadfully sad. The inundations of the spring of 1869 had been very severe, and that disastrous stream of sand and stone swept across the valley, ruining the village and adjacent meadows.

We were glad to leave it behind us and begin to ascend the Simplon. Here we leave on our left the town of Brieg, which seems to be all turrets, belonging to a family who own the appropriate name of Stockalper. Then we wind slowly and tediously upward. It takes four horses to drag us and our carriage. What a colossal undertaking, this road! We have a weary time of it up to the "second refuge." Here we get a level, and bend round the valley of the Gauther; here we begin to traverse "galleries," to go through the solid rock, to span precipices; so on and upward to the summit, the region above vegetation, where we see the red moss, the only thing which grows above the snow.

Here is a hospice, and some of the real St. Bernard dogs have been brought here. These intelligent creatures flew round and round our carriage, and gave us an almost human greeting. We could imagine how glad we should be to see them if we were "the traveller lost in the snow" of the old picture-books. As it was, we were sorry when the crack of the postilion's whip dismissed them and we spun rapidly on round the curves of this wonderful road.

Our eyes were caught here by a glorious view. The Bernese Alps in all their majesty rose high in the heavens, above and beyond all the other peaks, and the clouds seemed to part that we might catch a glimpse of this splendid chain. After this it was a succession of wonders. We drove behind and under miniature Niagaras, which were conducted over our heads. We drove through rocks, and began to feel that we were on Aladdin's enchanted carpet, and might easily float on the air. There is no describing this road. It must be experienced to be believed. You surprise the secrets of the Alpine world, and descend with the gnomes and rise with the spirits. Glaciers, waterfalls, snow mountains, precipices, become familiar objects.

I am ashamed to say we were very hungry when we reached Simplon, and that we enjoyed the roast partridges and good wine of Fletschorn. Great emotions are appetizing, there is no doubt; so is the keen air of the Alps.

Here we begin (after dinner) perceptibly to descend. Here we put an iron drag on our wheels, which grinds horribly. Here we drive into the tremendous, savage, grand gorge of Gondo. Gustave Doré might well paint these slate rocks, innocent of vegetation—these mighty gaps, these terrible, gloomy precipices, this rushing water—for his entrance to the Inferno. Over your head leaps the tremendous torrent of the Frassinone. You are carried behind and under it; as you pause to look back, your senses fail to convince you that you have done so wonderful a thing.

On one of these galleries, cut in the solid rock, is the memorable inscription:

"Ære Italo, 1805. Napoleon, Imperator."

"Imperator" indeed!

So down and down to Isella and a custom-house.

Then come the chestnut and the vine. The air is soft and delicate. Have the past few hours been real, or has a passionate dream crept over you? You cross the Doveria, gentle name for the same wild torrent which has torn so fiercely along your path. The maize-fields, the vines springing from tree to tree, the all-pervading chestnut, the white villages, the graceful campanile rising in the air, the bounteous landscape—all tell you that you have reached the land of your dreams. This is Italy.

We descended at Domo d'Ossola, a quaint, dirty, and picturesque characteristic Italian town. How strange this immediate difference of nationality! We are only ten hours from a chalet, a glacier, and a snow mountain, and here no one stone lies upon another as it does in Switzerland. We are eating figs; we are surrounded by large-eyed, swarthy Italians. A different race, a different clime, a different architecture, a different language; and different they will remain forever.

We returned home by way of Nuremburg, Strasburg, and Paris. I fortunately saw the Tuileries and the column in the Place Vendôme before they were obliterated by the coming Commune. I saw Louis Napoleon, the Emperor—Napoleon III.—walking in the grounds of the Tuileries, a short and unimpressive man. He was gazing at an angry crowd outside the gates as I saw him, and there was something great in his calm and his *sangfroid;* yes, cold blood described this colorless man.

Mr. Washburn, our minister, a great man, came to see us, he who was to play so honorable a part during the Commune. I remember that he came with Mr. Marsh to dine with us, for Mr. Marsh had come up from Flor-

ence to meet Mrs. Marsh on her way home from America; and our courier beamed with delight as he would throw open the door of our salon at the Hotel Westminster, saying, proudly, "Madam, the American Minister to France is at the door!" Angelo felt triumphant.

We gave them a good dinner at the Hotel Westminster, which then boasted the best cook in Paris, so Angelo said, and Angelo was our courier.

I made my first acquaintance with the dinners of Paris in 1869, which is an epoch in one's existence. We drove the old historical routes, to see this immense grand thing called Paris, for three days; then we began to receive our friends—their names was legion—and then we went to the Louvre, and we began to dine out, and then—ah! to the Comédie Française and to the opera!

Dressmaking came in here; and after a month's visit, with but a fragmentary idea of Paris—something bewildering, rainbow-tinted, the centre of civilization; the home of the great, gay, laughing crowd; of thought, fashion, intellect, music; of Victor Hugo and of Eugénie, whom we had just seen at Venice—I left the French capital, not to see it again for many years.

CHAPTER XI

The New York of Twenty Years Ago—Social and Geographical Changes—Grace Church and "Old Brown"—Three of New York's Distinguished Hostesses—Mrs. Roberts's Dinner to President and Mrs. Hayes—Mr. Evarts and his Donkey Story—Travers and Jerome—Bret Harte—George Boker and Calvert—Our School for Scandal.

I had lived in but two houses in New York, which is, I believe, an unusual experience. One was at 6 West Eleventh Street: now it is no more—torn down to add to the St. Denis Hotel. But it was a convenient and pretty house, opposite a garden. This vacant plot was owned by Mr. Peter Lorillard, who indeed owned nearly everything about there, including a fine house in which he lived on Tenth Street, and where I used to go to handsome balls and weddings. Our house was owned by Professor Renwick, a learned old Scotchman, whose formal calls gave me great pleasure. He used to treat me to a half-hour of his fine old conversation while I was asking for an addition to the dining-room or a better range in the kitchen. If the talk fell upon Sir Walter Scott, whom he had known, or upon literary subjects generally, the professor became very generous; but if it fell upon city jobs, or sudden new fortunes, or New York politics, the professor's purse-strings tightened, and his characteristic Scotch face grew very sombre. He was, however, a generous landlord, and used to toss my babies up towards the roses and violets in the opposite garden. Ten years, however, changed all that surrounding, and

we had to move up-town. We went to the end of the earth, even to Thirty-second Street! I remember that the omnibuses stopped on Fifth Avenue at Thirty-second Street, turned round, and went back again to their down-town stables in Eighth Street. If we wished to go farther we had to take the Sixth Avenue or Broadway Railroad.

Eleventh Street was a convenient place to live in; we could walk around to the Ascension Church, where Dr. Bedell was preaching good sermons, and where we worshipped, or to Washington Square, where the children picked the first dandelions. Our friends and family relations were all near us, and of a summer evening we could walk down to the theatres, where we saw Laura Keene, Joe Jefferson, and Sothern play in *Our American Cousin*. I saw Sothern's first trip into ten thousand pounds in Dundreary (he afterwards told me that little hop was an accident), and Joseph Jefferson's beautiful love-making in the funny part he assumed so cleverly. I saw in those days old Wallack, most gallant of Don Cæsar de Bazans, and also *The Scholar*, a fine old play, and young Lester Wallack coming on, to be the pride and delight of the town, as handsome as Count d'Orsay, and always well dressed. I remember how beautifully somebody, perhaps Walcot, played in *Victorine*, delightful dream! and how gay were the Placides. It all seems so stately and excellent, such consummate acting, as I look back on it. Then it was not so far (in the omnibus) but that we went down comfortably to Burton's little theatre, near or on Park Place, to see what he called *A Tempest in a Teapot*. And then there was his own fine rendering of Caliban in the greatest of Shakespeare's plays. I remember going to see this with Judge Kent, Mr. Ruggles, and Henry T.

Tuckerman in the party, and they all gave me their reminiscences of the great actors they had seen in this play.

Dear me! these recollections seem to take me back a hundred years.

Dodworth's Hall was just across the vivacious Broadway from Eleventh Street, and there we went to hear Fanny Kemble. Occasionally, of a Sunday, I went to Grace Church, considered then the fashionable church, with old Brown for the sexton, who arranged not only all the funerals, but all the weddings and balls, and all the parties, and whose rector went to so many dinners that the wicked said that he occasionally read, "Cherubim and *Terrapin* continually do cry." Old Brown had the most astonishing memory I ever met; he was beyond even the Royal family of England. He knew more about us than we did ourselves.

At a ball he turned to a lady, as she was going out, and remarked, facetiously, "Did you see Miss Stockman, all draped with ivy? Well, her gown is that torn that she *is* a ruin." Brown was a wit and a punster, and he amused New York for forty years. I remember coming out of a magnificent ball at Mrs. Gerry's, or Mr. Peter Goelet's house, corner of Nineteenth Street and Broadway, when Brown vouchsafed the information, as I got into my carriage, "Ah, madame, this has been an aristocratic assemblage; no *mixture here*." I remember that ball, in the fine, old, stately rooms, and that my kind hostess, when the "german" crowded us, took me behind the supper-table, where Peter Van Dyck, blackest of men and best of cooks, was carving a most succulent *filet*.

There are no such oysters, terrapin, or canvas-back duck as there were in those days; the race is extinct. It is strange how things degenerate. At this ball we

had champagne out of silver goblets! Peter Van Dyck and his assistants were so indispensable at the balls and dinners that a young English nobleman asked his hostess if our black servants were not very much alike. It did not occur to the man accustomed to a ducal entourage that we passed them on from one to another.

The women were dressed in large hoops then, and in flounced dresses with much real lace, and the hair flowing downward with falling garlands, strictly like pictures of Eugénie. Indeed, so very slavish was the copy of Eugénie that the Rev. Norman McLeod, in an article for *Harper's Magazine* in 1868, wrote: "No English woman asks if her dress is appropriate to herself or fitted to her husband's purse; she simply asks, 'Is it like the Empress of the French?'"

Eugénie, however, is to be remembered with gratitude, for she introduced small bonnets. We used to wear to the theatre little bonnets called "fanchons," a sort of half-handkerchief tied over the head, which obstructed no one's view.

Broadway in those days was a favorite promenade, to give way later to the Fifth Avenue, and of a Sunday we would walk up Fifth Avenue almost to Twenty-third Street, although that was rather a stretch; and the Hippodrome occupied the lots now covered by the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

I passed, the other day, the deserted house of Mrs. Gerry, which I used to think so lordly. It stands alone now amid the surrounding sky-scrapers, and reminds me of Don Quixote going out to fight the windmills. It should always remain to mark the difference between the past and the present.

Fifth Avenue near Tenth Street, and the upper side of Washington Square, have changed less than any part

of New York that I remember. All that fashionable *locale* near the New York Hotel, and the houses opposite of Mrs. Mary Jones and Mrs. Colford Jones, queens of fashion—all have disappeared before the sledge-hammer of progress.

No. 6 West Eleventh Street became untenantable, as I have said, and we moved up to the remote Thirty-second Street—another convenient street. From its windows I saw many regiments march to the war, and heard the Battle Hymn of the Republic for the first time.

There I lived for nearly thirty years, and saw a great city grow up above us. I saw much of the society of that era. It was the fashion for people to stay in town more than it is now. We seldom left our house excepting for three months in summer; but we were fortunate in having two country homes at our disposition, and we made visits about New York, especially to the delightful "Nevis," the house of Hon. James A. Hamilton, whence Miss Mary Morris Hamilton would drive me to Mr. Aspinwall's beautiful home. He would load us down with greenhouse flowers, and then we would drive on to see Washington Irving. I remember the charming old gentleman looking at our flowers and saying, "Oh, how magnificent! That is the Deity's idea of how things should be done! Why do we ever try to do anything?"

Mr. Irving gave me his autograph on one of these occasions, and I took it with me to the Alhambra, and read it over in the window of his own room which he made so world-famous. I plucked an ivy-leaf from his window where he looked on the demure Spanish beauty, and gazed reverently at his signature in the travellers' book. These are some of the joys of travel.

Miss Angelica Hamilton, a woman of delightful man-

ners, married the Hon. R. M. Blatchford, who was to Mr. Webster what Atticus was to Cicero—a most faithful friend. His purse was always open to the Defender, and I remember that he said, "Mr. Webster was always short just five hundred dollars." I am afraid it was sometimes more. Mr. Blatchford took his elegant wife to Europe. Her manners were supremely beautiful; I would rather have had them than the beauty of Helen of Troy or the wit of Aspasia. She died, alas! soon after.

But her sister, Mrs. Schuyler, was the thinker and scholar of this distinguished family; indeed, of all the women I have known she was one of the most distinguished. Miss Mary Morris Hamilton, my dearest friend, after the death of this sister, married her brother-in-law, George L. Schuyler, who was one of the wits of society. In their house in Thirty-first Street I met Edward Everett, Laurence Oliphant and his lovely wife, George MacDonald, and many another English author. This dear woman held the most attractive of the fashionable salons of her day.

When I went to Rome in 1885 I happened to meet Mrs. Wynne Finch, the mother of Mrs. Oliphant. She was most anxious to hear of me the last news of this beloved daughter, who with her husband had adopted the strange religious leadership of one Harris, had been separated by him from her husband and her kindred after much loss of money and happiness, but they had come together again and went off to convert the Jews at Haifa. They both wrote strange books and had altogether a most romantic history.

Mrs. Wynne Finch was a most elegant and cosmopolitan woman, and had a salon in Paris for years. She gave me an interesting account of Madame Mohl, that

extraordinary person, whose hatred of Louis Napoleon was very marked. On one occasion, wishing to call on her friend the Queen of Holland at the Tuileries, she said to her coachman, "Drive to the Tuileries." Her servants knew her antipathy. "I do not know the way there, madame," said the tactful *cocher*, and she was so delighted with his tact that she jumped out of her carriage and kissed him on the spot!

Mrs. Wynne Finch by her first marriage had been Mrs. L'Estrange, and had many lovely daughters and gifted sons, but none of them had the strange, eventful history of poor Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, the slave of a too exacting conscience.

But if I dare to unfold these memories, which cluster about the house of Hamilton and Schuyler, I shall write forever.

The balls outgrew the private residences, and Delmonico's, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue (now, alas! a carpet store), became the site for the Patriarchs' and the Assembly balls and the private parties at which daughters were introduced. One liberal gentleman gave a ball there at which he introduced a pond with live swans floating on the water.

"That is done to propitiate the *Ledas* (leaders) of society, I suppose," said a wit.

These beautiful rooms, many blue parlors going off in suites, were the scene of a fine fancy ball in the '70's. Mrs. Belmont was at the head of it, and it was enormously successful. I remember being received, as I entered, by Mr. Gracie King in a court suit, which he had inherited from his father, worn by Hon. Rufus King when Minister to England. He looked his part most completely.

These rooms were also the scene of a very good story

told by Governor Fish of his own experience. The leaders of the german were not always very polite to the elderly, but of course they have improved since.

The Hon. Hamilton Fish, just home from Grant's cabinet, was doubtless our first citizen; he was the most amiable and quietly dignified and self-effacing of great men. He had accompanied his beautiful daughters to a ball at Delmonico's, and when they were to dance the german he retired to an adjacent parlor to await their pleasure.

A young man came up to him and said, "Want that chair, sir, for the german." The Governor gave it up peacefully and retreated to another room, when presently another dancer followed him, and said:

"Have to get out of this, old gentleman. Want the chair for the german."

The Governor went still farther afield, when a third approached him.

"Will you tell me where I am to go?" he asked.

"Well," said No. 3, "if I were you, old man, I think I would go home."

"It was not always thus," but I am afraid that it was sometimes. Young men did not, as a rule, turn governors and statesmen out of the ball-room, but the german was very exacting, and they needed the chairs. Later on the Patriarchs and the Assemblies moved on to the upper Delmonico's, which is now nearly a thing of the past.

No account of old New York, or even recent New York, could be complete without a mention of Mrs. J. J. Astor, the mother of William Waldorf Astor, the very *grande dame*, the great entertainer, and the woman of thought, of heart, and of most charitable life. Mrs. Astor's balls and dinners were perhaps the finest

that New York boasted for twenty years. She had great taste in floral decoration, and at her splendid balls she would cover the clock-face with flowers, a most gracious way of hinting that we were not to go home early. Of course, her house, her fine pictures, and her admirable supper were always festive; but her welcome, and that of her kind, generous, unpretending husband, formed the real luxury of the reception.

She was the first of our rich women to wear many diamonds, and she always looked as if they wearied her. Her heart was not in this world, or its pomps and vanities. She was most interested when she was down at the Newsboys' Lodging-house, with the dirty hands of the little ragamuffins in hers, as she told them stories; and she delighted to fill her windows, as she did on the day of General Grant's funeral, with shop-girls, who saw from that coign of vantage that historical spectacle. Philanthropy, indeed, was her passion.

She was a very highly educated woman, and superintended the final touches to her son's education in Europe for several years. She had a knowledge of and love for music. Indeed, such a leader in the curious conglomerate which we call our society was most elevating and purifying; her loss was immeasurable.

Another such leader was Mrs. Hamilton Fish, a woman of the broadest good sense and a tact which, in her long life before the public, as wife of governor, senator, and secretary of state, was always most exactingly tested, and was never found wanting. She was an elegant, stately-looking woman, and a dear and good one. She had a sly little sense of and love for humor, but I do not believe that any one ever saw her laugh at anybody. She was extremely unselfish with her time and strength. I fear Washington killed her.

Mrs. Belmont, very beautiful, very elegant, with a gift of exclusiveness, was another leader whom I greatly admired. She seemed to me to have most unusual qualities. The breath of scandal never touched her; she could walk over burning ploughshares and not burn her delicate feet. Without making any pretensions, she had admirable common-sense, enjoyed travel and pictures, and all the refinements of the wealth so freely lavished upon her. She was a good mother and a good friend. I owed to her very much of my pleasure in twenty years of New York, and I shall always mourn for these three ladies, because they filled not only the place of friend, but they filled my ideal of what *ladies* should be.

Mr. Belmont had great talents for an entertainer; he liked it, and he took trouble for it. He had the best table service, the most appropriate livery, the handsomest house, and the best picture-gallery in town, and that as long ago as 1864.

I feel always wounded as I go by that hospitable corner, and see that a sky-scraper has filled in the spot where the early traditions of good society were so elaborately cultivated in the Belmont house.

Another hospitable hostess was Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow. When death took her a ray of sunlight went out of all our lives. That cheery laugh, that open hand, that noble heart! Peace to her ashes! She has "left no copy."

Between 1870 and 1890 there blossomed in New York the fair and consummate flower of art; picture-galleries began to be formed and beautiful houses to be built. The day of the architect and the internal decorator became a bright one, and it was possible to point to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Jewish Synagogue, and many fine churches and some palaces as movements on-

ward and upward. The palaces have increased wonderfully in the last ten years.

I remember taking a friend in one day to the picture-galleries of Mr. Stewart, Mr. John Taylor Johnson, and Mr. M. O. Roberts, and there were in that neighborhood the fine collection of Mr. Belmont and Mr. Cutting, while up town Mr. John Wolfe and Miss Kitty Wolfe had delightful pictures. Mr. Marquand, always a liberal patron of art, has, I believe, denuded his fine house of its treasures in order to enrich the Museum of Art. Mr. Morris K. Jesup was an early patron of American art, and at his dinners one could gaze into the depths of an American forest painted by Kensett, or on the ruins of the Acropolis by Church. All these splendid collections but the latter are now dispersed, and only the very valuable gallery of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt remains intact, I believe — a singular exemplification of the changeful character of New York.

But New York was full of handsome houses and good dinners. Mrs. William Astor built a ballroom to her superb house and made it a picture-gallery, where every sense of beauty was gratified. Alas! not one stone remains upon another of that scene of radiant hospitality. The pictures are, however, safe in another and more beautiful house.

Such a change in the memory of one person is, however, very remarkable. I only know one family who are living in the same house which they occupied when I first came to New York.

The radical changes in society from the small, well-considered hundreds to the countless thousands have of course destroyed the neighborly character of the strange conglomerate. It is more ornamental and much more luxurious now than then.

The dinners were every day gaining in a wealth of floral decoration; the chef had long since assumed his place in luxurious houses. But the pen would be weary that attempted the business of chronicling New York dinners even of twenty years ago.

I remember one, which I may be permitted to describe, as it was given to a President.

About 1877 Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts entertained President Hayes in that fine dining-room—it has few superiors to-day—where the white marble trim staircases led up to a beautiful balcony and the walls were hung with pictures.

Mr. Story was present, and so was Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of State; Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Judge Brady, the Hon. Clarence Seward, the Hon. John Jay, and some very brilliant women.

Mrs. Hayes was a remarkable woman. Mr. Story said she was the apotheosis of the Indian type, an American red Indian. She was very dark, with the most extraordinary massive hair of intense blackness, and the fine dark eye which belongs to such hair, high cheek-bones, a very large mouth full of splendid teeth, and withal a feminine grace and beauty and a most gentle expression.

The conversation was gay and witty and informal. Mr. Evarts, who always commanded the situation, told his best stories, and on being asked if he did not find the drinking of "different kinds of wines at a dinner" injurious, said, "No, it is the *indifferent* wines which trouble me."

I suppose no company was then considered complete without Judge Brady, who was a wit and humorist of the highest character. He was always led up to his best by Mr. Clarence Seward, who supplemented

the Judge's Irish overflow by his own keen wit. This noble pair of wits played then the same parts which the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew and General Horace Porter take now at the dinners which are fortunate enough to secure them.

Mr. Story, on being promised a supper at the Century Club, answered, "And Story 'd earn an animated bust!" Judge Brady made a speech in German, and Mr. Evarts (at the request of a lady) told his famous donkey story, not, however, without an eloquent mock protest, which was overruled. "That you, madame, a literary lady, devoted to the highest thoughts, should show such an interest in a donkey is incredible."

"But tell it to Mr. Story, who has been so long banished from his native land."

"*And donkeys?*"

So Mr. Evarts began with a long discourse as to the difficulty of finding a donkey in New York for his little daughter: finally he had to go to New Jersey for one. Having got it up to his country-place, the donkey miserably howled and groaned, to the despair of the tender-hearted little girl. However, after listening awhile to the donkey's lamentations, she fetched a deep sigh of relief and said:

"He won't be so lonesome after Father comes."

When this agreeable party broke up we went in to the picture-gallery, where stood a little marble daughter of Mr. Story's—I think, an "Ariadne." He and his son Waldo stopped and caressed it, as they might have done a relative. A lady present said to the President, "Does Mr. Evarts obey you?"

"No, madame," said Mr. Hayes; "wherever Mr. Evarts is, he governs."

The Hon. John Jay, most genial and handsomest of

men, was always an ornament to all the dinners of that day, and of all his days. As presiding officer of the Union League Club he was as much of an attraction as Sir Frederic Leighton at the opening of the Royal Academy in London.

In Mr. Jay, character, learning, and suavity, patriotism and strength, and "that grand old name of gentleman" met. He was the finest type of what blood can do. You saw his fair grandmother and his learned ancestor who wore the ermine so spotlessly in every word and lineament and gesture. He was exactly the man for a foreign mission.

And what record of those days could be worth much which left out the name of Travers, the wit, the bonvivant, the preux chevalier? A more brilliant, scintillating mind seldom had a chance to impress itself on two or three decades of social life. Travers was a social hero, a constant joy and pleasure.

Mr. Travers was so lucky as to stammer, which gave his words the last touch of success. You had to wait for them. His brain moved with such lightning rapidity that his lips could not catch his ideas. He had a subtle common-sense, which gave his wit startling emphasis. He dared to tell truths which a stupid man could not have done; and he grew to be the "king's jester" for society, a generous heart, a royal host, a lovely and lovable friend, successful in all he undertook: he even met death with a joke. Some one said to him in his last illness, "Well, Travers, you have burned the candle at both ends."

"Ye-es-s," said he, "and now some-some-somebody has lighted it in the middle."

He added greatly to the jollity of society while he lived, and has been deeply regretted, sincerely honored,

and faithfully remembered. To this fine, courageous soul were added a philanthropy and generosity which he carefully hid from the world. Like him was another wit and man of fashion, Griswold Grey, who "did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame." Peace to their ashes!

Leonard W. Jerome, a singularly handsome man, was also famous in those days. He and Travers had made fortunes very suddenly, and proceeded to spend them magnificently. Mr. Jerome built a theatre in the then Union League Club House, where were given tableaux and private theatricals for charity, the like of which have never been seen since. Mrs. Ronalds made her first triumph there as prima donna; and the beauties of 1876—Miss Minnie Stevens, Miss Adelaide Townsend, Miss Pussie Breeze, Miss May, Mrs. Rives, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hunt—left a record of loveliness which the pen of their lady-manager proudly records as one of the events of her life.

I took charge of two sets of tableaux at this theatre; and we returned such a fabulous sum for the "Southern Relief" in 1868, and in 1876 for the Centennial, that I hesitate to record it for fear of being suspected of exaggeration. Times were not so hard as they are now.

I remember a dinner at Newport (one of many) given to Bret Harte by the publisher, Mr. Charles J. Peterson, on his first arrival from California, which was notable for its good talk.

Hon. George Bancroft, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe (still young and lovely at seventy-seven), Mr. John B. Latrobe, of Baltimore; the Hon. George Boker, dramatist and man of fashion; Mrs. Boker, very handsome, were conspicuous guests, and the company included about six more, all summoned to do honor to the young man

who leaped from obscurity to the very heights of Olympus in two bounds—*The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Heathen Chinee.*

"Just think of the degradation of going down to posterity as the author of such trash as *The Heathen Chinee*," he said to me at that dinner.

He was a slender, rather handsome young man with very black hair, and looked as Dickens did at his age. He was pathetically pleased to get rid of California, which he hated. He admired some wild daisies which decorated Mrs. Peterson's always beautiful table, and showed them to his wife. He gave me such an idea of the dreariness, absence of color, and degradation of a mining camp that I never read one of his immortal stories that I do not seem to taste that dust-laden air.

I had the pleasure during ten years to assist at lionizing this great genius, and he was so natural, simple, and charming that he became a familiar figure in my family. I met him in London at the height of his foreign fame, in 1884. White-haired and ruddy-faced, he had become a typical John Bull. I saw his pleasure when a beautiful young girl recited *Her Letter* before a grand company of mingled American and English friends—a dinner which brought Henry James, Hamilton Aïdé, Cyrus W. Field, Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie, the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley, Mrs. Procter, Mr. Lowell, and many others together—and I think his few words of delicate thanks and compliment to her were worthy of a prince; and indeed he was, and is, a prince of genius.

It is curious that his fellow-humorist and old friend John Hay expressed a similar disgust at the success of his famous *Pike County Ballads*, and wished that

he had never written *Little Breeches.* Mr. Hay has written so much of a different character that he can afford to acknowledge *Little Breeches* as a legitimate child of his varied and most elegant mind. Perhaps this poor little vagrant may live longer than any of them. Even *Castilian Days* may be put on the highest shelf before the *Pike County Ballads* are removed from the library table. At any rate, neither author can call back these unloved children. Like Don John of Austria, that brave boy who wore victory in his cap, they have been able to fight their own battles, and *Jim Bludsoe* commands the tears of the world.

The Hon. George Boker, so well known as poet and patriot, was then in the very pride and prime of his beauty and fame. It is astonishing that his tragedies and plays could be put on the stage as they fell from his pen, almost without change. They are delightful reading. The *Betrothal*, *Calaynos*, *Anne Boleyn*, *Leonor de Guzman*, and *Francesca da Rimini* are all delightful. I wonder they are not more quoted and talked of to-day. His occasional odes had such celebrity during the war time that these, his delicate reveries, seemed to slip out of men's minds. I find a great many young poets dip into these volumes and bring away much gold. *The Podesta's Daughter*, *The Ode to England*, *The Rose of Granada,* are mines of poetical wealth.

Of Boker's sonnets Leigh Hunt said that "they excelled all sonnets, excepting those of Shakespeare." They are delicious; two which occur to me, *Hence, Cold Despair!* and *To Win and Lose Thee*, are among the most beautiful that he wrote. This rare man, born to fortune and to a fashionable position which he enjoyed, kept up his classics and his literary work to the end.

He founded the first Union League Club in the United States, and during and after war times was an eminently useful citizen as well as poet.

Indeed, this famous dinner in that beautiful old Elizabethan house built by Mr. De Lancey Kane, and called Red Cross, and in what I still consider one of the handsomest rooms at Newport, was often quoted by Mr. Bancroft as memorable for Mr. Boker's shining talk on that day. There was something of the grandeur and gloom of Hawthorne about Mr. Boker when he was serious. At a dinner he preferred to be humorous. His temperament was changeful, as is always the case with the children of genius. He was a gifted creature, and most generous to poor authors, for whom he drew many a check.

He was afterwards minister to Turkey, and to Russia, where he distinguished himself, and I know no man who seemed to me to have led more nobly the dual life of man of the world and man of the library. He had a beautiful head and the manners of Lord Chesterfield.

The venerable George Calvert, the real Lord Baltimore, was one of the ornaments of the Newport of that day. He was in some way a descendant (through the distaff side) of Rubens, and said that he owed his "little independence" to him. He owned some of his pictures. He was a sweet and gifted personage, who wrote some very attractive books. I used every summer at Newport to take tea with him and his lovely wife. It was a glimpse of the past like to a whiff of rose potpourri. What treasures of anecdote that life of ninety years held! And he appropriately wrote his own biography in a book called *A Gentleman.*

Miss Jane Stuart, daughter of the painter Gilbert

Stuart, painted my picture at this time. She asked me to sit to her, and I gladly accepted the opportunity to hear her talk of her father. Her conversations I wrote down and have them yet. It was a very badly drawn picture, but she gave it to me, asking that she might keep it during her life. When I returned from Europe it had passed into other hands, and I have never recovered it; but I have the memory of a very queer, delightful old lady left.

I quote from my journal, February, 1889, of the gay season which preceded Lent, to mark the contrast between that year and another season of—well, we will say twenty years before. In that time the gorgeous palaces of the Vanderbilts had been built; Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt was founding his superb gallery, and his son Cornelius had just opened the beautiful house at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. I remember their first house-warming in this new château-like house, in which orchids filled the fireplace and chimney-piece, simulating a veritable fire. But perhaps the most unique and rare entertainment given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was in the hiring of Coquelin to entertain the Thursday Evening Club. He and his son, then a nice-looking boy, presented one scene of a play, *Le Mariage Forcé*. The great actor himself recited several pieces. It was a party which recalled the picture of Louis XIV. supping with Molière. A gorgeous supper followed, society was at its very best, and Herr Kalisch sang.

Again, Mrs. Henry Villard, in the picturesque Tiffany Flats, entertained the Drawing-Room Club, with Edison and his phonograph, songs from Lilli Lehmann, with Bergner and Bendix on violin and cello. These artists sang and played into the phonograph, and realized Mun-

chausen's wild tale of the music frozen up in the trumpet. Madame Lehmann looked handsome in her dress brocaded with pearls. With Royal orders across her ample corsage, she seemed the genius of Wagner's music.

Then there was a remarkable sale of pictures at Chickering Hall: Corots, Daubignys, a charming Diaz, a fine Detaille, and a splendid Verboeckhoven—rather good for a republican city in one month.

And, mixed in with this conglomeration, a large party of Roman Catholic pilgrims left for Rome and the Holy Land, bound on a religious pilgrimage, after the fashion of the eleventh century. We thought of reviving the Crusades in order to have a little change!

Just then society left for Washington to attend the inauguration of General Harrison. One rich New-Yorker paid $500 a week for a house.

The weather was very cold, and I started on a round of visits from Washington Square to Eighty-ninth Street.

After taking a journey almost like going to Washington, I arrived at a beautiful city, which I had never seen before (all had been empty lots a few years before), and found myself in a very handsome house; my hostess in primrose crêpe, with a bunch of yellow roses in her hand. It was summer and spring combined, while without the thermometer marked ten degrees below zero.

Such are the surprises of this city of Aladdin, this wonderful reward of energy and the industry of a new world.

Unfortunately, the American builds his palace, fills it with the triumphs of art, the ivory and gold of Samarkand, the infinite dreams of the Japanese and the Arab;

he lines it with American comforts; he puts his beautiful wife in a rose-colored boudoir and gives her all the luxury of a queen; she drives the best horses and gives the best of dinners, and hears all the artists in the world sing. And then they both conclude that they are bored, and they lock up all this luxury, go off to London or Rome or Paris, and live contentedly in a very inferior apartment, and are apparently entirely content.

It was somewhere in the '70's that the fiend gossip came into New York society to stay. The first newspaper outburst that I remember was after the Beecher trial, which was a terrible beginning. Then the papers began with attacks upon women. There were stories of kleptomaniacs, and of a young and fashionable man who had stolen his cousin's ring at a dinner-party, etc., etc. None of this sort of story was allowed at the dinners of Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Belmont, or Mrs. Fish. I can imagine the fine face of the latter freezing into marble had any one opened such a door of Bluebeard's closet in her stately presence.

Society had to sustain some shocks, no doubt, in those days. Human nature was still human nature, but there was not added on the "might, should, or could be" tense as now. Every one was considered innocent until he was proved to be guilty. Now gossip makes every young and pretty person guilty unless she is proved to be innocent. This habit of free speaking at ladies' lunches has impaired society; it has doubtless led to many of the tragedies of divorce and marital unhappiness. Could society be deaf and dumb and Congress abolished for a season, what a happy and peaceful life one could lead!

"Censorious world, madame! censorious world!" as

Mephistopheles says in the play to the old woman. But it is not worthy the title of the old Roman "Censor." It is idle tittle-tattle, sound and fury, signifying nothing. Therefore I have purposely abstained from retailing, from the vast stores at my command, the piquant stories of New York fashionable life, of which I know, alas! too many. Posterity will not need them; it is better off without them.

I do not believe that New York has been a bad or a dissolute city; I think it has had the folly to wish to appear so occasionally, and I think that gossip has done the rest. Eminent and beautiful lives, most charming and happy households, have held their own here, in spite of luxury and fashion. And what a small part of any city is any so-called fashionable circle! To be sure, all that is conspicuous is important, for all eyes are fixed on that circle; but its changeful character is the safeguard against bad examples.

When Posterity reads, as it doubtless will, our *causes cèlèbres* — our buried newspapers — it will be apt to think that we were very wicked, that the men's clubs were instituted to take away the characters of women, that society was only another name for a black eye. But that was not so. New York at the end of the nineteenth century was neither Sodom nor Gomorrah.

Little children tripped by to school and went home to happy young mothers. The opera and the theatre were filled with handsome, beautiful, well-to-do people; the art-galleries and museums were thronged with eager learners; and, better than all, Sunday was a quiet day, consecrated to religious observances. The scene in the hundreds of churches in New York told the story of a Christian and a law-loving people. The unfinished sky-

scrapers, the holes in Fifth Avenue, are only unfinished jobs, dear Posterity, not the prisons under the Neva or the *piombi* of Venice! There may have been a few cases of unjust imprisonment, but the Tombs was visited daily by religious and charitable women. Judge us lightly, Posterity. We might have been better, but we might also have been infinitely worse. And had it not been for the mistaken representation of many a well-known circumstance, through the work of the fiend gossip, society would have been more dignified and more secure than it is. It seems impossible, when one is travelling in Europe and away from it all, or when buried in the delicious seclusion of a library, that such improbable stories can have any interest for reasonable people, and yet no one can hear them perpetually without being interested and "believing something."

Therefore, so far as this poor little Epistle is concerned, I will not put in one word of gossip, not even in a postscript, believing, dear Posterity, that you will have better reading than that. But I will bear most grateful testimony to the philanthropy and the generous giving to all good objects of the fashionable people of my day in New York. It was from the very highest circles of the most conspicuous fashion that the money was raised for the Nursery and Child's Hospital, and for the Woman's Hospital; and many will remember with gratitude the noble benefaction of Mrs. George W. Cullum, who, stricken by the fell disease herself, founded the Cancer Hospital, the grandest of all; the contributions of the Vanderbilt family to the Medical Science of the day, giving millions at a time; Mr. Peter Cooper's foundation of the Cooper Union; and the almost unparalleled munificence of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, testify that worldly success does not harden the heart,

but that these kind hearts consider wealth as a trust. The visits of the foremost young daughters of fashion to the poor, the sick, and the prisoners have also the deepest significance, and these are the glories of New York.

CHAPTER XII

Second Visit to London—A Day in the House of Commons—London in 1886—The Ascot Races and Dr. Holmes—My Presentation at Court and a State Ball at Buckingham Palace—A Supper with Irving at the Beefsteak Club—Mr. Gladstone and the Chapel Royal—A Dinner with Sir John Millais—Mr. Browning, Sir Frederic Leighton, Mrs. Procter, and Du Maurier.

When I went to England in 1884, after an interval of many years, I found London a different place. It seemed twice as large, and the trouble was where to begin. Fortunately for me, Mr. Lowell was our minister, and, as an old friend, he was certain to do all that he could. His second wife, although an invalid, came to take me to drive, and invited me to her receptions, and did all for me that an invalid could do. When I showed her my letters she told me that I would find the literary celebrities the hardest to meet, which indeed was the case; but she added, "Mr. Lowell and Mr. Hoppin will help you." Mr. W. J. Hoppin was the Secretary of Legation, and most popular and agreeable. I need not say what Mr. Lowell was; no man ever enjoyed a greater share of England's homage than he did. Through my letters and through him I became acquainted with Edmund Gosse, Sir Frederic Leighton, Andrew Lang, Walter Herries Pollock, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Mr. Anstey (author of *Vice Versa*), and at the house of our countryman, James McHenry, I found the *open sesame* to Holland House. Mr. Lowell introduced me to Mrs. Procter, "Barry Cornwall's" widow, who indeed

had a literary belonging almost impossible to measure. This admirable and interesting woman admitted me to something like intimacy, and I enjoyed nothing so much in all England as her conversation.

I had in this summer of 1884 many opportunities to hear the discussions in the House of Commons, at Mr. Lowell's request. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Peel, wife of the Speaker, I was admitted often to her seat in the Speaker's Gallery, a little wired-off uncomfortable place. I remember the last day of the session before the Whitsuntide recess. I heard Mr. Gladstone make a long and important speech. I heard Mr. Trevelyan, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Labouchere, Ashmead-Bartlett, Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. Parnell, Baron Worms, and several others. The attacks were upon Mr. Gladstone for not reinforcing Gordon. They were most bitter, but he repelled them with a grave indifference. When later on, in Rome, I heard of Gordon's death, how well I remembered that debate! I certainly could not have chosen a better season in which to hear the combined wit and wisdom of the House of Commons. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett had a fluent and glib utterance. Mr. O'Donnell was fiery and inconsequent; Lord Randolph Churchill was very brilliant and severe. Mr. Labouchere is a clear, fluent speaker, as is also Mr. Trevelyan. Mr. Gladstone is one of the orators of the world, very like Wendell Phillips, who was the prince of orators. I do not dislike the reserve of English speech, and I must make my compliment to the Prince of Wales, a most graceful and easy speaker. I heard him later on at the reception of Australian gentlemen at the "Heatheries," and very often since.

I heard a great deal of reading and reciting in English salons. That reading which as girls we used to do, in country-houses, of favorite poems was done in superb

salons by experienced declaimers. I sat by Browning's side twice as a woman with a fine voice recited *Hervé Riel* and *How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.* I asked him if it pleased him. He said, "Yes, I am mortal, but I like a foretaste of immortality." He said the prettiest verse that Longfellow had ever written was:

> "Then choose from the favored volume
> The poem of thy choice,
> And add to the rhyme of the poet
> The music of thy voice."

It seemed as if society were returning again to that golden age when Tasso read his sonnets before the Duke d'Este; when Petrarch, stretched upon the grass, poured forth his thoughts to Laura (she in her green gown embroidered with violets).

Among other intellectual amusements was the rage for private theatricals, in which the Hon. Claude Ponsonby took a leading part, as did Mr. Hamilton Aïde, and I saw one of Lady Archibald Campbell's reproductions of *As You Like It.* These were all remarkably well done. I also saw the mask of *Comus* at the Temple Church and Court, Princess Louise being the especial guest, as she is an honorary barrister and a member of the Temple.

I made an exhaustive study of old London, going to the Tower, to the Charterhouse, where poor Colonel Newcome said "Adsum"; also to Newgate, the seven churches of Christopher Wren, Lambeth Palace, and the oldest houses I could find. This was most instructive and delightful. I advise all travellers to buy a *Baedeker's Guide* and to go over London in this way.

London was beautiful in June, in all the pride of the season. At the Buckingham Palace Hotel we were sa-

luted daily by the Queen's Highlanders playing the bagpipes, as the scarlet soldiers marched to guard mounting at St. James's fine old historical palace. This is of itself worth coming to London for. And I went to see the "coaches," a royal display with Lord Charles Beresford and the Prince of Wales on the box, two very popular men.

It takes a cultivated nerve to bear the crowd in Piccadilly, and to be out through such a scene as this is a trial. My hostess was a marchioness herself, one of the handsome gay "swells," and she told me who everybody was. I thought the mixed liveries presented an incongruous appearance, and told her I liked better the full figure of a coachman, wig and knee-breeches, which was the fashion when I had first seen London. Now the glory of "Jeems Yellowplush" and of the red breeches seems to be dulled. Certainly if one flunky is powdered they should all be powdered. She told me I was too *exigeant*, that I wanted all of old London and new London; but, indeed, I might well have been satisfied, for it was a brilliant day.

I went to some small lunches in this visit, saw the Prince and Princess of Wales go by often, and I gazed upon many of the great beauties. I went to the opening of galleries and museums, and heard the Prince make many a speech, which he did very well. I also heard the Duke of Westminster, Sir Coutts Lindsay, the Marquis of Hartington, Clifford Greville, and Professor Tyndall make excellent speeches on the subject of Sunday opening, for the poor, of all the galleries and museums of London. Indeed, the Duke of Westminster promised to throw open the galleries of Grosvenor House, with its priceless treasures of paintings and other works of art, for this worthy purpose.

London is far ahead of us in this matter of giving to

the poor agreeable Sunday afternoons. I wish that we could emulate this noble and wise generosity.

I was admitted by the card of the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley to see the splendid collection of pictures at Grosvenor House. How well I remember the "Blue Boy" of Sir Joshua, and the empty space where had hung Mr. Gladstone's picture, recently taken down, owing to the famous quarrel of the Duke of Westminster with Mr. Gladstone. The outlook from the windows of Grosvenor House into a delightful private park was most exquisite. This gallery and that of Sir Richard Wallace were very difficult to see, requiring private influence; but they well repaid all the effort. In my case, fortunately, it came easily. I suppose the collection of Sir Richard Wallace was as choice and rich, particularly in examples of the Dutch school, as any in London.

And I paid a visit to a friend who had a lovely cottage at Ascot, that royal suburb. It was a most charming experience of the spring in England, and most interesting, to see the woods full of primroses, and the loyal Tory ladies plucking them in honor of Beaconsfield, who had died in 1881.

The court was in mourning for the Queen's youngest son, but we saw the castle as it is shown to strangers.

We drove to Windsor, in which royal town my hostess bought her green groceries, under the very shadow of that feudal fortress, that royal residence, which covers fifty acres of ground with its splendid stone-work. No palace in this world has ever impressed me like Windsor, and I have seen nearly all the greatest and most royal ones. The scarlet sentinels stood by its open gate. As I looked up at its towering grandeur a few soldiers rode out; then came a carriage with four outriders; in it was the Queen in deep mourning, with some of the

young princesses of Hesse. I saw her again and again in the beautiful park under the Queen Anne elms, two equerries and a groom galloping after the carriage. Then we drove to Eton, and saw all the bright boys wearing mourning for their fellow-student the Duke of Albany. The Queen is very fond of the Eton boys.

They wore round jackets, broad collars, high hats—the dear lads—with English pink and white on their healthy cheeks. I went into the church, paused before the statue or the effigy of the founder, Henry VI., and read on the walls the stories of great Etonians. When you read these histories of England's past you wonder that there can be an ignoble Englishman.

After Ascot I paid other visits to friends in the country, going down to the neighborhood of Charles Kingsley's former home at Eversley. My hostess was kind enough to drive me to his church and grave—we found his memorial stone hung with ivy—a lovely and most picturesque old church and rectory, all rendered dear by the memory of a man who had done so much for literature, and whom I had seen on his last visit to New York, at Mrs. Botta's.

In 1886 I went to London again. I have since believed that that season of 1886 was one of unusual brilliancy. It was the one before the Jubilee, and perhaps the Queen had been reminded that she had better show herself and appeal to her great personal popularity. People feared riots, mobs, and dynamite. Mr. Gladstone had been pushing things in the House. Everybody felt poor. The best houses all over London were to let. Perhaps the court made unusual efforts to be gay. The grand Indian Colonial Exhibition was crowded, and the cabinet entertained perpetually. Had I not seen London the next year in its unexampled

brilliancy I should have remembered some Tintoretto pictures better than I do.

A second visit to Ascot found us driving over to see the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. The cadets were unmercifully severe on Mr. Gladstone, who just then was taking that abuse which has agreed with him so well. I remember that Sir Arthur Sullivan came, and that we laughed and talked together. While I was wondering that they were allowed to lampoon Gladstone, and have a ludicrous figure of him on horseback, he reminded me that his great rival, Disraeli, had met with even greater abuse in 1868; in fact, that he began what was to be his illustrious career under a cloud of scurrilous criticism. "It does not hurt them," said Sir Arthur.

My third season in London held another visit to Ascot. I saw Ormonde win the race over the late winner of the Derby—a great event. This royal race at Ascot on a famous day is a most splendid affair. The Prince of Wales opens it in state, and the royal huntsman in green precedes the glittering cortège down the long course; and all the royalties, in gay carriages, go in a procession for all the world to see. The magnificent stride of Ormonde reminded me of the Latin line "*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum*," as he shook the earth.

All the fashion of England was there. We were on top of a coach, where we lunched, and the whole day was as brilliant as possible. The princesses were on the ground and were much interested. The Princess of Wales, remarkably beautiful and most gracious, was present, and our own Dr. Holmes was in the royal enclosure. I had the honor of dining with him later at Mr. Phelps's, with Sir W. Vernon Harcourt and Lady Harcourt, Chief-Justice Herschell and Lady Herschell, Lady Cottenham, Mr. Browning, Mr. Irving, Mr. Story,

and Mr. Lowell, and others whom I have forgotten—certainly a red-letter day. The witty little doctor, full of fun, told us of his having lost his bets, and was also kind enough to tell us of his last visit—I think fifty years before—to the races.

His reception in London was a thing to see. I went to the great party he gave to return his many invitations. Mr. Browning stood by my side and told me the names of the celebrities, one of whom was the Lord Mayor, with a beautiful diamond pendant hanging from his neck; and Mr. Cavendish, who might have been Duke of Devonshire. Another was Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, with whom I afterwards talked. I asked the doctor how he liked all this adoration. "Oh," said he, "I am asphyxiated with it." He and his daughter received, I suppose, one of the most thorough ovations ever paid to Americans.

It was in this fortunate summer of 1886 that Mr. Phelps did me the honor to present me at court. My presentation came on a cold Thursday in April, and I had to be dressed at ten in the morning in "evening dress—a long train, three yards wide and four long, white feathers and white veil, white gloves and shoes." Such is the order issued by the Lord Chamberlain.

The afternoon before, I had received an invitation from Mrs. Wellesley to take tea with her, to meet, as she said, "some of her gossips." I went gladly, for I knew all Mrs. Wellesley's gossips were worth meeting.

I saw a carriage at the door with the royal liveries, and on entering was presented to a quiet little lady, Princess Christian.

She was delightful, cordial, and was very much amused that I dreaded the effect of my courtesy. She said, "Oh, it is only the charity bob, made with respectful

intent"; and that is the best description I have ever heard of it. After giving me some good advice, such as to retain something to throw over my shoulders, as I might have to wait long in the anteroom, where to leave my cloak, etc., she said, "I am sorry you will not see my mother to-morrow, as she is quite ill; the Princess of Wales receives for her, and I shall be there; however, you will see the Queen later on." She was so gentle, amiable, and funny, and laughed so naturally and agreeably, that I forgot that she was a princess.

The next day, when I passed the royal group, she gave me a kind and familiar recognition, which did much to redeem the somewhat trying and cold function of being presented. I courtesied also to the Prince of Wales, who stood at the end of the group with his good-natured smile.

I had remembered the instructions of the gracious Princess as to retaining a wrap, which was most grateful as I sat in a cold drawing-room with a few friends before my turn came to go through the narrow turnstile. I heard my name called, I followed a long line of ladies, heard the page say, "Your train, madame." It was thrown over my arm, and I rejoined Mrs. Phelps. At first this train seems ridiculously like private theatricals, but when once in the grand rooms of Buckingham Palace, with a hundred others, you see that the dress is very stately, and that in a crowd it is becoming and fit. I was in my coupé at eleven *en route* for the palace, my big train wrapped around me for a cloak, and, indeed, I needed it, for it was cold and rainy.

I spent a most agreeable hour after the presentation chatting with friends, one of whom assured me that it was worth all the trouble and fatigue, "for," said she, "you are now eligible to all the court functions."

And at two o'clock, the whole dreaded ceremony being over, I was again in my coupé in the quadrangle of the palace, where the guards sat on their splendid horses motionless, as when I went in, all of them wet to the skin, for it rained heavily. The drive to Mr. Phelps's, in Lowndes Square, was soon accomplished, and a hot cup of tea was very gratefully swallowed.

An invitation to the court ball followed this ceremony, and that was worth seeing.

Buckingham Palace is not a home—it is used principally for these ceremonies; therefore on the day of the presentation it had looked cold and dreary, but on the evening of the ball it was palatial, grand, and splendid. The lights, the flowers, the music, the pompous rows of servants, and the gentlemen in waiting in full uniforms—all was beautiful.

The Englishwoman is always handsome on horseback and in evening dress. She wears at the court ball all her jewels, that necklace of diamonds, which is perhaps so valuable that it is entailed from father to son—that "Sévigné" of diamonds which falls down her bodice like a stream of trickling water. Every woman is in a low-necked and sleeveless dress, showing that neck of unrivalled fairness which betrays the Saxon blood. Superb, proud, handsome creatures they look, with that noted carriage of the head which we call aristocratic. Mrs. Phelps, with her usual marked kindness, had given me permission to enter with the diplomatic corps, which saved me much waiting and fatigue, and led me through some long, low galleries filled with interesting old pictures of George II. and George III. and their families. How I longed to stop and examine them; but I could not. I had two young ladies who were spoiling for a dance; so we deposited

our wraps in a rather dim chamber and then began to find our way through a long, serpentine, circuitous route to the ballroom. The grand staircase was massed with flowers, principally geraniums and garden flowers, for even royalty does not use such flowers as we display at our every-day dinners. No people boast such hot-house flowers as we reckless Americans. But on entering the ballroom we reached a saturnalia of color. The diplomatic corps were grouped on the right of the throne, an array of superb court dresses. The every-day aspect of a diplomatic corps is magnificent; what, then, was it when enriched by the Indian, Egyptian, Australian, African, and Chinese dresses of the magnates, sent by all the colonists to the Colonial Exhibition. There was one little man in green (I thought he looked like an alligator) who was all sewn with uncut diamonds. I believe he was a Persian. Then there were the great soldiers with all their orders and medals, the admirals, the foreign princes and counts, and so on.

On the left—my left, but the throne's right—were the duchesses, a tiara of grandeur; then the dukes, all dressed, as was every man present, in court dress. This means, of course, white silk stockings, knee-breeches, low shoes, and an embroidered velvet coat, orders and jewels, lace at the neck and wrists, and a sword. The plainest dress allowed is that which American citizens wear, made of black velvet. The great Highland chieftain, the Duke of Athole, was splendid in his tartan, a full, perfect Highland dress, with his skene-dhu stuck in his stocking, perhaps for immediate use upon the "Sassenach." However, the Prince of Wales is very fond of him, and especially of this dress, and so there was no blood shed. The old Duke of Northumberland, with the blood of Harry Hotspur in his veins,

was superb in a green velvet coat and white knee-breeches. But eleven o'clock came, and royalty, always punctual, began to enter. Through the door near which stood the diplomatic corps they came.

First, the lords and gentlemen in waiting; then their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales; then the other brothers, sisters, cousins—a royal group. The Queen was not present.

I think every eye was fixed on the beautiful Princess as she mounted the dais and courtesied to the audience—to the company, I should say—who went down to the ground in their courtesy. I think I must describe her dress. It was of lilac terry velvet, trimmed with tulle and festooned with lilac and coral-red roses. Her ornaments were a tiara of diamonds, with the orders of Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, St. Catherine of Russia, St. John of Jerusalem, the Royal Red Cross, and the Danish family order. She looked so young, so beautiful, so alert, I could only think of a deer out of a forest instead of a Princess on a throne.

I took my seat on one of the red benches which rise in three degrees about the ballroom, and looked up at the clock, which was in front of the musicians, as if the very hours were to dance. It was a charming figure by Canova, this clock.

My young ladies danced, several friends found me out, and it was a gay evening. A noble lord took me in to supper; we waited until the royalties had entered, and he showed me the plate of George IV. One does not wish to eat when there is so much to look at.

Coming out from supper, the royalties spoke to their friends, bowed right and left, and shook hands, American fashion. I have seen since then many times the Princess Louise, who is pretty, frank, and gracious, and

I met her and the Duchess of Connaught at Aix—both most agreeable young women. The Queen and the Princess Beatrice I had seen at Aix in 1885, and, as one sees a prince, I had seen Albert Edward of course very often. I am always struck with the admirable manners of the whole family and their prodigious memories. How can they remember everybody as they do? This royal family of England desires to make itself agreeable. Every one has a good word for the Princess of Wales, who is always driving with the Prince to open a bridge or an asylum, or on some great public function.

As for the Prince, I saw him in the House of Lords, walking around, laying his hands on the shoulder of an old duke, chatting and being universally delightful. He seems to be the very pleasantest creature alive, and, quite independent of his great position, a man of talent and tact, industrious, courteous, thoughtful—a universal man. There is no longer that divinity which doth hedge a king, but there is a very great friendship for him, and it is visible in all ranks of life.

It is not very far from the throne to the stage, and I had the pleasure to be presented to Mr. Irving by General Horace Porter; this led to some very delightful suppers. I took the letter to the theatre with me, as I was going to see *Faust* for the first time. Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes and his daughters were with me, and we left the letter with Mr. Bram Stoker. It was at the end of the second act that Mr. Stoker appeared at the back of the box, saying that Mr. Irving would like to speak to me; we went in to the little reception-room, and there stood Mephistopheles, cock's feather, red dress, phosphorus on eyelids; but in spite of this terrible suggestion of another state of existence Mr. Irving smiled like an angel; his fine manner and high breeding shone con-

spicuously. He asked me "to choose always a box for any evening, and hoped we would sup with him some night, after the play, that we might select"; then he went back to his *diablerie*.

This was followed by a supper in the famous Beefsteak Club-room,* where we found an excellent entertainment. The long table was decked with flowers, while around the room hung pictures of the Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, Macready, of Ellen Terry as Portia, and of other thespian celebrities. There were present the Earl of Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, Sir John Monckton, Lord and Lady Bury, Mr. and Mrs. Dasent, Mr. Toole, Mr. Scott, dramatic critic, and many others—twenty-four in all, I think.

Mr. Irving was in full evening-dress, and although it was half-past twelve at night, every one seemed to be beginning the day, and the elaborate supper was served like a dinner. We saw Mr. Irving's famous armory as we entered. I supped with him again and again. Once I remember that Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill and the present Duchess of Manchester (then Lady Mandeville) were present. Every one enjoyed these suppers. He always sent me the Prince's box, and Mr. Bram Stoker served us with tea and ices between the acts. This was going to see the play in a royal manner.

Mr. Irving has always been a favorite in society, the Prince, Lady Burdett-Coutts, and Lord Rosebery having been conspicuously his friends. Now as Sir Henry I dare say he has even a more complete triumph over the old prejudice against actors. He deserves all that he gets, from his noble, honorable character and his very fine manners, so conspicuous that, as one of the

* This renowned room is now incorporated in Mr. Irving's tenure of the Lyceum Theatre.

critics said of his Hamlet (which I have ventured to quote about Booth), "It is so gentlemanly that one forgets the player, and thinks only of the Prince."

It was on this visit, I think, that Lady Constance Leslie, always a kind friend, took me to the Chapel Royal, the Chapel of Ease of Buckingham Palace, and the little historical old Queen Anne church where Queen Victoria was married. I fear that I went there to have a nearer look at Mr. Gladstone, who was then having all sorts of epithets thrown at him by the Tories. The Irish aristocracy did not spare him. When I first went to London, in 1869, he was being attacked for his motion to disestablish the Irish Church. In 1884 all England was again in the throes of a great political change. Home Rule and Conservative policy were dealing each other most disfiguring blows, and Mr. Gladstone was called all sorts of names. Sir Henry Thring (now Lord Thring), a most distinguished man, told me, during a dinner at his own house, that he considered him "the most honest, far-seeing man of his day, and yet that the Queen thought he treated her with disrespect" (she afterwards left him out of her Jubilee celebrations). Lord Thring had drafted all the acts of Parliament for thirty years, so that he ought to know, if any man did, what was the secret of that man's power. It was the secret of genius and a persuasive eloquence. So I looked my fill at the great head which half hid itself in the collar, rising up to the eyebrows—that collar which *Punch* has made so very familiar to us—with profound respect for its power. And if people did not love him, their hatred was most complimentary. I was driving down through one of the crowded streets of London with Lady Galway, a sister of Lord Houghton. She disagreed with her Liberal brother, and was herself one of the greatest Tories in

England. She stopped to buy a paper—"Mr. Gladstone's Defeat, and his Speech at the Station." She read me a few phrases aloud. "Well done, old humbug!" said she.

And so it went on, praise and blame, abuse and approval, the veriest proof that an Englishman will speak his mind freely. I think if any American statesman had ever received such abuse he would have sunk into utter oblivion; but Mr. Gladstone went on conquering and to conquer, until he asked to be relieved of cares of state to grow old in peace.

So in the famous Chapel Royal, wont to be filled with kings, I listened with half an ear to the famous preacher, and looked with both eye sat Mr. Gladstone, who was nearer than he had been in the House of Commons.

And I gave myself up to the memories inspired by that famous place, with ceilings painted by Hans Holbein. There can be seen the initials of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. There one stands outside the famous Court of St. James's Palace, where each new sovereign is proclaimed; and one remembers that here Charles I. spent his last night on earth and took leave of his children. Here once lived Maria de' Medici, the mother of Henrietta Maria, the most stately and magnificent woman in Europe; mother of one king and two queens, and yet who died in a garret in Cologne, taken care of by the painter Rubens. Here came the reckless court of Charles II., one of the chief ornaments of which was La Belle Stuart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. She inspired Charles II. with one of the purest and strongest passions of his life; he would have divorced his queen to marry her; and she lived to become the lover of cats and the subject of Pope's line—

"Die and endow a college, or a cat."

She is the "sweet little Barbara" of history, and her profile is still on the copper coins used in Great Britain. Much of the romance and wit of royal anecdote hangs around this palace of St. James. Here, when Queen Caroline, wife of the second George, asked Mr. Whiston, the royal chaplain, what fault the people had to find with her, he said, "They complain of your Majesty's talking in chapel"; she promised amendment and asked, "What are my other faults?" "When your Majesty has amended this fault I'll tell you of the next."

I wonder if one of to-day's royal chaplains would be as frank with Queen Victoria?

This immense mass of St. James's Palace is now given in suites of rooms to the Queen's friends, pensioners and old servants, the Guard's review every day, and it is to the visitor to London one of the most interesting spots.

It was in 1885, just after he had been made a baronet, that I had the honor of knowing Sir John Millais. He was as handsome as one of his own pictures, a fresh, florid, well-featured, tall, vigorous-looking man. I carried him a letter of introduction from his sister, Mrs. Lester Wallack, which may account for the kindness with which he received me.

Lady Millais appointed an hour for me to call, and I found her in her morning room with one of her "Cherry Ripe" daughters. She was a remarkably handsome matron, I thought, and very cordial. She immediately sent for Sir John, who took us in to his painting-room, sat on a table himself, in a boyish fashion, while we looked around the studio, and talked incessantly.

"Will you come and lunch with us informally to-morrow?" said he, "and afterwards we shall give you a dinner. Now, whom do you wish to meet?"

I begged him not to trouble himself about me, that a

sight of him and his was all that I expected, and a lunch with the family far more than all I deserved.

But he insisted, and I said at length that I should like to meet Robert Browning. "Oh," said he, "nothing easier; and Fred Leighton, and Mrs. Procter [Barry Cornwall's widow], and Lord Houghton, and—my dear, you must get the rest" (turning to his wife).

I told Lady Millais that I was in deep mourning and hardly expected to go to a great London dinner-party.

"Oh," said she, kindly, "mourning is always considered full-dress."

The day for the dinner came, and I got in five minutes early, glad to see Lord Houghton in the parlor before Lady Millais came down. We had a quiet chat, and Browning also arriving ahead of time, Lord Houghton introduced him to me. Then came in quite a number of people, Lady Coutts Lindsay among them; she had just been divorced from her husband, Sir Coutts Lindsay, of the "Greenery Yallery, Grosvenor Gallery" fame.

Browning took me in, and I had Lord Houghton on the other side. Opposite me was Mrs. Procter, the oldest queen of the literary coterie in London, and a singular genius; and also *vis-à-vis* a Mr. Godwin, famous for a mania for buying the chairs of distinguished personages.

Mr. Browning was a great disappointment at first. He looked like a retired ship-captain, was short, rather stout, red-faced, with a large nose and white hair, but he was so simple and kindly and polite that I forgave him for not looking the poet. Very soon he and Mr. Godwin got into a discussion as to the genuineness of a relic. Mr. Godwin said that he had just bought a chair, "the very one in which Mrs. Browning wrote *Casa Guidi Windows*. Mr. Browning said that was impos-

sible, for he had never parted with a thing which had been in her apartments.

Mr. Browning was quite agitated about this. Mr. Godwin, however, persevered, and said that the chair was one which Mrs. Browning had given away in her lifetime to certain English friends, two unmarried sisters, who were in Florence with her, or living near her, after the celebrity of the *Casa Guidi Windows* poems, and that they had asked her for it.

Mr. Browning could not dispute this, and fortunately I asked a question about George Eliot, which turned the tables.

Mrs. Procter declared that she "had never called on George Eliot; that she would not have taken a housemaid with such a character."

This brought out Browning and Lord Houghton, who told me many hitherto unknown stories about Thornton Hunt, the supposed lover of the first Mrs. Lewes; of Lewes himself, and of George Eliot, who seemed to have been most generous and self-sacrificing in giving up fame and name for Lewes, whom they did not think deserved so much goodness.

I saw Sir Frederick Leighton often after this at his beautiful house in Holland Park, and he seemed to emulate Millais in being the prince of good fellows, as well as an artist of great talent. They both had their critics as to the greatness of their genius, but they had the good luck to please their immediate public.

There was no apparent jealousy of "rival easels" between them. After Leighton became "Sir Frederick" I heard that Millais said, "Good! he was born to a title, and we all know his love of *purple*," Leighton being criticised for his purples.

Sir Frederick Leighton was indeed a most aristocratic

man, in looks, in bearing, and in manners. His accomplishments were so various that he might have been only a carpet knight had he chosen; but he was an industrious artist, a hard-working, painstaking man.

The four great men who made that dinner famous—Millais, Leighton, Lord Houghton, and Browning—are all dead. Mrs. Procter, whose celebrated husband wrote the life of Charles Lamb, is also dead; she had herself known Charles Lamb, and was very indignant because a certain *littérateur* in London had asked her if he did not resemble that famous author.

"As if any one who *did* could have asked such a question," said the angry old lady.

Lord Houghton dedicated to her his *Life of Keats*—"To the wife of one poet, the mother of another, and friend of all poets."

Mr. Lowell adored this old lady, and used to bend on one knee and kiss her hand. Her stepfather was Basil Montagu, so she had a real literary descent and dynasty.

She was just as old as the century, and lived, I believe, to be eighty-eight. The Queen sent her a special invitation and a ticket to the Abbey on her Jubilee day.

After this dinner she asked me to come to her every Sunday afternoon at four. I was apt to find a notable gathering of literary and fashionable people in her rooms at "Queen Anne's Mansions."

"Society costs," and fortunately Millais had become very rich. He had a beautiful house, corner of Princes Gate, and he was just going off to Scotland for the shooting when I first met him. Everything went well with him. He had an admirable temperament, I should say, with tremendous physique and indomitable industry. He loved fun, and was boyish in manner. One could imagine him at a country fair enjoying its drollery and

din, and could picture him with the humorous look in his eye, his careless necktie, his curling hair and high color, as the centre of a group of rustic revellers. Yet his business was to paint fashionable ladies, dukes and duchesses, pretty children, romantic lovers; and although he was not a courtier, he could be one if he chose: he was a universal man. He was prodigal in kindness to young and struggling genius, but he was never extravagant for himself. His death was said to have been hastened by an over-indulgence in smoking. Doubtless, too, he hastened the fatal hour by overwork. His was not the nature to spare himself.

He was one of the few infant phenomena who raised himself into an assured fame, and although belonging to that profession which is said to be helpful to the "noble art of making enemies," according to Whistler, yet he managed to make very few. His life was in its artistic excellence admirably subordinated to the virtues of the citizen, the husband, the father, and the friend. I also had the pleasure of seeing Du Maurier and his lovely wife at the house of Lady Constance Leslie. How little did I imagine that *Trilby* lay behind that plain face!

I was in London again for the Jubilee in 1887.

"How do you spell *Jubilee* with five letters?" asked Mr. Gladstone of Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

"You—*U* and *I* left out," was the ready response.

Yes, it was the first ceremony in which the G. O. M. had been left out for many years.

One of our American celebrities was amusing London, and I was one day startled by an invitation to meet one of my most "distinguished countrymen." I went, and was presented to Buffalo Bill! But perhaps he deserved the rôle of lion quite as well as many who have since aspired to that distinction. Certainly he carried it off well.

CHAPTER XIII

My Continental Note-book—The Praise of Paris—Meissonier and Politics—The Salon of 1886—"Varnishing Day"—Sara Bernhardt's "Theodora"—Nice and Monte Carlo—La Duchesse de Pomar, Lady Caithness—A Sad Loss to the American Colony.

It is unnecessary, perhaps, for me to say that I bade adieu to the British lion with regret. He is a very good lion, and as he stands above Westminster Bridge, looking down on his London, I could not but feel that he had reason to be a proud lion. My last days in London were full of brilliant events, not the least noteworthy of which was my acquaintance with Lord Salisbury, Browning, Millais, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and a renewal of my old friendship with Lord Houghton.

It was a fine, clear day when I essayed the journey from Folkestone to Boulogne. The sea was as smooth as glass, and we came all too soon upon what poor Beau Brummell called the "one front tooth of France which fastens like a fang in the flesh of the British debtor." Here he spent his inglorious last years, poor Beau, sighing for the opposite shore. It is an interesting town—Boulogne. I wish I knew more of it than its buffet where I got an excellent French soup, some *petits pois*, and *filet de bœuf*, and some magnificent strawberries. The cookery began to mend immediately after reaching France.

We got a cup of tea at Amiens, but I had to sorrow with my fellow-passengers whose courier had left the

bag containing all their money and letter of credit in the buffet at Boulogne. By the tidal train one reaches Paris at seven o'clock, and the long drive through the gay city, so unlike London, with all its inhabitants out-of-doors eating and drinking, and happy in the soft, bright, beautiful summer air, seemed to justify the opinion of Julius Cæsar over the old Lutetia—the old Paris—that this favored spot "had amusement in the air." Whatever wounds the Commune made, they are long since healed. My reflections are those of an untravelled person, as the Englishman said who visited America two years ago and was pleased to observe that there were no "Red Indians at Castle Garden, but some up-town with a Mr. Barnum." To get rooms which looked into the lovely gardens of the Tuileries was my next achievement, and a drive in the Bois the second.

The season was over—the Grand Prix finishes that—but the Bois was crowded. No great ladies out but one Russian princess, whose footmen had blue silk stockings and cocked hats; some very pretty women in white in their victorias, showing their feet very much, and not so painted as the London blondes; indeed, the two nations seem to have exchanged characters. The English affect French naughtiness; the French affect to remember an old legend, that English phlegm means "respectability." Many Americans drove along in low carriages in the most beautiful dresses. Worth cannot be hired to make dresses for anybody but Americans nowadays.

Too late for the Salon, but not for Meissonier! In 1834 Meissonier exhibited his first work of art, "Les Bourgeois Hamands," which figures at the head of the present catalogue of one hundred and forty-six masterpieces; so this exhibition is really his jubilee, and the proceeds he gives for the benefit of the Hospitalité de

Nuit, a most deserving charity. The last-named work on his catalogue is an unfinished historical sketch, or rather an allegorical one, called "Paris, 1870–1871." Conflagration, smoke, and trouble everywhere. Paris, a noble female figure in a lion's skin, is stretching a funeral veil over Regnault, the sculptor, who died for her. At her feet are the dead and dying. Frère Anselm, wearing the red Geneva cross, receives the fatal bullet which made him drop the wounded soldier. A formidable cannon, fired by sailors, seems to vomit death. A *mobile* is hurling imprecations against the enemy. Behind the figure of Paris a woman is throwing herself into the arms of her husband, who has just left the ramparts. She shows him the dead figure of an infant who has died of starvation. Altogether not a cheerful picture, but a wonderful sketch! It is the horrible apotheosis of war.

"Les Bravos," loaned by Sir Richard Wallace, is a more agreeable subject. In composition, finish, coloring, light, and perfection of drawing, it is truly a wonderful picture. Two bravoes are standing behind a closed door; one of them, armed with a short Swiss sword, is bending down to hear what is going on behind the key-hole; at the same time he makes signs to his less experienced, less bloodthirsty companion, whose courage, like Bob Acres's, seems oozing out at his finger-ends.

Then there is the famous "La Rixe," presented by Napoleon III. to Prince Albert, who admired it at the Exposition of 1855. This is loaned by the Queen. The chairs and tables, the cards (the origin of the quarrel), are upset on the floor. The two adversaries are glaring at each other; one stands in the grasp of two friends, who are holding him back, while he strains every mus-

cle to free himself; the other coolly leans on the hilt of his sword.

Then there is Meissonier's favorite, "1814"—Napoleon retiring from Moscow. It is so small—so small—the whole figure, man and horse, only five inches high; yet in it are five centuries of greatness and a mountain-height of thought.

The famous "Solferino," from the Luxembourg, and a small picture, not larger than a crown-piece, of "The Tale of the Siege of Berg-op-Zoom," are also among the gems.

As I passed the little statue of Joan of Arc which stands at the head of the Rue de Rivoli, I was glad to remember that Jules Favre, a deputy and ex-professor of history, has written a glowing life of the Maid,

> "That fairest lily in the shield of France,
> With heart of burning gold."

And now he proposes a national fête in her honor, and desires this idea to be widely known in England, being persuaded that he will receive much encouragement from that country. It is like asking the Bonaparte family to build a statue to the Duke of Wellington. However, international animosities have disappeared; and as Joan of Arc has become a symbol of patriotism and freedom of conscience, there may be a sympathy with this idea among patriotic Englishmen. M. Favre makes the Maid a human, non-supernatural, patriotic enthusiast—a model for all nations. The Roman Church has hesitated to canonize her because she contemplated suicide. Poor girl! no wonder if she did. It is said that Bishop Cauchon acted under English influence, as if it were any excuse for him that he was fanatical to

order! The republican deputies, however, voted with M. Favre, and the 6th of May will be the annual fête of Joan of Arc, now and for evermore.

But why do I give so much time to poor dead and gone Joan, when the great city of Paris remains to be described? The Place de la Concorde stands where it did, a beautiful square full of statues. That of Strasburg is always in mourning. The column in the Place Vendôme is built up, but, alas! the little man with the cocked hat has given way to a Roman figure. La Tour, St. Jacques, and the Châtelet still remind us of the middle ages. The Arc de Triomphe is as matchless as ever, the Luxembourg as picturesque. The Tuileries are fair outside, but within they show the ravening wolves. The Cour du Carrousel records the Hundred Days, while St. Germain-l'Auxerrois is a riot of mediæval loveliness. Straight and grand is the Hôtel des Invalides, magnificent the Hôtel de Ville. Notre Dame bears the mighty monogram of Victor Hugo. St. Étienne du Mont recalls the murdered archbishop. The Hôtel Bristol is redolent of the Prince of Wales. It is a strange mixture of past and present; and one drives over the Seine as in a dream in which the letters "R. F."—République Française—seem a grim mockery. This city is the creation of a series of tyrants, and to keep it in this perfect loveliness they need a tyrant. To be sure, its legends are all in force.

The *cafés chantants* are still gayly illuminated for the gayety of nations. The music of many bands fills the air. The Place de la Concorde burns with colored lamps, and a lurid glow lights up the obelisk. Pretty and artificial as is the Bois, it still has the fragrant air of the green trees; the locust blossoms are perfumed *au naturel*. And yet it all looks as if the fatigued

king of Versailles and Pompadour reigned; their faded roses still hang from blue chaplets around the statue of the Genius of Paris.

As for politics, I hesitate to speak. The report that M. Ferry is not in harmony with his colleagues is quite true. He is immeasurably their superior. MM. Martin Fallières et Herissen are both barristers, but lack the usual legal power to defend themselves. They say that with Fallières the sword is more powerful than the pen; that he would have stood a good chance with Clémenceau or Paul de Cassagnac on the terrain, but in the Chamber was ignominiously defeated by a pupil of the former. General Campenon drummed a lady out of her apartment because her piano practice annoyed him. He is a soldier, who cannot forget the barracks. M. Herissen does not speak good French, and his Latin offends Henri Rochefort.

With M. Ferry are, however, Admiral Peyron, MM. Reynal et Fallières, quite worthy of his confidence. They are all, however, abused as if they were members of Congress, and the Chamber does not seem as dignified as the House of Commons, and still less than the "Lords." M. Tirard is the most elegant of all Ministers of Finance, while Fallières is the most courteous of men. On the other hand, Labuze and Léon Say work in their shirt-sleeves. They think it *comme il faut* to be *sans gêne.* M. Waldeck-Rousseau is called the Duc de Morny of the Third Republic, and is the perfection of neatness.

M. Ferry is of a very dictatorial turn of mind, but he cannot prevent the bluster and the bombast of the French Chamber. A separation is foreboded between the "Union Démocratique" and the "Union Républicaine." (It sounds like home!)

Altogether, however, Republican France looks very pretty. To-morrow I go to see the crown diamonds, which have now no wearer. I remember how they sparkled on the fine brow of Eugénie, and regret that they must blush unseen.

Some one said the old population of Paris was made up of "grands seigneurs, priests, monks, nuns, parasites, opera dancers, hair-dressers, tailors, milliners, play-actors, lawyers, fiddlers, hangmen, cooks, and kings." There are plenty of kings out of business here, but the people of the blood royal are now the *ouvriers*—Égalité, Fraternité, etc., etc.

They say that religion is out of fashion in Paris, and that their rulers and masters have quarrelled with the Deity; that M. Ferry has concluded that the Bible is an old wife's story, and that if St. Paul should preach on the boulevards to-morrow he would be hooted down. However, on great church holidays and holydays the Catholic ceremonies still draw thousands to the Madeleine and Notre Dame. The pageantry of Catholicism is almost the only remnant of the picturesque mediæval life of France. The Frenchmen love spectacle in their heart of hearts, and on the Fête-Dieu the outside of the Madeleine, the Trinité, and St. Augustin's were bright with red and gold and flowers. Although the priests no longer bear aloft the host through the streets as they did in the old days, they revere it all the same.

I was in Paris again in the spring of 1885. To arrive in Paris before "Varnishing Day," and when the horse-chestnuts are in blossom, is to achieve what every old European traveller desires. The spring season in Paris opened this year with a remarkable gayety and fulness of resource for the traveller, and, as the weather had been lovely, the spectacle in the Champs-Élysées and at the

Salon was all that the imagination could have desired, for the "Jour de Vernissage" is the day when the actresses, the painters, the authors, and the celebrities flock to the Salon to see and to be seen. There was Sara Bernhardt, playing the rôle of fine lady, and playing it quietly and well. There were her assistants in the great play of *Theodora*—Marie Laurent, Marie Vallette, and Marie Vallier. There was the superb Philippe Garnier, whose resemblance to the young Augustus has procured for him the proud rôle of Justinian. There was Coquelin *aîné* and Got and Worms and Delaunay and Galli Marie and Lassalle (Hamlet) and Fides Devuis and Capoul (looking very old); and there were Bourguereau and Cabanel and Carolus Duran, and our promising young artists of American birth—Stewart and Sargeant and Eliot Gregory and Stephen Parker, who painted the portrait which ornaments this volume. The toilets were superb. What an opportunity to one to whom "Varnishing Day" was also vanishing day, and whose hours were numbered, to see the spring fashions! Everything was lovely but the bonnets, which were hideous—too eccentric, too high, too unbecoming. Sara Bernhardt had a becoming bonnet, and the soft lace and lilacs suited her light hair and long, Jewish, but delicate features. One of the pretty actresses was dressed in bright green like a lettuce, with a white and yellow of the accompanying egg-and-salad dressing. She was unanimously called Mayonnaise. But to come to the pictures: It is four hours' good work to see the Salon. The Salle Carrée, which is first entered, is full of immense canvases, of which I remember "Le Travail," by Roll—stone-cutters hard at work, admirably done, but not interesting; Durst's "Le Réveil," better, and our American artist Stewart's "Hunt Ball," wonderful and pleasing. "Le

Calme du Lori," by Charles H. Davis, is also a good picture, and there were some fine portraits. In the rooms which follow I remember Harrison's marine pictures with great pleasure, and also W. H. Howe's "Cattle," and Walter Gay's charming "Fileuses"; Friese's "Brigands du Désert" is a very strong picture; then there are the " Retour de la Revue" of Charles Delort, a fine cavalier picture, Cabanel's "Fille de Jephté" (which I did not like), and certain immense canvases. Miss Gardiner's "Coin de Ferme" is admirable—a pleasant contrast to all this splash of paint. An English artist, Giles, has a good battle-piece. The most truly strong exponent of the French genius and French nationality is a picture called "Les Foux," by Jean Berand, which is most touching, most romantic, and very sad. Another thorough touch of Parisian work is the "À l'Orgue" of Henry Lerolle, which is very beautiful. There is a Dutch painter named Israels, who has sent a detachment of soldiers marching for the Indies, which is a masterly picture. Mr. Ralph Curtis, of Boston, has two Venetian scenes. Mr. Templeman Coolidge has an old woman praying, very interesting and well treated. Mr. Stephen Parker has a "Breton Fisher Girl," Mr. Eliot Gregory a portrait, so that American artists are well represented, and are honorably conspicuous. So much for the first view of the Salon of 1885, with which I must confess myself disappointed. There is a wilderness of commonplace and much that is ugly and poor. It is a lamentable thing to say, but there seems no inspiration, no evolvement of the beautiful, no intricate poetic conception, no freshness. It is all "technique, technique." There is little independence of vision; all "treatment" with no apprehension of the thing to treat. There is no appreciation of the truth that the artist should

control and subdue his subject; and he should also have a subject to subdue and control. They are adventurous, these artists. They draw admirably; they do not color so well, and they have few ideals. Perhaps to come fresh from a winter's study of Michael Angelo and Raphael and Domenichino and the Carracci is apt to make one rather *difficile;* but that ideal which was once the real world of the artist seems to have fled, and that present world, "all around us lying," does not seem to have revealed itself to the artist with its truest and most tender grace. That privileged and exceptional entrance into the secrets of human emotion, possessed, let us say, by Washington Allston and many another cherished name, has not been given to the artists of this year's Salon. A critic of the day sums up the subject by saying that too many young painters of the day work for the crowd, and not for art. But, then, should not the painters of the day work for the education of the crowd? The same critic says that there is more warmth, more movement, and better taste shown in the selection of subjects this year than last. Let us hope so.

The scene after the morning's exhibition in the Champs Élysées was most picturesque — the gayest equipages, the finest horses, the most lovely toilets, and all that varied and peculiar crowd which gathers under the horse-chestnuts—all was most exciting! A wonderful city! The whole population seemed to lunch in the open air. The rival restaurants on the asphalt did a flourishing business. Hundreds of extra waiters had been hired at the "Ambassadeurs" and at Le Doyeu's famous restaurant, and yet they could not feed the hungry multitude. After breakfast, as mid-day lunch is called here, was over, the people went back to the Salon to look at the pictures. As ten francs, which is an unusual sum, was charged for

admission, the result was very handsome—some 150,000 francs—all of which will be sent to the wounded soldiers in Tonquin. So much for "Varnishing Day."

I have been to see Sara Bernhardt in *Theodora*, which is one of the events of the season. It is a fine drama by Victorien Sardou, in which we have the old story of the beautiful daughter of the bear-keeper, born, let us say, in the year 500, and destined to rise from the spangled slipper of the dancer to the imperial purple of the empress. The enigmatical character of Theodora, who held Justinian in her power all her life—this beautiful, clever, imperial, bad creature—was never so well illustrated as by Sara Bernhardt, who goes from the empress to the daughter of the people with a bound as impressive and powerful in both as was the original. She is a woman of remarkable reading and intelligence or she could never have mastered so completely this historic rôle.

August Marrast says of Theodora in his *Vie Byzantine au VI. Siècle:* "The empress joined to a superior mind a rare culture, an audacious and indomitable character. She put an enormous energy into the accomplishment of her purposes. She divined the intentions of her adversaries, while she remained impenetrable. No one was a more faithful friend, nor a more pitiless enemy. In the luxurious life which her invalid condition rendered necessary—for she could only live by a sort of interminable hot bath—she found still the time and energy to interest herself in all the cares of state. She rallied the wits, disputed with the doctors, laughed at fate, but compelled it, and immolated her victims with the superb calm with which Apollo flayed Marsyas. Justinian loved this vagabond Phryne with one of those overwhelming, absolute passions which are peculiar to laborious and con-

centrated men. Theology and the Pandects had their day, but his love for Theodora endured forever."

Such are the stormy couple and their more stormy history which Sardou has taken for the hero and heroine of one of the most striking of all modern dramas. "The inevitable Eros" found them out, and Theodora in the drama is carrying on a secret intrigue with an old lover, who is at the head of a conspiracy to kill the emperor. Andreas does not know that the beautiful widow of a silk-merchant, whom he has rescued from an earthquake, is the hated and wicked empress whom he denounces. The scene is in Constantinople, where women are always veiled. He has never seen the face of the empress, nor that of his adored Myrta. Sara Bernhardt has here a grand and unusual opportunity for her splendid dramatic talent. She first appears in a gorgeous salon, surrounded with Byzantine magnificence, receiving with haughty nonchalance the homage of the world. After the necessary time given to public duties she bounds off her couch and is the dancer—the daughter of the people. It seems scarcely a moment before she appears in the most classic, simple, and perfectly artistic dress, ready to go veiled to the house of an old magician, who sells love philters. Here she finds some tigers and bears chained, and the daughter of the bear-keeper plays with them through the bars, teasing her old play-fellows. This is a wonderfully pretty scene. She gets her love philter and goes to the young Greek—her Andreas—whom she loves. Her love-making, her sinuosity, her creeping, insidious charm, recall the serpent of old Nile. "The honest and pure passion" of Andreas for his unknown Myrta makes him forget his sombre intentions, and Theodora forgets her greatness. All is exquisite, like two young lovers of the Golden Age listening to the

nightingales, when Andreas, suddenly, after promising her that he will abandon conspiracies on general principles, mentions his horror of that infamous empress—that wretched Theodora, the worst and lowest of women! In his wrath he looks away from her, although she is lying with her head resting on his knees. She raises her veil for air. The audience see the face that he does not see; and what a face! Even Rachel never surpassed it! It is a miracle of tragedy! Then comes a superb scene between the emperor and the empress. The crafty, cowardly Justinian, obedient to her lightest caprices, is troubled by the rumors of disaffection and revolt. Theodora counsels patience and promises to save him. The part of Justinian is played by a young actor, Philippe Garnier, who has been trained for the part from his extraordinary resemblance to the old Roman face—that of the young Augustus of the many busts; it is all there, the straight brows, the perfect nose, the retreating mouth, that formal and strong chin. He is perfectly classic—modelled after the antique.

The winter of 1884–85 found me, in November, in Nice, preparing to travel towards Rome over the Corniche road. To travel Romeward any way was bliss; to go by this exquisite Riviera, and to see Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, San Remo, and the Maritime Alps, with the Mediterranean—a sapphire set in sapphire—this was painting the lily and adding a perfume to the violet. Some travellers call Nice an artificial dried butterfly. There is not much to see there except the frivolous of all nations. The climate is so highly charged with oxygen that it brings on a fidgety unsettledness. It is the home of the adventurers of all nations, but still it is beautiful, and amused me for a short time.

I met there a rather remarkable woman whom I had

seen in New York, the Duchess de Pomar, Countess of Caithness, a great Theosophist and believer in Spiritualism, who imagined herself a reincarnation of Mary Queen of Scots. She was a most amiable and hospitable person, and took me into the room which she had fitted up after a room in Holyrood. She had paid a midnight visit to Holyrood, and thought Mary Queen of Scots came and kissed her. She talked very well, and had a great deal of learning of various sorts. Her son, the Duc de Pomar, of Spanish descent, has literary talents and has written some very clever novels. I afterwards visited her in her beautiful house in Paris, where she received in a most stately fashion. She drove me to Cimiez and about Nice, telling me of the curious people who came there—kings, queens, Russians and Americans. At the opera she pointed out the Russian Grand Dukes and the various celebrities.

The only amusement I found in Nice was to buy flowers to send to my friends in Paris and London, and I soon went on to Monte Carlo, which has a far more tranquil climate, and is sheltered from the winds which make Nice trying to the rheumatic. I had the good fortune to find the man-of-war *Lancaster* at Nice, under the care of Admiral Earl English, and some friends of mine asked for invitations for us to an entertainment on board. The harbor of Villefranche, where the ship lay, was meant for this sort of thing, and the young ladies of my party enjoyed a dance with the officers, while I sat looking up at those splendid mountains and talking to the Admiral of the various naval reminiscences which that most lovely bay brought up, from Charles II. of Anjou, of the thirteenth century, down to the present moment; and, again, to an English geologist of the "metamorphic conglomerate" and of the

"dolomized coral-rag," which, he informed me, filled the mistral with dust, a great deal of which I had in my eyes at that moment.

The orange groves, the lemon groves, the endless flowers and palms, the cactus by the wayside—all the surpassing beauty of Nice and the Riviera does not make up for that mistral. I was glad to leave it and depart by the noble Corniche road for San Remo.

Returning another year, I pitched my moving tent at Monte Carlo.

"Monte Carlo is Paradise, with a bit of t'other place in it," said a Scotch doctor. If there is anything so romantic as that castle-palace-fortress of Monaco I have not seen it. If there is anything more delicious than the lovely terraces and villas of Monte Carlo I do not wish to see them. There is nothing beyond the semi-tropical vegetation, the projecting promontories into the Mediterranean, the all-embracing sweep of the ocean, the olive groves, and the enchanting climate! One gets tired of the word beautiful.

The idea that one must gamble at Monte Carlo is an exploded one. The music is perfect; morning and evening concerts. The hotels are superb, and of all prices to suit all purses. I tried the Hôtel Continental, kept by a London company, and found it perfectly satisfactory. The Prince of Wales was enjoying the best hospitality of a friend, but came to that hotel to see the family of Lord Salisbury, who at the time was building at Beaulieu. And the marble terraces of this hotel were most bewilderingly bright. At five o'clock afternoon tea was served in the great hall by a wood fire (for it was not too warm), and there, with *Punch* in my hand, surrounded by English comfort, with some newly arrived American friends, I felt that I had reached a very good place.

Monte Carlo, I found, was the home of many half-pay officers' widows of strict evangelical views, who could hire pretty villas very cheap, and who led serene and respectable lives cheek by jowl with others who did not. I should judge that it was the favorite resort also of spotted reputations, and in the gay atria of the gambling-rooms one meets every shade, from bluest blue reputation to rather violent yellow. As a winter home for a rheumatic it is without a parallel—the best—for beauty and pleasure incomparable, and, as we carry our characters with us, I do not know why any one should not go there.

Although I had made many excursions with the duchess at Nice, and many with my kind friend Mr. Junius Morgan at Monte Carlo, including the fascinating drive to Turbia, one thousand feet above the sea, where I thought I had capped the climax with that splendid view embracing Monaco, Mentone, and the Mediterranean, I soon found that that was surpassed by the further beauties of the Corniche road. This last is, I think, more satisfactory than any drive on the Continent, if we except the Simplon Pass and the drive from Aix-les-Bains to the Grande Chartreuse. I should have gone back to Monte Carlo on every subsequent visit to Europe but that I was intensely shocked by the accidental death of Junius S. Morgan, Esq., the head of the great banking-house in London, and my friend of many years' standing. He had asked me to tea on a certain Wednesday, and I inquired the way to a friend's villa at Beaulieu, I think it was; he told me, and mentioned that it was a dangerous place for horses, as the railroad came out suddenly at that point. The next day he met his death exactly on that spot, rising in his carriage to return the bow of a friend who was pass-

ing in the cars. This sudden taking out of life of so valuable, so excellent, and so agreeable a man threw a gloom over this fascinating spot — a gloom which made me anxious to leave it, and I have never seen it since.

CHAPTER XIV

Imperial Rome — The American Colony — W. W. Story, Bishop Whipple, and the Terrys — My Presentation at the Italian Court — A Ball at the Quirinal — Lord Houghton — Two Valentines — Modern Rome — The Vatican Library and Gardens.

Rome, first, last, and forever. When one approaches the Campagna a sudden feeling of familiarity, of home, comes over one. It is indescribable, but so pronounced (I have heard many travellers own up to it) that I think it a subject for psychical research. Whether our reading has made it familiar, and that the pictures in the old *Penny Magazine*, that friend of my childhood, imbued my memory, I cannot tell, but I felt no astonishment as that tranquil landscape unfolded itself; the long, Roman-nosed oxen looked like familiar friends. Had I been there in a previous existence? and, if so, who was I?

We took up our quarters (we were four ladies travelling together) in the Hotel di Londra, in the Piazza di Spagna. It was a good house with a famous cook, and we found no difficulty in getting sunny rooms. Indeed, I should advise any new traveller to go to this famous square for a week at least, as he can take his bearings there better than in any spot in Rome. It is better for the old traditions, and very convenient for the new ones. One tastes a little of old Rome in its atmosphere.

I had for friends the Storys, while Madame la Com-

tesse Gianotti was my cousin. Almost every street held for me some acquaintance. Mr. Astor was our minister; Mrs. Carson, a very famous woman of Southern birth, the daughter of the celebrated loyal Mr. Petigrew, of Charleston, and who had lived in Rome ten years, practising her profession as an artist, was a most intimate friend. There was always somebody somewhere to help me to begin to see Rome in the most useful, time-saving manner, every day, and every hour of every day. But my first drives were alone. I went out to see the profile of Rome by myself.

The Castle of St. Angelo, the Fountain of Trevi, St. Peter's, the Forum, the Arch of Constantine, Santa Maria Maggiore, St. John Lateran — all were so familiar that I felt like saying, "You have not changed much," and so of the Coliseum.

But when I drove to San Pietro in Montorio and got that splendid view, and then to the Borghese Villa and to the Pincian Hill, I began to feel the sublime novelty of Rome. It grew grander, larger, more strange every day, as St. Peter's grows larger. I lost the sense of having been there before; and when I left it, my senses swamped by its immensity, I felt that I had *never* seen it at all, that I should never comprehend its infinite beauty, grandeur. And as to its lovely drives on the Campagna, to the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, and to Albano, they grew stranger every time; so of the Trastevere, and the San Paolo fuori le Mura: they never seemed natural. Those things outside of Rome never grew familiar, although I went to them a hundred times.

And the Roman people were always new; the Via del' Amina, the Babuino, the Via Ripetta, the Piazza del Popolo—all these crowded streets and squares were

ever a perpetual surprise and astonishment. The Corso, with its thousand balconies, was a surprise. I had imagined it a circular avenue going round the city, instead of a straight street, only a mile long.

Somehow the Capitol and the Vatican did not look natural, or stand in the right places. Nor did I ever get quite used to the Pantheon. That was to me the most gigantic, unequalled, and grandly mysterious thing of them all. I went to a splendid ceremonial there, the anniversary of the death of Victor Emanuel, and with the lights flaring in the old torches which had been used for the worship of Hercules, the pomp of the modern army of King Humbert, the clashing of cymbals, all the glory of a military mass, and then the singing of the papal choir—with all Italy, the senate, and the Roman people joining in—I got so dreadfully disconnected as to time that I gave up in despair for a few days, and went to the San Pietro in Vinculo to look at the "Moses," think of Michael Angelo, tranquillize myself, and recover my dates.

There is this trouble in Rome: there is too much. I was there nearly four months, working all the time, with immense advantages, but I came away with hunger unappeased.

The Ghetto had not then been cleaned up. I went there with a certain satisfaction (in getting away), I went to the Tiber to catch glimpses of its then vanishing squalor, on the picturesque side near the Bridge of St. Angelo. I went to look at the villas, inside and outside, and to all the palaces where I could see a picture or a statue renowned in song or story. I went to the Vatican every week, without making any impression upon it—there were more sculptures every time; and finally I went to the Quirinal to see the Queen, and I

went into society. My social advantages were very great, and I found myself at Mrs. Story's almost before my trunks were unpacked.

Mrs. Story was a power in Rome, and for thirty years made her house a charming rendezvous for her country people. She had the gift of exclusiveness, so that it was never (as the houses of hospitable entertainers on the Continent are apt to be) abused or made common. One met the best people from every country there. Mr. Story was so exceptionally delightful and so renowned as an artist that everybody wanted to see him. He needed a wife with just such social gifts as she had. His studio on certain days could be visited, but of course every one was taught to respect his hours of work. He was engaged on the recumbent "Cleopatra" when I was in Rome, and she lay in the clay of the Tiber, just as brown as she was in nature. I never saw her in marble.

At Mrs. Story's reception I met Mrs. Hickson Field, who asked me to come to her beautiful house, where we breakfasted in an oval dining-room, looking out on the Coliseum; and I met her daughter, the Princess Brancaccio, and the Prince, a Neapolitan, who had contributed a beautiful gallery of pictures to this charming house. It was the most delightful thing to go to the Palazzo Field, with its views and rich decorations and American comforts, with all of old Rome about it. I met foreign ambassadors, and Roman princesses, and English ladies of rank, and the American colony, and artists, and everybody I wished to see, at both houses.

And above all delights were the dinners in "Bohemia," to which Mrs. Story asked me often, where I met only her own family and perhaps one friend—dinners where formality was exchanged for a delicious home life, where I met her gifted sons and daughter, her

beautiful daughter-in-law, Mrs. Waldo Story, and at which Mr. Story was perhaps more essentially himself than elsewhere. Her stately son-in-law, Signor Peruzzi, would tell us anecdotes of Victor Emanuel, in whose intimate service he had passed his life. The conversation, which never degenerated into gossip, was most varied and most interesting.

To these dinners would succeed more stately and grand dinners, handsome musicales, and more general receptions. Indeed, I mounted the somewhat Alpine heights of the Palazzo Barberini many times a week, and wished that they were not so very high.

One breakfast I particularly remember. It was given to Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, who had come to Rome with his saintly air of St. Paul—a most noble presence. Lord Houghton and his sister, Lady Galway, and some lesser people were present, and Bishop Whipple talked of his Indians and of General Grant. I remember he said, "Grant is the only man who ever kept his promises to me about the Indians." His stories deeply impressed Lord Houghton, and when we were to separate he bent his gray head for the bishop's blessing. It was a most touching scene to see these two celebrated old men together, and, although I have forgotten many of the other entertainments, I always remember this.

Mrs. Story took me to see the Princess Massimo on the day of St. Philip Neri, when a service is held in the chapel of that antique palazzo. We first went up to the chapel through the cold stone-walls of that part of the palace open to the public; then we turned aside for the private apartments of the Princess, whom I found most interesting. She was the daughter of the Duchess de Berri by her second marriage to Count Lalli, and half-

sister to Henri Cinq, the Count de Chambord. She was a religious and dignified woman, most interesting; and as the Prince, her husband, was first-cousin to the King (their mothers having been sisters), there was a curious royal appanage about the children. She, through her mother, is related to all the Bourbons. But I believe Prince Massimo, being a "Black," did not call on his royal cousin, the King, at the Quirinal. This Palace Massimo was the most antique thing in the way of a dwelling-house which I saw.

I used to visit Mr. and Mrs. Terry at the Palazzo Altemps. Mrs. Terry, the mother of Marion Crawford and the sister of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, had, as Mrs. Crawford, in her youth, pleased my youthful fancy as the original of Crawford's "Flora," which used to stand in the winter-garden of Mrs. Haight's house in Fifth Avenue. I knew Crawford, the sculptor, in those days. He was a famous, handsome man, with an Irish temperament, most attractive; and I happened to meet him in Washington when he came to adjust his famous sculptures for the Capitol.

Subsequent events have made Mr. and Mrs. Terry very dear to me. She is so perfect, so saintly a character, that Mrs. Carson always called her "*Saint Teresina.*" She was just bringing out her youngest daughter, now Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, and was most hospitable. I often dined with them at the Palazzo Altemps, which had a dramatic staircase. I used to feel that if I were of sufficient importance I might be murdered on it some dark night. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, just married, had come to be near her, or with her, and I can never forget her happiness in them. Mr. Terry, who had lived much of his life in Rome, was an amiable gentleman, who never showed his fatigue, if he felt it, at my innumerable ques-

tions. He was a great diner out, and often my neighbor. Added to his fame as an artist was his social talent; so the Palazzo Altemps became one of my Roman homes.

With grand parties and excellent dinners, the home of our minister, Mr. W. W. Astor, was a distinguished rallying-place for Americans. Mr. Astor, speaking all languages and having a great fortune, could and did live as the representative of our great country ought to live in every foreign city. He was so cultivated and had lived so much in Rome when he was studying art (for he is a good sculptor) that he was also a prince of cicerones. He was just writing his excellent novel of *Valentino*, in which, as one of his American critics said, "he had attempted to whitewash the Borgias, and had taken rather a large contract." He did it very well, however.

His beautiful wife, so famous for her Italian eyes, was a great favorite with the Queen, who said that she outshone the Italian beauties in their own style. This gentle creature, so modest and humble, seemed always to be shrinking away from her splendid position, and to care for this earth and its grandeurs very little. Her early, unexpected death seemed to call for Cicero's lament over his daughter.

One mounted gladly the famous marble stairs of the celebrated Palazzo Rospigliosi, with its marble busts of the emperors, to see this home of the Astors. I used to pause on the stairs for breath, and to see how much the Roman emperors looked liked Americans. Mr. Seward was Julius Cæsar over again.

On the ground-floor of this palace is the famous "Aurora" of Guido, which one looks at in a mirror, a happy invention to save one from craning the neck.

I also remember many hospitalities at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, that Palazzo Rospoli, with its

beautiful library, and also at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hazeltine, enriched with American comforts and the pictures of Mr. Hazeltine, an old friend, dating back to the Aurelian days in New York — the days of Darley and "Jack" Ehninger, Theodore Winthrop, Kensett, Gifford, Eastman Johnson, Thomas Hicks, the days before the war. There were many other old friends whose hospitalities I can never forget. I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hurlbert at the Palazzo Bonaparte, in the very rooms of "Madame Mère," on Christmas-day, 1884. Mr. and Mrs. Story were present, also Signor and Signora Peruzzi, and two English ladies of distinction. What a hospitable and agreeable dinner it was! and of all that gay company I believe that Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Hurlbert, Signor and Signora Peruzzi, and myself alone survive.

Mrs. Lee and her sister were very much envied in Rome because, being two hostesses, they had four seats of honor at their dinners, thus making the terrible question of precedence possible. This is the shadow over the life of a Roman hostess; for it was impossible to invite certain notabilities together because each had a right to be considered first.

Certain princes in Rome go back to Romulus and Remus, and there is even a question as to which twin received from their savage mother, the wolf, the greater quantity of that heroic nutriment which is supposed to have given them their superiority.

The time came when I was to be presented to the Queen, and as I was in deep mourning I did not know how to meet the great subject of dress. I was told that I must not appear in black, for the Queen was superstitious; so I wrote to Paris for a court dress. It got snowed up on the frontier and only appeared for the

court ball, so that I had to disguise a black velvet with roses and old lace for the *cercle*. That black velvet was "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Presentation in Rome is a far more easy and social function than in England. In the first place, it is held in the evening, when one is ready to be in full dress, and it is a great pleasure to go to the Quirinal to see its ceilings (painted by Domenichino), the splendid military guard, and the grand staircase, and servants in scarlet, which they tell me is "royal purple." I had received two cards, one of which I gave up to Prince Vicovara, the handsomest man of the period, and the other one I have in my pocket to-day. Prince Vicovara delivered me over to Madame Villamarina, the Queen's first lady in waiting, who received me most cordially and asked me to stand with my countrywomen, who were in a group at the end of the grand salon. There were perhaps a hundred ladies and gentlemen in the room. I noticed near the door the two American princesses, Vicovara and Brancaccio. We were very proud of those two ladies; for beauty and *chic* they could not be surpassed.

They were seated chatting with each other, when, after fifteen minutes, we saw them rise and courtesy deeply to a little figure that entered quietly. It was the Queen.

She turned a moment towards the Marchioness Villamarina, who whispered in her ear. Then the Queen commenced walking slowly around the inner circle, speaking to every one a few words. As she came near each one Madame Villamarina read the name, from a paper she held in her hand, quietly in her ear.

When she came near me I distinctly heard my own name and that of Count Gianotti, who had procured

me my introduction, so I knew that her Majesty was being prompted. I was astonished, however, at the memory she showed, asking me about Mr. Marsh, our former minister, and American literature; inquiring how long I should stay in Rome, whether or not I found much time to write, etc., all in the most gracious manner and in excellent English. After she had passed on the Marchioness Villamarina came back and said to me, "We shall hope to see you on Thursday evening; and as I know you have an engagement this evening, her Majesty regards it as proper for all who wish to take their leave to do so, or at any rate to be seated."

This was most thoughtful; so, after seeing her lovely Majesty go the rounds of our room and pass in to another, we left for a ball which was given for some charity by the princesses, where we met a most distinguished set of Roman dignitaries.

On Thursday came the court ball. Fortunately my dress was released by the snows and the custom-house, and I had the pleasure of attending two of those really delightful royal functions—a court ball at the Quirinal.

There is something home-like and *caressante* about the Queen, even in her hours of state; she is always a beautifully dressed person, and wears the most magnificent jewels, but she still seems, in spite of her rank, near and dear. Her smile is infinitely charming and sympathetic. When she entered the ballroom leaning on the arm of the King and preceded by Count Gianotti, who was the prefect of the palace, and all her ladies and gentlemen—a truly royal cortège—we all stood up, and waited as she ascended a little dais under a royal *baldacchino*. She bowed five times—first to the ambassadors, then to the senate, then to the army, then to

the Roman nobility, and finally to all of us, her guests; and she did it with such grace and smiling amiability that she became one of us. Then Gianotti formed the royal quadrille, through which she walked with Baron Keudal, the dean of the diplomatic corps. The King will not dance; he says he feels "like a fish out of water at a ball!" Poor King! But he stands around, looking very kingly; occasionally speaking to a lady, but generally talking to an officer who is on duty near him. The most democratic, kindly, simple, but grand little man, with a noble head and face, and as full of courage as a lion.

Royalty retired before supper, but we were taken into an exceedingly grand room, where we had a most inviting supper. I remember eating a truffle which was as large as a potato and very black. I was told by the Marquis della Stuffa that they were from the forests where the King hunted the wild boar, and were rooted out by his dogs. The housekeeping at the Quirinal is excellent. One of the marks of the almost village-like character of Rome was shown by the fact that after these balls the bonbons and delicacies left over are sent around to the court. I remember eating, at one of Countess Gianotti's dinners, some wild boar which the King had shot, and seeing, at another house, a magnificent bird pie which had come from the Quirinal.

The only house, I think, where the King and Queen visited was that of Baron Keudal, the German Ambassador. There were some reasons of state why they should do so. I was very glad to have been invited to this ball and to have seen the Queen, who made herself delightfully genial and agreeable, speaking to many ladies and walking about generally. After her depart-

ure there seemed to be an end of everything. She took the gayety with her.

I went to another ball at the Quirinal, and to one at the English Embassy, and to one at the house of Prince Orsini, head of the "Blacks," the Pope's first subject; dinners and teas innumerable.

There came into my life just then the English "Hugh Conway," or Ferdinand J. Fargus, who wrote *Called Back*, a novel which had such a spurt of popularity that it made him rich in a day. He and his wife were singularly nice young English people, who talked much of their children, and I used to enjoy having them come to dine and spend the evening with me. I remember him at the great ball at the English Embassy, and he told me it was the first grand ball he had ever seen. They left, went to Naples, where he caught the fever; however, he got better, and wrote me a long, beautiful letter, which I have still. Then he had a relapse and died. This letter was sent to me by his wife, with the afflicting enclosure, "He is dead! he is dead!"

With Mrs. Carson I used to go to the galleries, where she sat copying pictures, and where she told me (for she was an inimitable *raconteur*) the stories of Roman life. She was in a great trouble always about Miss Brewster, with whom she had a feud, for she had her own favorites, and those who were not such. She told me much about the fine old, witty, blind Duke of Sermonota, whom at one time all Rome thought she would marry. That man of infinite accomplishments, of whom some one said it was a great good fortune to him that he was blind, for it gave him time to read his own mind, was the most famous man in Rome as a wit and an art critic.

It was this witty duke who wrote the squibs which

Marforio presented to the Roman world every morning—that sort of secret telegraph of what everybody thought yet no one dared to say. They had to move Marforio's gossip away, because it grew too severe, and told, alas! too many truths about Church and State.

The galleries of the Palazzo Borghese, with Mrs. Carson and Mr. Terry as cicerones, was again an opening of the fountains of memory and of reading. In my youth no traveller ever came home from Europe, especially from Rome, without bringing copies of its famous masterpieces. The splendid portrait of Cæsar Borgia by Brouzino, Domenichino's "Carmen Sybil," Correggio's "Danaë," with the Cupids shaping arrows; Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," "David and Goliath," "Christ and the Mother of Zebedee's Children," were old friends; but there was plenty else to see that had not come to Boston. Much remains in Rome uncopied.

To study this gallery with Mrs. Carson was a liberal education, and then to go home with her to a dinner, in the Via Quattro Fontane, and to eat dishes prepared by her Italian cook, the husband of Esterina, her maid, to whom she had once given this advice: "Go and marry a cook, Esterina, and be sure you marry a good cook." Esterina had obeyed her mistress. She gave me truly Roman dishes.

In my visits to the Vatican I had the great good fortune to fall in with James Jackson Jarvis, a distinguished art critic, who had lived and studied art in Italy for twenty years. He saved me those enormously long walks one takes who is exploring, and took me directly to the gems, and to his family, who were devout Catholics, while to Monsignor Cataldi I owed the little I saw of the Papal Court and the ceremonials in the Sistine

Chapel. But the Pope was very busy that winter, and I did not have the honor of kissing his hand.

I stayed in Rome through the "Christian year"—from before Christmas until after Easter—and tasted all varieties of the Roman climate. It was a very fine winter, beginning with some remarkable rains, which caused an overflow of the Tiber, which is, I believe, always a guarantee of good weather later. People went out to Tre Fontane on a boat, and the Apollo Theatre was not approachable for a week; but as the flood subsided it became very warm and serene—charming weather for excursions to Albano and Tivoli.

My friends the Osgood-Fields took me from their beautiful apartment in the Colonna Palace into the splendid gallery and garden of that noted place, and I began to study the Roman garden. How the Banksia roses fell in cataracts over the wall! how select were those terraces, and how aristocratic those old ilex trees! how proudly pompous the firs! What a union of old marbles and young flowers! Here the present coquetted with the past. A lion with open mouth would be audaciously embraced by an undismayed honeysuckle, and violets would half cover the feet of a Roman senator.

They were golden afternoons when we drove on the Pincian Hill to see the Queen flashing by with her scarlet liveries, or when we picked anemones in the Pamphili Doria. There was never *diem perdidi* to write in our journal. It was all success, and then came in my last best piece of good fortune. Lord Houghton and Lady Galway had come early to my hotel and added immensely to my pleasure. They had known Rome as boy and girl. Lady Galway told me she had gone to her first ball in the Barberini Palace in the old days of Papal magnificence, that splendor which she always re-

gretted. I can hardly speak of these two dear friends, they were so kind to me. Lord Houghton took me to the grave of Keats, and told me to write in my journal that I had stood with him by those precious ashes. It was the 8th of March, and the grass was full of violets. He said, "If I had died in Egypt, as I ought to have done, I should have been laid here by his side, and then Keats would have been defended by his biographer on one side and the man who painted his portrait and soothed his dying pillow [Severn] on the other."

To meet Lord Houghton in Mr. Story's studio while he was sitting for his bust was a most historical experience. The famous poet and man of society, Richard Monckton Milnes, did not lose his greatness when he became Lord Houghton. His kind heart, his genial temperament, kept him a boy to the last. His sister, Lady Galway, who adored him, always called him "Dickey," and used to prompt us to make him read his own verses and even to write them.

"Now, write Mrs. Sherwood a valentine, Dickey," said she, on February 14, 1885.

And I added my entreaties; so that evening came down-stairs this pretty trifle:

"A lettered lady of New York demands
A poem from old Yorkshire's trembling hands;
Herself impervious to the touch of time,
She thinks he can repeat his early rhyme.
He might as well endeavor to recall,
Amid this foolish pomp of carnival,
The ancient triumph of the Roman brave,
The simple clown and moralizing slave;
Rebind the ancient bond of grace and awe,
Virgilian metres and Justinian law.
No! 'mid the din forget that grand repose,
And rest content with Italy—and prose!"

This was not bad poetry for a man of eighty. This last sonnet of Lord Houghton was read at every dinner in Rome that spring. I told Mr. Story the day would be incomplete unless I also secured a valentine from him, and he sent me the following graceful verses.

"A VALENTINE.

"A rhythmic cadence all the livelong night
Has moved within me as I sleepless lay—
Now like a song that from some bending spray
A glad bird carols quick, and then takes flight;
Now to a dancing measure, gay and bright;
Now to a serious strain, as sad and gray
As the cold breath of morning ere the day
Has fused the horizon with its earliest light.
For while I dreamed I ever sang to thee,
Whom this glad morning makes my Valentine,
And, borne along a dim ideal sea,
Our spirits sailed to music far and fine.
But now the day has come, the dreaming done,
And of those songs to thee I have not one.

"W. W. Story.

"*Feb.* 14, 1885."

The recumbent statue of Cleopatra in the clay lay in the studio. "It must be like talking to the woman you love to work on that clay," said Lord Houghton. This interview was one of the many pleasures I owed to Story. But he was at his best, this variously gifted man, in taking me to some half-ruined temple or some old villa, or to the unearthing of some antique square, where he would point out a statue which had once been colored, or a mozaic floor, and dilate on the magnificence of the old Roman life. He would point out to me how a wide corridor and gallery adorned with marble statues had led into a spacious atrium, and we would try to fill it with Livia and her maidens. "Oh,"

said he, "how can frivolous people walk over a dead city, under their feet, without a stir at the heart?"

The Campagna was, however, his dream and his delight; next best he loved the Trastevere quarter, where some old Roman traits still linger. He objected to the absence of costume, of old shows like the cardinals' carriages, the dying out of the Befana at Christmas; he sought out the Piffarari and wrote down their songs. He bewailed the nineteenth century in Rome.

I have letters from Lord Houghton dating back to 1869, when he had entertained us at breakfast with many distinguished people. Indeed, so famous was he for these breakfasts that Lady Galway, on being asked if a certain murderer was to be hanged that day, answered, "Yes, unless he is breakfasting with Dickey!"

It was charming to hear the brother and sister quarrel over politics, Lady Galway being a great Tory. "My sister's political belief is founded on profound ignorance," he would say.

"Well, Dickey, what yours is founded on no man can tell," she responded.

They had been in Italy in their youth, went to their first ball there, and both spoke Italian perfectly. To them I owe my sight of a princely family with whom they were intimate at home. It was a replica of Sarascenesca.

Some day I may publish these letters of Lord Houghton. They are worthy of Horace Walpole, and full of the most witty *mots* and anecdotes of the royal family back to George IV., and of the aristocracy of Great Britain.

Whoever it was that allowed the nineteenth century to enter Rome committed an irretrievable blunder. The practical commonplace century makes but a poor show

here compared with his earlier brethren. They have all left something wonderful to see — the Coliseum, the Fountain of Trevi, the Pantheon, the Forum, the Capitol, the Column of Trajan, many a nameless ruin, many a temple of the gods, many a palace and garden, many a lofty church—while the nineteenth century has nothing to offer but the Via Nazionale, a commonplace street of a fourth-rate French town. An iconoclasm equal to—nay, far greater than—that of Haussmann, this stucco street takes its broad impertinence through the wrecks of old palaces. Sad but inevitable law of change! The modern Goth called Improvement goes about swinging his stick and hammers his way through the splendid work of ages. Time, the prince of sculptors, leaves beautiful ruins behind him, with the pathos of gray hairs hanging about them; but improvement makes a botchy work of it—such ruin as a fool makes. Such noble rooms, such splendid frescoes, such picturesque balconies, go at every sweep of the architect's pencil! I look upon the advent of the nineteenth century in Rome with the deepest disdain, and yet I fear the young giant is indifferent to my contempt. But there is one old institution that still does as his sovereign will suggests. No emperor or king, nor even century, can affect the Tiber; he still is sluggish or angry as he pleases. We have seen him in a boiling rage. The sirocco melted an avalanche up in the mountains, and sent the old monarch down to Rome with trees and rocks in his foaming embrace, and wildly did he invade even the Pantheon, where Victor Emanuel lies, while the monks muttered prayers and said masses for the repose of his soul. The angry water-spirits came to that service, but they stopped their din, as if they too had respected—as all Rome did—the *Rè Galantuomo.* Three days and

nights of incessant rain were added to this avalanche, and the Rivetta became flooded. We were asked to go to the Apollo Theatre, but the street in front of it became impassable, so the very poor opera of *Lakmé* was abandoned. The great bridge of St. Angelo seemed to be almost imperilled. The lower part of the Ghetto was flooded and its human rats swept out. The Via della Lungara was flooded, and the whole of the new Tiber embankment from Ponte Sisto to the Ponte Quatro Capi was under water. To one who knows Rome, even slightly, these geographical landmarks will show what a sudden and dangerous rise was that of the turbulent river. This was on the 13th of January, 1885. To-day, the 20th, the waters have subsided; a rich Roman sunshine bathes the city, the once flooded spot extending from near the Vicolo San Giacomo to the Palazzo Borghese is dry, and the human rats have crept back to their holes. The tramontana, a cold wind from the mountains, has swept the streets dry.

The discomfort of even rich Italians seems to us great, and we admire most those Roman palaces into which has crept something of American conveniences. We rejoice on coming across carpets, Franklin stoves, furnaces, wood fires, and easy-chairs, even Boston rocking-chairs. Then we begin to appreciate the frescoes, the immense and splendid rooms, and the vastness of it all, for nothing on this earth built for the habitation of man was ever so vast as an old Italian palace, or so noble! The rich and the poor together always look cold. The poor are always ragged and dirty, in very picturesque clothes, and on their poor shoes lies the earth of the Lacustrine period. And yet what a privilege it is to be even a beggar in Rome! I thought so when at St. Peter's I heard Cardinal Howard sing the

mass on St. Peter's Day. He is a splendid, great life-guardsman, seven feet high, I should think, with the proud English upper lip of his proud English race—these Howards to whom Pope paid a noble compliment:

> "What can ennoble fools, or sots, or cowards?
> Alas, not all the noble blood of all the Howards!"

Cardinal Howard is a stately prince of the Church, and most admired by the English ladies here, who, it is said, kiss the hem of his garments. He wears very handsome garments for them to kiss. On the occasion of this splendid ceremony the choir of the Sistine Chapel answered antiphonally the choir of the cathedral. The famous tenors sang their best, and so did the sopranos of St. John Lateran; and no such music was ever heard in all the world outside of Rome. In front of me stood two little beggar brothers, no covering on their curly heads. They were enraptured with the music, as they well might be, and shamed my Protestant coolness by kneeling and crossing themselves in the right places. They were very much in my way, and they smelt of poverty and garlic; but I envied them—for they can always see this Rome, while I must leave it. I gave them a small copper tribute of respect, and of gratitude that they had taught me how rich a beggar might be. They rewarded me with a smile Raphael might have coveted, and a compliment in Italian, far sweeter than anything I have ever heard in English.

We went the next day to hear a grand funeral mass in honor of the Duchess Torlonia. The church, St. Lorenzo in Lucino, was draped in black and gold, and all the Roman aristocracy were present. Several princesses of the Bonaparte family were there, and presented striking likenesses to that wonderful face of

Napoleon I. The music was again splendid, and we heard the renowned tenor of the Sistine Chapel, whose fame is European.

Perhaps one of the most famous days of sight-seeing was that which we gave to the Vatican Library, which, not being often shown to strangers, may be worthy of a few words of description. I received especial permission from Monsignor Cataldi, and we were taken there by a chamberlain of the Pope, who was able with this important card to obtain entrance for us to the rooms, and access to the rarely seen manuscripts. It is a wonderful series of rooms, magnificently frescoed, and containing the gifts of sovereigns. These rooms are rich in vases, tables of malachite, statues, columns of Oriental alabaster, *objets d'art*, everything to admire and to examine. Even the Sèvres vase, a wonderful object of beauty, in which the poor little Prince Imperial of France was baptized, stands there a sad memorial of his vicissitudes.

But it is for the number, rarity, and importance of its manuscripts that the Vatican Library is famous. Here is the largest and most precious of collections of important palimpsests. We saw one famous manuscript, deciphered by Cardinal Angelo Mai, which contains the *De Republica* of Cicero, the discourse of St. Augustine upon the Psalms, and fragments of Terence of the fourth century; it is believed to be the most ancient manuscript in existence. In the same room we were permitted to see an autograph letter of poor Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII., the book of Henry VIII. against Luther, the manuscript autographs of Petrarch and Torquato Tasso, with miniatures by Perugino, and so on—the richness is interminable. The present Pope throws open the vast treasures of the library (under certain re-

strictions) to scholars of repute who bring him accredited proofs of their sincere desire to use these privileges for the purposes of history.

I stopped before an extremely rich case of illuminated manuscripts, where I found the vignettes of one now attributed to Raphael, and also of another ascribed to Dante, written on and commented upon by Boccaccio; also the breviary of Mathias Corvinus, the last king of Hungary; the famous Bible of the fourth century; the sermons of the monk Jerome, with miniatures; and songs and prayers in the Japanese characters. Around me stood the ages in this vast and noble compartment, this grand gallery of the Vatican Library. Here one may see the gift of Francis I. to Pius VII., a magnificent writing-table filled with precious stones, the vase of sculptured alabaster sent by Mehemet Ali, the great lamp of malachite given by Nicholas of Russia to the Church of St. Paul, the vases offered by Charles X. to Leo XII., the marbles of Labrador, the porcelains of Berlin, the golden candelabra, and superb rocks of crystal imbedded in wrought bronze. As I turned to look at another *garde-manuscrits* I saw the Acts of the Apostles, written in gold, the gift of the Queen of Cyprus to Innocent VIII.; the *Come Égyptien;* the *Chase of the Falcon*, written by the Emperor Frederick; the *Life of the Countess Matilda*, with miniatures; and so on, until the mind and the eye could take in no more. We had a little adventure as we were about wandering off into one of the galleries. A mass of moving color appeared in the distance, and our friend the chamberlain, in affright, remarked, "The Holy Father." It was the Pope, in his sedan-chair, with the Swiss guard about him, being taken to a private door whence he descends to his carriage. The sedan-chair and its

bearers were all in bright crimson, the Swiss guard in yellow, black, and red; so the whole procession was a picture as we saw it in the long gray vista. We were hastily summoned to retire, and the gaudy pageant was shut out from our view by the ground-glass doors. We were permitted, however, to take a peep at the vanishing carriage which conveyed the "Prisoner of the Vatican" around the noble Vatican gardens. These gardens, a park in themselves, are beautiful indeed, with their orange and lemon trees in full bearing, their eternal green, their avenues of box, their lakes, swans, and artificial fountains. The old statuary gleams amid the ilex trees, and the long avenues, planned by Palladio, and afterwards copied at Versailles, need but the beauty of Lucretia Borgia to make them the perfect picture of the luxury and the elegance of the past. They are lovely now, and sad.

We were permitted, after seeing the library, to enter the Appartement Borgia, a suite of chambers added to the Vatican by Pope Alexander VI., and we saw the window where the famous Lucretia sat and played on the mandolin. These rooms are filled with old statues and books, but are chiefly interesting for their frescoes, which are world-renowned. Most of them are by Pinturicchio and his pupils. These noble works, the despair of modern artists, are the best remnants of that richest moment of Italian art, and, if we except the unapproachable works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, are, perhaps, the best frescoes in the world. The subjects are Scriptural, metaphorical, historical, fanciful, and can only be alluded to here; but the treatment is beyond anything graceful, refined, and beautiful. These six splendid rooms are now damp and dreary. They do not enjoy that priceless Roman blessing, the morn-

ing sun—a strange oversight for a Borgia to have made. They are, however, the most interesting rooms in the Vatican to the student of history and romance, breathing as they do the spirit of that handsome, tasteful, and wicked race who wreathed their cups of poison with the loveliest flowers, and who committed their awful crimes with a grand and picturesque refinement. Indeed, a human skeleton was found here enveloped in a delicate shroud of carved alabaster—a curious and emphatic allegory of this set of rococo murderers who carried good taste even into Hades.

From the Borgias to the Queen is an agreeable transition. Charming as she is, driving through the grounds of the Villa Borghese with her scarlet liveries, "making sunshine in a shady place," she is not free from insult, even in public, from the "Blacks." Certain princesses of the "Black" (or ultra-Catholic) party refuse to rise when she enters the theatre — even when all the audience stand and the national march is played. At a representation of *Lakmé*, followed by a ballet, which we attended before the flood—that is, before the Tiber rose and closed the doors of the Apollo Theatre—it happened that the ballet did not please the taste of the Italian audience. It was a story founded on one of Hoffman's fairy tales of those mechanical toys who suddenly become human, and of a dancing-girl who in turn becomes a mechanical doll. A very admirable dancer named Giura was interpreting this somewhat tedious process as well as she could; but the Roman audience, as cruel now as in the days of the gladiators, hissed, whistled, stamped, piped, and halloed in a most insulting manner. It was considered also a great affront to the Queen thus to ignore her presence, which should have protected the actress from insult.

We were fortunate to have driven out to San Paolo fuori le Mura before the Tiber rose. It is now all under water. It is a most desolate site on the Campagna, and is considered unhealthy. Yet it is where St. Paul was buried, and the original basilica, burned in 1823, was famous for its beauty. The present edifice, which has cost $40,000,000, is uninteresting in spite of its magnificence. We drove thence to the Tre Fontani, where the springs of fresh water attest to the miraculous three leaps of St. Paul's head after it was cut off. Here are some wonderful old frescoes found at Ostia, and a fine Domenichino. The neighboring fields are planted with the eucalyptus tree, whose growth has so much improved the health of the Campagna. The monks distil an admirable cordial from the eucalyptus which is said to be a sovereign preventive of malaria, and we purchased a bottle, besides taking a glass of it. It has a bitter taste, like quinine, and is not at all unpleasant. It defends the weakness of the man, while the eucalyptus sucks the poison from the wounded earth. Yesterday, while driving down the Via Nazionale (the new street decreed by the tasteless municipal government, to which I have already alluded, and which has destroyed many noble monuments, both of the Renaissance and also of an earlier period), we were met by the tramontana, the cold successor of the sirocco. Anything more like a Boston east wind no one ever felt, and as we reached a commanding point of view in our drive we saw much snow on the distant mountains. We have not enjoyed the sight of a French or English (much less an American) newspaper for three days, and hear that both ends of the Mont Cenis Tunnel are blocked with snow. It is cold in Rome, but still ladies pick handfuls of violets and anemones in the grounds of the Pamphili

Doria, and drive, well wrapped, all the sunlighted hours of the day. In these strains did I write home to my friends, who were enjoying a beautifully mild winter in America. In all my European journeys I have had fine weather. This especial winter in Rome, 1884–5, was, after this little episode, a well-remembered example of fine weather; and even in England, land of fogs and rain, I have enjoyed five seasons of almost uninterrupted sunshine, having never seen but one London fog.

CHAPTER XV

The Queen's Jubilee—London in Gala Dress—The Queen's Garden Party—A Dash into Holland and the Low Countries—Dikes and Ditches — Picture-galleries and Windmills—Rotterdam and Amsterdam — The Zuyder Zee and a Day at Marken — Forgotten Bruges and Prosperous Ghent—Antwerp and The Hague—Ostend the Frivolous.

To go to Westminster Abbey to see a Queen celebrate her fiftieth anniversary as a sovereign was enough to make the London season of 1887 a memorable one to me.

The Abbey, like all ecclesiastical structures of that kind (for it was once the Palace of Westminster), has a certain double sentiment pervading and controlling all its arrangements. Its sacerdotal and its royal character are inseparable. One thinks of the great stream of coronations which have flowed on unchecked from 1050 to 1887. It is filled with a great army of dead kings. Royal fingers touch it everywhere, from the simple altar which the Confessor reared to his God to the florid chapel which Henry VII. built in his enthusiasm for himself. Queen Matilda, Edward III., Richard II., Elizabeth, Henry V., Mary (Bloody Mary), poor, beautiful Mary of Scotland, James I., Charles II., prosaic Anne, George II.—they each revive a memorable age, and their united requiem swells the music which dies away under yonder groined roof.

It is a great place to see every day. What was it not on the Jubilee day!

Eight millions of people walked London streets on that great day. I saw the procession from the Hôtel Métropole, near to the spot where Charles I. lost his head, opposite Charing Cross Station, with a distant view of Christopher Wren's seven churches, the Obelisk (silent reminder of the mutability of kings), the Thames Embankment, and the Houses of Parliament. What a splendid view!

First the crowd, black, endless, a surging sea, and the soldiers forming a living wall to assist the police to keep back the crowd. Many a fainting woman was taken out of the press and borne across to the open space. Then the music, the march of endless soldiers and sailors, the gay uniforms, the splendid equipages.

And after that the royal princesses and the royal children; the Indian princes, reckless in jewels, turbans, and splendid robes; the procession of princes, the Queen's sons; and a glorious figure all in white, on a black horse —something out of Albrecht Dürer—the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor Frederick. This was the prettiest, the most gallant sight of all. Then came the Queen in an open carriage drawn by six cream horses, whose manes and tails were particularly opulent. A sneerer said that they were false. These ponies are all of a breed which is raised in Hanover for the Queen's own use.

Opposite the Queen sat the Princess of Wales and the Empress Frederick, and by her side was a huge bouquet with the letter A in red flowers on a white background, a tribute to the late Prince Consort. She is not a beauty, this gracious Queen, but on that day she looked her royal part. She was dressed in white and black lace, with some diamonds in her bonnet, which looked not unlike a crown. She bowed to right and left with a

swaying motion, which, I heard later on, made her very ill. There was an absurd rumor that dynamite bombs might be thrown at her from the roofs by anarchists, but she got through the day without an accident; and in all those eight millions of sight-seers only one man was killed, and he by the kick of a horse.

In the evening the illuminations were splendid. Everything but St. Paul's was lighted up, and that showed its great black mass to perfection against the glare of electrical light. It was like the street of a thousand flowers in *Vathek*, something supernatural.

The reception which her Majesty gave to thirty thousand school-children in Hyde Park was the next glorious day for the public. These dear little, laughing, healthy English children, the visitors of the Future coming to greet the Past, were most affecting. Their songs, their cheers, made the tears rain down the face of the Queen. They were royally treated to the games, cakes, and toys peculiarly fitted to their youth, and the arrangements were made with such excellent foresight that even a hospital tent was provided where nurses and doctors stood ready with Jamaica ginger and camphor for the little jubilant who had found cakes, pies, and oranges one too many for him.

The whole scene as the Queen, in her barouche, dressed in a purple velvet robe and white bonnet, swept under that gorgeous message of welcome, "Welcome, Queen-mother and friend!"—embroidered on a golden flag, and stretched across from two Venetian poles—was most singularly impressive and grand.

When that "good chap" the Prince of Wales descended from his carriage, and taking a little girl, whose name was Florence Dunn, presented her to the Queen, to receive the Jubilee cup, for "excellent scholarship,"

the shouting was tremendous. One feared that so much applause would make Florence Dunn a little prig forever, but she looked very modest and pretty.

London was very handsome in its red trimmings. Every shade of red, from ruby to magenta, from scarlet to crimson, was used in the decorations. If this joyous pigment is sunshine incarnate, as some painters say, it was what the old gray city always needs, and these Jubilee decorations were most becoming. From that great edifice and memorial of English history, the Tower of London, to Westminster Abbey, to Buckingham Palace, even to the Temple Church, still in its original beauty, down the busy Strand, and through Regent Street, the leagues of historical buildings along the Thames, the various palaces and towers, the houses of the great people—all London was beauty. The mighty ports and docks and bridges of that great river, as profoundly historic as those of the Rhine or the Tiber, fluttered with the royal colors. Flags flew from every coign of vantage.

In the parks, summer kept up the scheme of decoration with roses and azaleas and rhododendrons. It was a worthy sight from Charing Cross to South Kensington.

I was amazed to be invited out much on Sunday. A very great change has come over England in this respect since I saw it first. Even Thackeray was criticised for "allowing a man to have harmless pleasure when he had done his worship on Sunday," showing what the Sunday of his time was. The fashionable classes in London in the years 1884–88 gave breakfasts and lawn-tennis parties of a Sunday afternoon, and drives to the country were fashionable; there were also very many dinners in town, Sunday parades in Hyde Park,coach drives of clubs: the drags assembled at Hampton Court, Richmond, etc. I heard that there were con-

certs and theatrical performances; I never went to any of them, so I cannot say, but I quote a writer of the day: "In the days of George III. and Queen Charlotte, when every one went to church to be bullied and thumped into heaven by threats and fears, Sunday parties were much more in vogue, not only in private houses, but in public rooms. Now that we are not driven into heaven, but allowed to find it our own way, our merriment of Sunday is less outrageous."

But all this is "society's" Sunday. The majority of Londoners of the middle class still keep to their chapels, churches, gardens, and homes; it is a beautifully quiet and respectable day in the London suburbs. It is true that people seek the fresh air, couples go out on their bicycles, immense numbers of pedestrians are turning out towards the parks, and there is a great deal of movement, but it is decorous and becoming. It is one of the distinctions of New York that it is also a Sunday-keeping city. We of the small contingent of the Anglo-Saxon race are the only people who observe the Lord's day in this fashion.

I had been to a state concert and to a state ball, and I supposed my chances of seeing Buckingham Palace again were very small, when I received an unexpected invitation to the garden party in the park behind Buckingham Palace, opened by the Queen for the first time in eighteen years. Curiously enough, I had been in London on that first occasion, and had looked through my opera-glass from the windows of Buckingham Palace Hotel down into its gay crowds; but then I had not been presented, so was not eligible to an invitation.

It was a beautiful scene, and I think the glance down that stately staircase, at the foot of which stood a group of the Indian princes who had come over for the

Jubilee, was one of the handsomest things I had ever seen.

Why should it not be. And then the back of the palace (never seen by Londoners except on such an occasion) is so beautiful; the magnificent trees, the velvet turf, the ornamental little lakes—each with a boatful of well-dressed people sailing up and down—the whole lawn dotted with fashionably attired people, and everywhere scarlet coats and uniforms and orders!

Presently a gentleman said to me, "Come this way." I did so, and found we were making a live alleyway for the Queen to walk down. She arrived at one of the great gates in royal state—four horses to her carriage, the Scotch servants behind, and a group of outriders—and was received by all her children, who walked with her through this living lane. They were all chatting and laughing, and bowing right and left as they followed the royal pipers, who always precede the Queen.

She stopped, as she came near me, to speak to and kiss the Maharajah Kueh Behar, who is a pretty little Indian princess, as brown as a berry, dressed in her native costume. She and her husband are very independent, advanced Indians who have been educated in England.

I noticed, as she spoke to this little lady, how very pretty is the Queen's smile. She has little teeth, not set close together, but very white, and this smile makes her face almost handsome.

The prince walked with her, his handsome wife having preceded him. The royalties, having promenaded around the ground, then separated and helped to entertain the company. We were asked to enter the tents, under which refreshments were offered, and I remember that somebody who seemed to be host or hostess came

and talked to me when I had temporarily lost my party. I think there must have been five thousand people present.

Standing by a window, but not allowed to speak, was the Crown Prince Frederick, already entering upon those weary days of agony that were to end his noble life.

This party caused much jealousy among the Americans, as Mr. Phelps had the right to but few entrances, and five hundred wanted to see it; and naturally, for it was the climax of the Jubilee entertainments.

Here come in the hardships of a minister's life. Now that we send ambassadors, I hope that they either will have more cards for these court festivities or that they will not be so accessible. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps were immensely popular, full of tact, and as kind as they could be, but they were very discriminating and perfectly firm; indeed, they could not yield. But imagine a man with only forty invitations to give out and all the United States desiring them!

The last that I shall describe of the public festivities was a drive to Windsor Castle and in the Park, to see the Queen lay the corner-stone of the statue to Prince Albert—the Woman's Jubilee offering to her Majesty.

My friend the Hon. Mrs Wellesley invited me down to her cottage at Hough, near Windsor, to pass a day or two, and we drove to the castle, where Mrs. Wellesley had lived twenty-seven years as one of the Queen's household, the wife of Dean Wellesley, the Queen's confidential friend. I saw that inner quadrangle and the houses of the present dean, also the chapel erected to the Prince Consort, and the beautiful cenotaph of the Prince Imperial of France, that poor boy who fell in Zululand. He lies in the chapel of the Edsalls, and is sculptured as he fell, in the undress uniform of his corps.

It is a touching statue, and his last letter to the Queen is carved on the base.

Windsor Castle, which covers fifty acres of ground, is the most superb and interesting royal house in the world to me; and to see it thus intimately, and to catch a glimpse of that life which surrounds the sovereign, was most interesting and unusual. It is a village in stone, and I believe contains, with all its appanage, four thousand people. After taking tea with the wife of the present dean we drove to South Park to see the corner-stone laid for the statue to the Prince Consort. We found many people there, and saw Mrs. Gladstone courtesying to Prince Christian, and all the ladies of the committee standing around the beginning of the work; also an old woman who had walked from Scotland to see the Jubilee. Then came the royal cortège. The Queen, with four horses and postilions, escorted by the Guards, entered with a sweep; and a dozen or so ladies and gentlemen following in carriages and on horseback made a pretty sight. The princes and the Crown Prince of Germany, Marquis of Lorne, and Prince Henry of Battenberg all wore the Windsor livery, which I thought not pretty.

The Queen alighted from her carriage and, followed by her daughters, walked about to speak to people. She shook hands with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and with many others. She greeted many people cordially, then crossed over to the old woman who had walked from Scotland and greeted her so cordially that the old woman began to talk. Then she (the Queen) curled her royal lip and walked on.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone was very short, and then the Dean of Westminster asked the school-children present (some six hundred) to sing "Old

Hundred" and "God save the Queen." He said there was nothing so dear to the Queen as the voices of her subjects.

Half of them sang Old Hundred and the other half "God save the Queen," and the effect was not musical. I fear the Queen did not on that occasion like the voices of her subjects.

It was on my return from the Queen's garden party, I think, that I received a delightful and unexpected invitation to accompany some friends to Holland.

There are some days which are the seed-pods of destiny. We look back on them as landmarks. I regard this day as one of my best seed-pods. I fell in with friends who were the perfection of kindness and devotion. They loved art, and were indeed the most satisfactory of connoisseurs. Together we spent three delightful weeks in Belgium and Holland, a journey which, made as we made it—from Dover to Calais on one of the splendid new steamers, and thence to Brussels—is as easy as going from New York to Newport, and one from which the most delicate invalid need not shrink. The only hot and dusty ride we had in a summer unprecedented for heat and drought was on the 14th of August, from Brussels to Paris. But that was only the end of a charming trip. Let me advise every one to take this trip who has not already enjoyed the Low Countries. At Brussels one sees the Flemish school in all its native beauty and charm: Van Eyck and Bueghel, Van der Weiden, Philip de Champagne, Bacheerele and De Heem, all engaged our attention. In the Musée Moderne is a fine collection of modern Belgian art. An exquisite old bit is Notre Dame de Chapelle, founded in 1134, with a most elegant choir and nave, and of course the glorious town-hall. And how exquisite the drives

through the Bois de la Cambre leading to the Forest of Soignies, whence one pierces the dark recesses of the forest, or winds down in grassy slopes to glades in the miniature valleys below, and surprises the wood-nymphs at the fountain.

The only trouble about Brussels was that we were thinking of Antwerp and Amsterdam and Ghent and Bruges, and we hardly gave the beautiful Belgian Paris as much attention as it deserved. However, we kept coming back to it, and found it always delightful; a comfortable, pretty, and healthy city of four hundred thousand inhabitants—under Leopold, most cultivated of kings—and certainly not a bad place to live in.

However, our dash into Holland, after the furor and fever heat of the Jubilee, was like taking a swim at Long Beach after the heat of a day in New York. It looked so green and so cool, and was so still and calm. Some wit said that after this life was ended he hoped he should come into existence again as a cow, for he thought cows were always taken care of and always in pleasant places. Certainly if I must be a cow when I appear again on this earth, after the Pythagorean theory, I hope I shall be a Holland cow, for of all animals it is the most to be envied. Holland is a land of intense paradox. It is quite impossible, but it is there. It is a house built in the sand, which stands for ages; it is tied together with wisps of straw, for, as everybody knows, artificial dikes of earth and reeds protect the spots where the sea is higher than the land. In no other country do the keels of the ships float above the chimneys, and nowhere else does the frog croaking from among the bulrushes look down upon the swallow on the house-tops. Where rivers take their course it is not through beds of their own choosing; they are com-

pelled to pass through canals, and are confined within fixed bounds by the stupendous mounds built by man. Here and nowhere else does the impetuous ocean obey the imperious command, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

The first thing we noticed were the windmills, most picturesque of objects. They seem to fill in one's longing for mountains, for something to look up to. These stolid Dutchmen have made the wind their slave, and not a breath of air passes over Holland without paying toll. These beautiful but peaceful giants, with whom Don Quixote fought, stand in crowds about the great cities, swinging their great impersonal arms, as if bidding defiance to the enemy. They weigh the cheeses, saw the timber, and drain the land. The wind counteracts the water, as both fought for the defence of Leyden. There are nine thousand windmills in Holland, and their annual service to the people is valued at eight millions of dollars.

These airy ministers redeem the landscape from insipidity, for it is to be feared the Dutchman loves straight lines, and there is a formal and methodical directness to his taste. Water, however, is a freakish imp, and cannot be commonplace; with its lights and shadows, its perpetual ripple, even a canal is beautiful. As we approached the larger bodies of water, like the Zuyder Zee, we were brimful of admiration for the opaline tints of sea and sky. It must be this which has made the Dutch such colorists, for their great painters rarely left Holland for their subjects.

I shall never forget the entrancing view of Rotterdam as we looked down on it from a railroad bridge. It seemed as if it were a bit of stage scenery. Hood calls it

"A sort of vulgar Venice,
Improve it if you can."

To me it was almost as beautiful as Venice, for the architecture, the canals, the trees, the vast crowd of masts, made it a poem. Had I not seen Amsterdam later on, I should have always thought Rotterdam peerless. We afterwards spent a day there, and were somewhat disillusioned, but we were delighted with the first picture. I cannot get over it. I must repeat myself: Rotterdam is beautiful.

But Amsterdam, with the river Amstel helping to give a lively current to its canals, with its patchwork of water streets, its long double rows of trees which seem endless, its palaces, its magnificent houses with machicolated roofs, and, above all, the quaint craft, the old Dutch galleons, with their shadowy sails, their fine brown color, their queer round outlines, their unending picturesqueness, is a paradise for the painter. It is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and I do not wonder that the artists have gone mad over it. Imagine having in front of your door a row of trees, then a broad beautiful river, then on the other side another row of tall elms, and on the bosom of the river the most quaint and most impressive of Dutch galleons, of that dark-brown color like old mahogany, for which Dutch ships and Dutch sails seem to have taken out a patent. Yes, a dozen of them, with families living on the ship. Even the family washing, which the boatman's wife hangs out, with an occasional red shirt, helps the picture. It is a dream of color and tender tones.

We spent several days at Amsterdam in order to see the unrivalled galleries, and to go to the Island of Marken, which is the very heart of Holland. We char-

tered a little steam-tug, put a luncheon on board, and steamed out into the Zuyder Zee. I can scarcely tell you how lovely the day was, and what a vision of the *Flying Dutchman* we had in the shadowy sails made on the herring craft, by their custom of hanging the nets up to the masts to dry. This was indeed a gobelin tapestry. When we arrived, after two hours, at Marken we found their herring fleet at anchor, each with a little pennant at the mast-head, delightfully pretty.

The Island of Marken is one of the great curiosities of Holland. Its fisherfolk have a picturesque costume which they have never changed. Probably a Marken man looks as he did when Charles V. visited the island. The women wear a cap with strange gold jewelry, and a blue petticoat, full plaited, with a bright jacket, full sleeves, and a kerchief neatly pinned. Even the little children wear this costume. The men wear knickerbockers, and have the loose shirt-collar fastened with most ornate buttons. We tried to buy a pair of these buttons, which are of solid gold and fine workmanship, but they would not sell them. They were making their hay as we visited them, and it was a pretty sight to see girls pushing the flat boats around with poles, from the sand-dunes and islets, which composed the group called Marken, to the one central point where the hay was piled. They have no fresh water on this island, but bring it daily from Amsterdam, as they do their bread. We saw them unlading the two necessaries of life from the Amsterdam boat and carrying them off in boats to their cottages. A life so amphibious would seem monotonous to us, but they love it as the Swiss does his mountains. No Marken man or maid will marry out of the town. The race is an aristocratic one.

The islanders are as healthy as possible, and one schoolmaster and one church supply them with two of the great necessities of this and the next world.

But Marken is sufficient unto itself. One young boy of nineteen, the only person on the island who could speak English, acted as our guide. He said he had been to California. This seemed to bring him near to us, and we found that the young Dutch sailor had clearly apprehended America as the golden land where fortunes were to be made; but his father had been drowned, and he was obliged to come back to take care of his widowed mother. From him we got many details of this strange sequestered spot, this queer human existence where one is satisfied with what one has, which is surely unique in our feverish nineteenth century. Our sail home through the delicious, invigorating salt sea air, our gliding into the canal, our excellent lunch on board, were highly appreciated. The vision of true Dutch life on the shores of the canal, the little visit to Broek, where the people are so offensively clean, made this a day to be marked with a white stone.

As for Dutch *cleanliness*, I must say it stops short of the person and the olfactories. Dutch bedrooms are not as we should say "aired"; "stuffy" is the word which I should use. The Marken peasants sleep in a sort of bunk, as they would on board ship. Indeed, their maritime habits have made them careless of what we consider a necessity of life, a good bed. In fact, I may say that I think the Americans are the only people who have good beds. I consider the American bedroom unparalleled for freshness, comfort, and cleanliness. It is worth going all over Europe in order to come home to one's own bed.

It was impossible not to be thrilled as we darted

over these placid waters with the recollection of the magnificent display of courage which their very volume has inspired. The arms of Zealand are a lion swimming, with the motto "I strive and keep my head above water." Imagine living in a country where, on the safe side of a dike, one hears the waves roaring ten or twelve feet above one's head. Etna or Vesuvius, the earthquake or the avalanche, is a safer neighbor. All Holland is hourly threatened with submersion. Watchmen are posted day and night to watch the line of threatened attack. The rise and fall of the tide are measured with perpetual anxiety. Chicago with the anarchists abroad was not more filled with danger than is Holland all the time. If the dike is suspected and a breach be apprehended a bulwark is built of rushes and earth with incredible rapidity. The whole of the Zuyder Zee was dry land in the thirteenth century. It is now water which has been pushed out to make room for land.

How proud we Americans should be of the admirable books Americans have written of the Dutch! Better than all comes up the memory of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* and the *History of the United Netherlands*. We see again old Van Tromp, with his broom at the mast-head; we see Admiral de Ruyter, brave old sailor, keeping the French at bay until his indomitable Dutchmen on shore have opened the sluiceways and flooded the polders. Anything but foreign tyranny! The Dutch cannot stand that.

The high cultivation of the fields and gardens, the beauty of the flowers and trees, the greenness of the grass, the compensation for flatness in the perfection of finish, struck us forcibly as we looked at the country about Amsterdam.

As for the old city itself, with its houses leaning forward at an angle which sometimes looked dangerous, with their old façades, carved in 1560, perhaps; with the iron crane and chain starting forward from the roof—how we wished New Amsterdam had preserved some of these quaint houses! Their insecurity of foundation does not seem to impair their solidity and safety. Within them what choice pictures we saw, what gleams of comfort and of a sober luxury!

The great gallery of pictures at Amsterdam is one of the sights of Europe, and is, I think, better arranged than almost any other gallery. Nothing can be more tiresome than to hear one describe pictures, but it is certainly a surprise to even the best-educated art student to see Rembrandt, Teniers, Jan Steen, Ostade, Gerard Dow, Maeris, Metzu, Paul Potter, Wouvermans, Vandervelde, and Cuyp on their own ground. There is a poetical imagination, a skilful management of light and shade, and an absolute perfection in their art of drawing which are beyond all praise. Their clearness and brilliancy of coloring and their portraits must be seen to be understood. Paintings of the highest excellence are in groups all over Holland. We studied them deeply and constantly, and left them, in despair at not being able to see the half.

All this great city—its houses, canals, and sluices—is founded on piles. As Erasmus used to say, "He had reached a city where the inhabitants lived like crows on the tops of trees." To keep the canals clean costs the city several thousand guilders daily. If it were not for the most skilful management Amsterdam would be submerged at any moment. It is one of the most wonderful and curious sights in all Europe. These water streets, with their picturesque craft reflecting the enormous and

beautiful trees on the bank, the splendor of the buildings, the air of comfort and of wealth, the Rhine vessels and Dutch coasters along the booms in front of the town, the ships of all nations in the Zuyder Zee, and a sort of general queerness and unlikeness to anything else, make Amsterdam eminently interesting. As I have said, half the houses tip forward at a most dangerous-looking angle, and we were told that in 1822 the enormous corn warehouses of the Dutch East India Company actually sank down into the mud; and not unnaturally, as they are said to contain seventy thousand bushels of corn! But we slept soundly, nor did we fear submergence. The water all looks clean and clear, and the beauty of these water streets is perfectly delicious. At a fine new hotel, called the Amstel, lives the famous Dr. Metzgar, the man who has cured the Empress Eugénie of her rheumatism.

The drives about Amsterdam are of course very limited, but we were never tired of going about the grand and lovely city and shopping at its quaint shops.

From here we went to Haarlem, its near neighbor, the delight of the rich Amsterdam merchant, and where the tulip is raised and sent as an article of commerce all over the world.

The paintings of Franz Hals are seen in Haarlem as nowhere else. One goes to Haarlem to hear the organ, see the tulips, and view the works of Franz Hals. This great painter is especially known for his portraits of Dutch burgomasters, but he has the exquisite finish of Meissonier in his small work. One wants to talk about the splendid defence of Haarlem against the Spaniards, but it is necessary to forbear.

The approach to Haarlem from Amsterdam is over causeways formed in fascines, held together with stakes

and wisps of straw. It is a prolonged Brooklyn Bridge built entirely in the sea. The churches in Holland are not especially beautiful. The civic architecture in the Low Countries is the beautiful thing. For public spirit and for charities Amsterdam is notable.

We visited Bruges and Ghent on our way back to Belgium, and enjoyed the paintings of Memling at Bruges. Nothing more quaint and pretty than Bruges can be seen. It is a dead town to-day, but oh! what spoils of the past! Once it was the Liverpool of the Middle Ages, rich and powerful when Antwerp and Ghent were nothing. Now the passing traveller finds a fair city worthy of its ancient fame. "The season of her splendor is gone by." The traveller must read Longfellow's poem and Motley's prose to appreciate Bruges.

But he goes to see the belfry of Bruges, the Cathedral, and Notre Dame, where are the wonderful tombs of Mary of Burgundy and of Charles the Bold. In the Hospital of St. John is the reliquary, or *châsse*, of St. Ursula, ornamented with Memling's wonderful paintings.

Ghent is another most interesting old town, and this favorite city of Charles V. is still prosperous. One cannot but remember the Battle of the Golden Spurs, between the burghers and the flower of the French chivalry, at Courtrai. It is a town full of memories. From 1297 to the end of the eighteenth century the men of Ghent were good fighters. There is a wonderful belfry tower here, monument of their wealth and power. The bells are all named. One is Rylandt, which bore the inscription, "I ring for birth, death, and marriage, to warn of flood and fire, and to call the citizen to defend his fatherland." Indeed, what a poetic story

might be made out of the bells of Ghent alone! Above all these towers in Ghent hangs the fine old bell Carolus, named from Charles V. It requires sixteen men to ring it, and is one of a set of chimes deliciously resonant and musical. They were more poetical than we, these old burghers; they had more time to be, although in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Ghent did a great deal of fighting. They could summon eighty thousand fighting-men in 1400, and the vast streams of population were so tumultuous that the people of the town kept their children in at meal-times for fear that they would be trodden down by the passing multitude. Now the bells ring at these same hours; but, alas! only a few nuns, a few beggars, a few old women, passed me as I sat looking up at the noble carved work of the Cathedral of St. Bavon. Its rich decorations, the objects which it contains, are a study for a lifetime. Here are ten masterpieces of the brothers Van Eyck. The beauty and grace of the "Virgin Mother" surpass even Raphael's pictures. Here, too, lie buried the painters Hubert Van Eyck and his sister Margaret—the great woman painter who loved her profession so well that she refused all offers of marriage, that she might devote herself to art.

In Ghent was born Charles V., and to the splendid inheritance of his grandmother, Mary of Burgundy, did he owe his immense empire. We saw her tomb at Bruges, a magnificent mausoleum in brass. There she lies, pretty little thing. She died at twenty-seven, and she lies with her little hands crossed in prayer, the golden link from Charles the Bold to the greater Charles V., and the wife of Maximilian. This illustrious heiress brought to the house of Austria a string of duchies, counties, and lordships quite incredible. Noth-

ing is left of her but the exquisite detail of her short, unselfish life and this noble tomb. She died of an accidental fall from her horse while out hunting with Maximilian, from whose loving eyes she concealed her hurt until death took her from him.

I think about twenty years' constant study and reflection might well be given to Ghent and Bruges. I wish all the foolish days of my life which I have spent at American watering-places thinking I was amused at five changes of dress a day, dinner-parties with the thermometer at 90°, etc., could have been given to Ghent and Bruges. What relics of a grand and poetical and useful race! What visions of history! What gems of art and architecture! Why, just one look at the Hôtel de Ville in Ghent, with its façade of richest flamboyant Gothic and one of its sides in the Italian Renaissance, is worth two balls at Delmonico's.

But I must remember that every one does not love old European towns as well as I do; also, I must remember that I once liked to dance as well as anybody. But when one is tired of dancing let him go to Ghent and think of Charles V. and the Duke of Alva.

The Grand Béguinage is a feature of Ghent. One sees the portraits of these noble nuns by Memling and Franz Hals everywhere; they are also the subject of many modern French pictures. Forty-three hundred sisters, most of them noblewomen and women of wealth, in black robes and white veils, have their nunneries all over Belgium. There are six hundred nuns in Ghent, and one can see them all in church every day. They attend to the sick in hospital and at the Béguinage, visit and relieve the poor, and make lace. Almost all of them are rich enough to keep a servant. They are bound by no vow, but few leave this rather easy-going monastic seclusion.

This was the place which the noble James van Artevelde made famous, and here the turbulent citizens were once compelled to kneel before Charles, and, with halters round their necks, demand pardon on their knees. This rope in years after became a silken cord, with a true-lover's knot in front. A nobleman of Ghent would not dream of appearing without his halter; and so, like the order of the Garter, an ignoble object became an order of nobility.

I don't know why I have skipped Antwerp, where we went immediately after Brussels. Antwerp is the chief military defence of Belgium. Antwerp was the home of Rubens, and Vandyke and Teniers, Jordaens and Quentin Matsys. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, with its spire of Mechlin lace, is so noble! How could I have forgotten Antwerp? Not alone for those great masterpieces of Rubens, before which one stands with folded hands, breathless with adoration; not alone for that less well-known but most interesting composition, "The Elevation of the Cross"; not alone for "The Resurrection," but for other lesser works of Rubens, is Antwerp notable. As I sat in the window of the hotel looking up at the wonderful spire, I heard the chimes, and memory floated back to the tyranny of Alva; to the establishment of the Inquisition, by which so many industrious Antwerpians were driven to England; to 1585, when it was captured by the Prince of Parma; to famine; to the loss of its navigation in 1648; to the long story of ruin and restoration until Antwerp rose above them all in 1830, and is now one of the prominent cities of Europe and the greatest commercial city in Belgium. Splendid are its docks and shipping. The lazy Scheldt, immortalized by Goldsmith, is now the scene of an immense commerce. But to the American it is for its art

and its architecture that Antwerp is delightful. The old church of St. Jacques is even more splendid than the cathedral in its internal decorations. Here is the tomb of Rubens, and here the original of his immortal beauty, the "Chapeau de Paille." The "Ecstasy" of Vandyke and a wonderful "Descent from the Cross" by Quentin Matsys are among its treasures. In the museum at Antwerp are some thirty masterpieces by Rubens. Indeed, the whole town is his monument.

Napoleon had a great idea of the importance of Antwerp, and he labored unceasingly to make it the first naval arsenal of the North Sea. He knew, with his vast intelligence, that the trade of London would be at the mercy of a hostile fleet so near the mouth of the Thames as Antwerp, but this grand idea perished at St. Helena. He intended that Antwerp should rise as a province by itself, and he said, "France without the frontier of the Rhine and Antwerp is nothing." Now the city on the wharf, not fulfilling these dreams, has, however, returned to a fair share of its old prosperity. It has not yet got back to the days of Charles V., when the money annually put into circulation was 500,000,000 guilders and when five thousand merchants met daily on the Exchange. Those were the days of Shylock! But the splendor and prosperity of the sixteenth century have left their mark on the palaces of merchant princes, and in the magnificent quays of to-day we see what the nineteenth century can also do.

The Hague is one of those modern French endorsements of the Napoleonic reign. This luxurious and pretty residence of the kings of the Netherlands only goes back to a very recent date, yet it was long ago the residence of the Stadtholders, and it is agreeable, after the somewhat

musty hotels of Holland, to find here at Scheveningen comforts of a more modern town. Here, however, was the home of Barneveld; here he was executed in 1619. This grand pensionary of Holland was so beloved that after his death the people gathered up the sand which was wet with his blood. At The Hague the water is more stagnant than in any other part of Holland, and though near the sea, the canals and streams do not seem to empty themselves into it; in fact, they flow from it. But the town is clean and fresh and pretty. It has an unrivalled gallery of paintings, where the greatest "short-horn" in existence is on exhibition. I mean Paul Potter's "Bull," the most remarkable masterpiece of realism ever painted, and which has drawn admiring crowds since 1647. This great gallery was brought together by Louis Bonaparte, from the House in the Wood and other well-known collections, by purchase and by conquest. The Bonapartes put a very liberal interpretation on *meum* and *tuum*, but they had an artistic eye.

My friends who were with me had great privileges, being picture connoisseurs and picture-buyers; so we saw private collections as well. The Baron Stugracht has a noble collection. Indeed, we bathed in Dutch art; and here we saw what we did not see elsewhere, splendid collections of Japanese art, Chinese curiosities, and rare productions from the Dutch colonies. Considering the long connection of Holland with the East Indies, there are few evidences of these things in Holland to the careless observer. The bed on which the Czar Peter slept at Zaandam, the waistcoat of William III. of England, and the Beggars' bowl, which forms a part of the insignia of the confederate chiefs of Holland who freed Holland from the yoke of Spain, are shown at the Mu-

seum; also the dress that William, Prince of Orange, wore on the day when he was murdered.

Here, at the then village of The Hague, were murdered the noble brothers De Witt; here the first citizen of the richest country in the world, the victim of calumny, the profound statesman who baffled the encroaching forces of France, who frightened London with the roar of his cannon on the Thames, the noble Cornelius de Witt, was torn to pieces by an infuriated mob on the suspicion that he had conspired to assassinate William of Orange.

From The Hague we went to Scheveningen, a watering-place much frequented by the Dutch aristocracy. The fisher folk wear a costume and drive a one-dog chaise; we pitied the poor dogs. Scheveningen was the place where Charles II. embarked for England. Here the Prince of Orange landed in 1813, just before the downfall of the Bonapartes; and here, much earlier, the famous Van Tromp was killed. We did not care much for this sea-side place. It is too new and too crude, but I beg pardon of those who do find it charming.

We went back to Brussels, which was our *pied-à-terre*, our rallying-point, our place to leave our trunks; and thence to Ostend, the gayest and most crowded of Belgian watering-places. There the red parasol was born; there the fourteen thousand bathers walk on the sand in every color of the rainbow. There is the spot where Ouida's novel of *Moths* might have been written. It is gay, French, and dissipated, but boasts a magnificent *Plaje*, a walk unrivalled for security and splendor. The bathing-machines, drawn by horses, may be counted by thousands; and the poor, tired bathing men, women, and horses seem to be worked to death. Here we found the best hotel in all our wanderings. It was a

famous place for good dinners and gay casinos. The King of the Belgians was there, and we met many American and English friends. For a week's visit to the sea I know nothing like it, and we refreshed ourselves immensely. But there were no drives, so we had very little variety; we were continually thinking of our dear Holland, of our charming journey, of the noble galleries, of the poetic "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink," for even Amsterdam has to be supplied artificially by a company from Haarlem.

We regretted that we had not travelled by a *treck-schuit*, or day boat, on the canal; also that we had not bought a Dutch gold head-dress, and that we had not found the women more beautiful. I am afraid we shall have to acknowledge, with the author of *Vathek*, that there is a certain "oysterishness of eye," a certain flabbiness of complexion, which would tell of an aquatic surrounding, in the women of Holland; but we found their country so interesting that we forgave the inhabitants for not being lovely. Far from agreeing with old Voltaire in his satiric "*Adieu, canaux, canards, canailles*," we said: "Farewell, brave Holland, land of liberty, land of industry, ingenuity, and patience! Farewell, you curious polders, or morasses, often thirty-two feet below the level of the sea, drained, partitioned off by dikes and ramparts, turned into fields of wonderful fertility! Farewell, beautiful summer-houses and parks, and *buiten plaatsen*, country-seats, perfect pictures of prettiness, with meandering walks and fantastically cut parterres, with a deep fish-pond in the centre of the park! Farewell, trim box borders and trees cut in shapes! Farewell, poetic, dreamy canals, and dark-brown ships, and strangely quaint sails, and a thousand dreamy *Flying Dutchmen*

in the offing! Farewell, noble old mediæval houses, half tipping over in front! Farewell, noble galleries of the old Dutch masters, never to be sufficiently admired! Farewell, noble Amsterdam, who gave New York its first name! Farewell, Holland, land of calm delights!" May you ever, like your heroic lion,

"Swim, and keep your head above water."

CHAPTER XVI

In Praise of Aix-les-Bains—Its Cures and Its Amusements—Rousseau's House—La Grande Chartreuse and Its Famous Liqueur—An Exercise in Russian Linguistics—The Marriage of the Duc d'Aosta—A Mediæval Fête—The Queen of Italy and Her Royal Graces—The House of Savoy and Its Early Home at Aix—English Visitors—Princess Beatrice's Birthday.

After seven summers passed at Aix-les-Bains for rheumatism, I feel that I owe it to history and to the afflicted to give a somewhat detailed account of its varied charms and peculiar advantages as a health resort.

Some one has said that Aix was a place for kings, actors, and gamblers. Perhaps it is as well to begin with our latest royal sensation, the King of Greece, a most gentlemanly person, amiable and sympathetic, and devoted to his favorite and successful physician, Dr. Brachet, who gave the King a succession of beautiful fêtes, leading him through these mountain glens by torchlight and fireworks, as well as throwing open his fine château of Grésy for his entertainment. We listen to delightful Colonne concerts, and see *Romeo and Juliet*, *Carmen*, and any number of comedies well played; we have a Viennese lady orchestra, and, of course, with the casinos devoted to baccarat, there are plenty of gamblers. One hundred and fifty years ago the game of faro was invented here, and it was a great resort of the dissolute nobles of the time of Louis XV.

Aix is mentioned in Grammont's memoirs, and there

is a long account of the gambling-hell in that forbidden book, *Cazenova*. Here baccarat flourishes, and perhaps the most beautiful rooms in Europe for that purpose are the Cercle and Villa des Fleurs, and others now thrown open.

Savoy is a very Catholic country, and every monastery has its legend, every hillside and waterfall its pretty story. We are fond of going for picnics at the Château of Châtillon, whose family once gave a pope to the Church. Châtillon had not only a pope, but a beautiful young lady. Noble lords sued in vain (times were so different), for she loved a humble fisherman of the Rhone. These great, grand lovers came frequently to Châtillon, but the handsome fisherman only appeared at intervals. She determined to go after him and arouse his insensible heart. But how to reach him? The Lake of Bourget was then separated from the Rhone by impassable morasses. There were no canals, still less any steamboats, no railroads in the eleventh century; and how to get to her fisherman of the Rhone was a problem. It is said that she conceived the project of making a canal through the morass, and that she and her maid cut their way through with their scissors, which sounds improbable. It only carries out the universal history of Aix, that women have ever been a greater factor than man in amusement and enterprise. Aix is indeed alive. Russian princesses, English countesses, officers of the Guard, the adventuresses of all nations, gambling duchesses, throng the table daily, and thence to the gaming-tables. At the *établissement* what a motley group, hurrying hither for health! Of our own country people Mrs. Astor and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft Davis are the most distinguished visitors.

In the process of the cure I met a heroine. She is a young Parisian, who is having a lame arm pulled into place. She is tall, of a perfect figure, with a fine, rosy complexion, blue eyes, which flash vividly when she talks, an exquisitely sweet mouth, and a chin softly dimpled. She has a swaying grace, and when she walks to her bath her hair reaches to her feet. I see her at the bath before she disappears in the closed cabinet. Her foot has the Spanish slenderness and instep, her voice is deep; she talks contralto. She has but to say, "It is rather rainy to-day," and your heart is won.

And oh! she is so firm. She does not cry out under the torture! The doctor holds her with his strong arm while the masseuse pulls her arm into place. She seems to take a moral chloroform, and only a dreadful pallor tells what she suffers. "Quelle bravoure," the doctor says—"how much braver you are than men!" This girl heightens every charm by a most becoming costume. She has an air of power, of place, of taking everything for her own, and is a natural queen. Yet I have seen nothing more soft, sweet, and amiable than she is; as a friend she is fascinating. Not so learned as my Swedish friend, the latter character is still sparkling and intelligent. If you should put a knife into the French girl's learning it would explode and blow away like an *omelette soufflée;* but she is bright and reads intelligently. She is very popular with her own sex, and every man is in love with her. Yet she is thirty and unmarried, and says she will die an old maid. Americans, to the rescue! This fine creature, born for the splendid side of the tapestry, has had to take some of the hardest knocks of fortune, I imagine, and has learned how to suffer and to endure. She has had a life

of fashionable triumph and a heart-break. George Sand had the one supreme conviction that all relations of man to woman were selfish ones. I should not be disposed to forgive the man who has perhaps wrecked the happiness of this fine creature.

There are comparatively few men at Aix, and very few who enter the charmed circle. Of course there are any number of gamblers and fast men, but few who join our dinners and our excursions. The English captains who come here to be bathed and cured of gout and rheumatism and the results of wounds in Egypt appear to be horribly bored, and so are those who talk to them. They are in the condition of Artemus Ward, who said, "I'm saddest when I sing, and so are those who hear me." I had to talk to one of these, and I went through the ut-re-mi-fa-sol of conversation; tried him on politics, on war, on music, on the Prince of Wales, on beauty, on his cure, and failed to elicit a spark of intelligence or sympathy. Finally I got on hunting in Scotland, when he unbent and talked for six minutes consecutively.

A far more amusing companion is old Toole, the English actor, who is here for his gout. He is a very intelligent, amiable person, and always does his best to be amusing. He is fond of making up faces above the box in which he takes his Bertholet bath, and the bathers go to see him grinning and being funny. He is very much attached to Mr. Irving, and very much interested in hearing about his American trip.

The greatest sufferers here from nervous prostration are women, and American women! There is something in the fulness of life—that brimming excess of emotion, thought, effort, enjoyment, and work which only reaches an American woman. It is that exaltation which comes

from intellectual contact, that supreme excitement of society, that generous outgiving of sympathy, the necessary wear and tear of daily life (which English women are spared), which wear out the health of an American woman so soon. A woman's life is gone before she knows that she has been spending her principal. That splendid investment, which should have lasted her life, has been squandered, and on whom? On friends she loves and would die for? No, on the sordid call and the sense of duty. That powerful electric battery which we call our nervous system responds most faithfully until its motive power is used up. "Those white threads called nerves are the conductors of force, the primary engines of motion, the arbiters of pain, the dispensers of joy." Alas that they cease to be anything but arbiters of pain after a few years' overuse! The cure here is magical; the lame throw away their crutches, the stooping stand up straight, the suffering faces grow smooth, and all that made us miserable "goes to disappear." The weather is like that of America—warm with frequent thunder-showers, cool nights, and an atmosphere like that of the White Mountains at night. Aix rejoices in most delightfully healthy surroundings of farms, vineyards, and fresh water, the most delicious fruit, and the best hotels in the world.

The drives are endless and beautiful. No one can exhaust Aix in many excursions; indeed, in August, after a long rain, such freshness, such skies, such views, are not to be found out of Paradise. Of course these valleys and mountains are not so grand as Switzerland, but there is a unique prettiness which enchants the eye, appeals to the fancy, wins and keeps the heart. But there is the great break of the Alps, through which runs the rail to Turin, and how incomprehensibly grand are

those mighty sentinels which stand between Aix and Chambéry, the city lying like a diadem on a velvet cushion; the old château, with its flying buttresses, dominating the sweet, picturesque, curious, beautiful old town! Here one can find bric-à-brac and a delicious dinner at the Hôtel de France. Dr. Brachet, the host of Aix, frequently brings his parties hither. One of the most interesting expeditions from Chambéry is to the house of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Les Charmettes—a delightful valley approached through shady groves. The flower-garden is still fresh. Byron said of it, "Wildly lonely, grand, and beautiful, the place puts one out of conceit with himself and the world, and in love with solitude and reverie."

Very strange is the change from these sombre, poetic forests back to gay little Aix, its casinos, bright flowers, music, and noise. Every one shouts aloud—the coachman cracks his whip, that every sheep, goat, donkey may get out of the way. Russian princesses elbow grave lady abbesses; two Turks in fez caps drive silently by; pretty Parisians, daintily shod, trip over the sulphurous canals; the Italian marquis goes out walking with the French Duke and German Count.

But we are not content, we must get into the country again.

The Mont du Chat, the green mountains, apparently seamed with rocky ribbons; the thatched cottages, where dwell the contented peasants; the humble *auberge*, where the wayfarer gets bread and wine and cheese; the comfortable homes of the small proprietors; the beautiful villas of Count Menabrea and Baron Blanc—everything is a subject for a water-color, from the thatched roof rich in lichens up to the old Savoyard château a thousand years old. So we pass some mediæval church with

its memorial cross, "À Notre Dame du Bon Secours"; past fields and vineyards, now, alas! all ruined by the rain—seeing the peasant women washing their clothes in the stream, the gay and jolly peasant girls with red cheeks and white teeth and "hands which offer early flowers"—to the Lake of Bourget.

Nothing can be prettier than this gem of the mountains, and it holds the biggest of trout, bream, lota, perch, eels, and carp. To say that, with its peacock-green-blue tint, its mysterious *profondeur*, "Bourget is beautiful," is to utter the most dreary of commonplaces. It is a dream of beauty, and on its bank is dropped the old Abbey of Hautecombe.

We wind up to the top of the Col du Chat, gaining a magnificent view as we go, and the air becoming more and more invigorating. Aix lies below us, a pretty little city, with its great health *établissement*. Many a woman who has left a part of her youth in the atria of the gay capitols comes here to recuperate; all the lame and sore-throated ones come here and are cured. The hotels are perfect. There is no lack of temptation to those who love the good things of this world in moderation (or even too much) at Aix.

Truly Aix-les-Bains has every advantage—scenery for the lovers of nature, history for the learned, gay and varied society to attract the curious. Monks, nuns, priests, soldiers, kings, and queens walk these little crooked stone-lined streets, either bent on pleasure or health, perhaps on both, and are cured of rheumatism, bronchitis, paralysis, or sleeplessness, or a mind diseased. The great thermal establishment has its atomized vapor-baths, its douches, and its swimming-baths. Disease flies away from this arsenal of health. Marlioz is at hand with its hot alum springs, Challes has its

intensified sulphur, and yet there is not a bad smell in this lovely neighborhood.

Away at the south are the Dauphinois Alps, covered with snow. We are apt to have a cool turn occasionally, a sharp turn of cold weather after the intensely heavy rains. But nothing can be more exquisite than the climate. The splendid vegetation spreading to the foot of these stone mountains produces an extraordinary variety, with here and there the villa of the old local nobility—famous old titles. A proud and isolated grandeur is characteristic of Savoy.

I have made the famous expedition to La Grande Chartreuse, about twenty miles from Aix. The drive from Saint-Laurent-du-Pont is, perhaps, one of the most picturesque in Europe. You go ever on and upward, through astounding granite peaks, immense forests, and rushing waterfalls until you reach the splendid plateau where the pious Bruno founded his grand old monastery. Here the Chartreux leads his solitary life, and here at midnight the sound of prayer and praise has been heard for a thousand years. The historian of the order says:

"At the time when the midnight assassin is prowling and committing his deadly crimes, when the debauchee is wasting his life in feasting, when the gambler is spending the inheritance of his fathers, when all crime stalks abroad, the hour of midnight, then does the solitary pray for the souls of those who never pray for themselves." It is a village in stone this monastery, and no woman is permitted to go farther than the chapel. However, Queen Victoria was invited to see the cells, and it was considered a great concession. The brothers are very rich from the sale of the liqueur Chartreuse, whose golden drops are distilled from the flowers in

the meadow, and whose rich heart of good cheer is born amid the sternest asceticism. It is a curious mission and history that of this famous liqueur, and I never see a glass of it at a gay dinner but I remember the white-robed, prayerful monks who pass days without speaking, except to say, as they dig their graves, "Mes frères, il faut mourir." When a brother dies and is buried the other brothers do not know of it, excepting the few who administer the funeral rites. It is a place where religion has stifled the language of the heart, where man strives to lose himself in the infinite. Strange to say, it attracts yearly many sad and earnest souls, and they do, in their way, a vast deal of good with their money and with their prayers.

A ludicrous anecdote was told me of an American brother who had joined them. He got tired of hearing "We must all die," every hour; so in passing a pious monk who thus saluted him he answered, feeling in perfect health himself, "We must all die! no, you bet!"

They are healthy, and live to be a very great age. Each brother has his little garden where he can raise vegetables for his simple meal.

At Aix most people wear plain clothes, go off on long, healthful excursions, drive in shabby carriages, drop into theatre and Casino in a humble, unpretending manner, and make agreeable friendships *sans gêne*. Life gains a new value, as we thus pick up the pine cones in the forests with which to later on illuminate the fireside at home.

Having been six weeks at Aix, where the sun generally shines, but where it has lately been cold and autumnal, it is almost a tragedy to hear the newly arrived English speak of the wet summer to which they have been exposed. One writer says: "When we wanted three

weeks of sweltering sunshine to ripen the wheat in the ear, we had a deluge of chilling rain that turned all the low-lying lands into vast lagoons. The fields in Essex are swamps, in which a ruined grain crop lies rotting in putrid, stagnant marshes." Ruskin says: "An English sun is like a bad half-crown at the bottom of a basin of dirty water, at best." Lord Tennyson, speaking of Edinburgh, bewails the "bitter east wind and misty summer of the gray old metroplis of the north." What must it be now? The wheat crop of England will fall 33 per cent. below the average!

"Damp has become a deluge; the straw is ruined, and lies decomposing in a veritable slough of despond. Barley and oats have done better. Beans and pease are but a poor crop; the potato, though abundant, is blighted by disease; never was a worse hay crop; hops are poor." So say the English papers. God help the small farmers!

There has been a Princess Dolgourka here, who was supposed to be a member of that royal, unfortunate family one of whom was the widow of the Czar. Some Russians have interpreted for us the feminine and masculine of Russian names. The Governor of Moscow is the Prince Dolgouroukoff, his wife the Princess Dolgourka. But that again is said to be an error, and that it is only some Polish names which change their feminines, as the Count Potocki and the Countess Potocka, In Russia, generally speaking, the termination "off" changes to a feminine "ova." One of the best dancers at the theatre is Mademoiselle Froloff. If she were married she would be Madame Frolova. But if one marries a Menshikoff, as they are princes, she would be Princess Menshikoff, not Menshika. A language which is complicated by degrees of rank as well as de-

grees of grammar and gender must be a hard one to master.

I have just heard a Colonne concert composed entirely of works of Benjamin Godard, an author of great originality as to operas, songs, waltzes, overtures, and études. Some of his songs were well interpreted by the admirable artist Madame Colonne.

We have been listening to the music of the *Roi d'Ys*, that remarkable story of an opera which waited thirty years for recognition. M. Paravey, the manager of the Opéra Comique, however, will bring it out in splendid style at the theatre in the faubourg, where the Opéra Comique in Paris is now installed until the new building on the Boulevard is ready.

Lord and Lady Elgin, of London; Lady Marcia Cholmondeley; Count Belgioso, Milan; Lady Anna Chandos-Pole; Count Ghyka, Roumania; Prince de Belmonte, Rome; Viscount Oxenbridge, London; Countess Schaefenberg, Austria; Lord and Lady Oxenbridge —are among the recent arrivals. This gives some idea of the cosmopolitan character of Aix. I transcribe one of my old letters from Aix-les-Bains of September 1, 1888:

"When Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was taking his scholarly thought and his courtly smile through the English court he said to a friend that the 'royal family are the best people in the world, excepting those of Beverly Farms.' I have thought of that many times, as I have seen various members of them in Europe; and since I have seen the quiet, unobtrusive royalties here from other places I have observed that same excellence in them.

"The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier are here now, and very much such people as we should like to

meet at home. We have also a number of very distinguished people who are not royalties, including Mr. H. W. Smith, the prime seller of books and the leader of the House of Commons. We have also a councillor from China, who has been trying to obtain concessions from the Flowery Kingdom, and so on.

"We hear much of the life of the President of the French Republic at Fontainebleau. While during the reign of Napoleon III. very few members of the nobility of patrician France would ever pass the imperial threshold, they now forget and forgive, and are ready to visit the president. It is a new departure, and Madame Carnot might organize fêtes in the gardens with the docility of a courtier and the imagination of an artist of the eighteenth century, if she wished to.

"But she knows that the day of omnipotent queens and pleasure-loving chatelaines is over. All those who once were as powerful as Cæsar, as beautiful as Cleopatra, were destined to see their laurels drop, their sceptre fall, their empire diminish. A woman holds her power to charm as Balzac's hero held the *Peau de Chagrin*. Every day it shrinks, until at last there is nothing left; and when a woman had a throne she was obliged to own that even that make-weight did not bring permanency. A queen driven from her throne, naked, in winter snows, like Elizabeth of Hungary, sufers more than she who wanders from a snow-beleaguered hut every day; the woman who has had the most suffers the most. Poor Eugénie!

"Madame Carnot is not using her power or her opportunity like Marie Antoinette. She is too wise a little woman of the nineteenth century. She does not think it sensible to live a few minutes with the stars in order to drop down to the stones.

"We talk and think much of Count Crispi, the Italian diplomat. And this coming marriage of the Duke d'Aosta, which is to unite the Bonapartes still more closely to Italy, brings him into unusual prominence."

I have seen a number of brilliant fêtes in Europe, beginning with the illumination of Venice in September, 1869, for the beautiful Empress Eugénie; but I think the week at Turin which I spent looking at the mediæval festivities, invoked in honor of that curious event the marriage of the Prince Amadeo, Duke d'Aosta, to his niece, Letitia Bonaparte, was, perhaps, the most interesting in the way of sight-seeing. In the first place, the near relationship of the royal pair shocked us, but as we had not been consulted we could not be blamed for that. However, it is a good way to begin an emotion by being shocked; and then the groom was decidedly the most interesting and romantic-looking character of his day; a sort of Hamlet, with his fine attenuated features overshadowed by a mysterious sadness; elegant, princely, tall, and graceful. He, the ex-King of Spain, was of a religious turn of mind, and in his youth had aspired to be a priest, a monk, a cardinal, perhaps Pope. But his royal father preferred a career in this world for his handsome youngest son, so he had married him to the young, high-spirited heiress Maria de Cisterna; and she, poor thing, after giving him three boys, had died—killed, it was said, by her sufferings in Spain after two years of queenship. The royal couple had a very near thing in getting away with their lives from Madrid. It was said that her husband always wore her hair in a bracelet around his wrist, and that he was practically inconsolable.

That this nineteenth-century Hamlet was to *marry*,

and his own sister's daughter at that, surprised and bewildered Europe. The Pope gave his permission, and King Humbert, devotedly attached to his brother, determined that the wedding should be the proudest ceremonial of the age.

At the royal charges every theatrical company was sent to Turin, where for a week they played in corners of the great squares, in temporary booths, the plays of the great Italian writers. As in the days of Dante, one could wander by and hear them. The Opera House was open every evening with the best singers.

Turin was very fond of Amadeo, for he lived there, and his manners were most attractive. He and his handsome Prince Emanuel were always walking the streets, bowing to every one, and followed by *vivas.* Turin could not sufficiently decorate itself with banners, flowers, flags, ribbons, and roses. Triumphal arches opened every street whose long vista ended in the sublime Alpine vision of Monte Rosa. The bands of music, the files of soldiers, the illuminated evenings when the "wandering Po" of Goldsmith's time gave back the mirrored torches—all was beauty. They can do these things in Italy. Nature supplements them—it is all festa.

Every day some royalty would arrive. Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, youngest daughter of Victor Emanuel, came first, with her husband and son. She, a striking Italian blonde, with red hair, shared the favor of the public with Amadeo, as one of the most regal of all this kingly race, both for manners and gracious courage. And we who were lookers-on would drive out to see the prospective bride and her mother, the pious Princess Clotilde, going to meet all these relatives.

The father, "Plon-Plon," Prince Jerome Bonaparte, and his sister, the Princess Mathilde, had gone down

with us on the same train from Aix-les-Bains, so we felt in a remote way as if we were of the wedding-party.

The first time I saw Letitia she was dressed in red, which became her dark beauty. Her likeness to the First Consul was striking. She has the most "Bonaparte" face of them all. She was driving with her mother (the Princess Clotilde, who never wears anything but black) to meet the King and Queen of Italy. This was, of course, the most important arrival of all.

The Count Gianotti, to whom I owed the pleasure of being in Turin at all, had sent me cards for the great ceremony at the Palazzo Madama; so a friend of mine and I, with a servant to attend us, drove to the palace at an early hour, where, standing in a large gallery, we could see the procession go by to a private chapel.

It was a handsome function. First the Archbishop of Turin and his attendant clergy in all the glory of Roman Catholic dress; then the Syndic and city officials, each very brave in his fine clothes; then Gianotti as prefect of the palace, strikingly handsome. Then the Queen Marguerite, "the Pearl of Savoy," who was escorted by the King of Portugal. She was magnificent in white satin covered with gold embroidery, flashing with diamonds, her famous pearls dependent to her waist, and a lace cloak hanging over her train from her shoulders — a lace which made every woman's mouth water. I have never seen a human being so splendidly dressed or looking so queenly as she did on that occasion. Then followed the Queen Maria Pia, all in blue, with the arms of Portugal embroidered on her blue velvet train. She wore a net-work crown of sapphires in her red hair, and it was most becoming. King Humbert had her on his arm.

Then came the bride, with the jewels of Queen Hor-

tense,which had been given her by the Empress Eugénie; she wore also a lace veil, the present of Queen Marguerite, which swept the ground. She was conducted by her father. After her followed the melancholy, handsome groom, looking for once radiantly happy, and conducting his sister and future mother-in-law.

Prince Plon-Plon (long since separated from his wife) played his silent part well. The Princess Mathilde walked with the Prince of Naples, and then came a long line of relatives and ladies in waiting, all in magnificent costumes. I saw then where Titian and Tintoretto and Paul Veronese had got the subjects for their immortal pictures and ceilings; it was from studying such ceremonials as this. It seemed impossible that our nineteenth century could have produced this mediæval grandeur.

I caught a glimpse of the group in the chapel. The Princess Letitia knelt first to King Humbert, then to Princess Clotilde, her mother; then to her father, who conducted her to the altar. The long ceremony which followed was too fatiguing to follow, so we left, to see her again in the afternoon as she received the congratulations of the city, on a high estrade of flowers, in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele.

There was a procession of all the gilded youth of Turin and Northern Italy, headed by the three sons of Amadeo, dressed in the costume of Prince Eugène—a three-cornered hat, white powdered hair, the close-fitting embroidered coat and full skirts of the military uniform of that period.

Two hundred of them acted as escort to the Queen—"Gardes à Reine," indeed, out of Dumas—while two hundred others escorted the bride, and two hundred remained to take care of the happy groom. It was a

royal cortège. And then we sat gazing at this group of kings and queens who were seated on the gigantic flower-basket for two hours, as music played and cannons were fired. Finally the beautiful rose-covered balloon (with the initials of the royal pair), which was fastened over the floral estrade, was allowed to rise serenely, to carry the news to the stars, and carrier-pigeons were despatched to all the capitals to bear the tidings to the courts of Europe. I was amused at this total forgetfulness of the fact that this was the nineteenth century instead of the fourteenth. This ignoring of the vulgar modern telegraph-wire had a sublime mediæval insolence in it which added the last rose-leaf.

In the evening we went to the opera to see the King and Queen receive an ovation.

The ball at the palace was on Thursday, and there again we saw the royal pair and all their noble relatives. I had a little talk with the Marquis d'Azeglio, the man who was so long minister to England, who had just published the delightful letters of his mother, a perfect picture of the times through which she had lived. Her more distinguished son, Massimo d'Azeglio, had died some time before. This polished nobleman pointed out to me some of the most distinguished beauties of the former court of Victor Emanuel, and gave me many interesting anecdotes of these children of the Rè Galantuomo. "But," said he, "this marriage is the queerest story yet. Amadeo is so in love that it would have killed him to give her up." He took me to the gallery of famous armor and showed me some historical pieces. But although the marquis was a fervent Italian, he preferred to talk of England, where he had spent twenty-two years of his life.

The Queen was, of course, the object of his most fer-

vent eulogies. "She never forgets," said he; "her memory is fabulous, and her tact perfect."

He said that the Princess Clotilde was wholly absorbed in religion, and that she and the Prince Amadeo, or, as they called him, the Duc d'Aosta, were very much in sympathy. He told me that the marriage of the Princess Letitia had been a great anxiety to her, as the Bonapartes were not favorites in Italy, but that a marriage with Prince Emanuel, her cousin, had been thought of. "Now she has married her uncle, his father," said the Marquis, with a queer contraction of the mouth.

There had been a marriage arranged for her with Prince Torlonia of Rome, but the Pope had interposed his veto, and that match was broken off.

I remember seeing her on horseback in a scarlet habit, coming in from her mother's country-house, on her bridal morning, accompanied by that same band of cousins and friends who were later on to become "Gardes à Reine."

She affects scarlet; it is the Bonaparte livery. Her uncle-husband lived scarcely more than a year, commending her lovingly to the care of King Humbert, who has nobly discharged his trust. The brothers loved each other very fondly.

The Prince of Naples was, of course, at this wedding, then a pretty boy of seventeen. He looked like his mother, and his German blood, inherited from his grandmother, who was a sister of the King of Saxony, Albert Frederick, spoke in his light hair and fair skin. He had a brow of remarkable strength, a fine, serious countenance, and his mother's grace of character. He is now twenty-eight, and is married. The only defect in his appearance is that he is rather short.

I cannot leave this delightful fête without referring again to the quaint brightness, social tact, and sweetness of the Queen. She is a subject one cannot leave.

"She had a hard task when she first married," said the Marquis d'Azeglio. "The Italian Court had been for many years deprived of a queen, and was thoroughly disorganized. The Sardinian king resembled his great ancestor, Henry IV. of France, too much in his private life to surround his widowed throne with much elegance or dignity; but she has re-arranged it all, and she has the royal gift of never forgetting a face or a name."

It is wonderful that the House of Savoy is not more mindful of Aix, for there it had its origin. The Royal House of Prussia remembers well its humble birth, in the eagle's nest at Hohenzollern, before the Duchy of Brandenburg became its nursery and Berlin its parade-ground. But the House of Savoy, whose dead lie buried in yonder Hautecombe — whose ruined tower, covered with ivy, is still pointed out—never seems to allude to its origin, except in the name "*Marguerite de Savoie*," given to the most beautiful and beloved queen on earth; never seems to remember this birthplace of its valiant race! Here are the ruins of the old Château de Charbonnière, which was the beginning of the Quirinal. Francis I. took this château in 1556 and razed it to the ground. Emanuele Filiberto repaired and restored it in 1590. Charles Emanuel became its owner in 1600. Sully, who attacked it, met with a formidable resistance. Finally, a band of beautiful women emerged from that garrison, and, armed with the most potent weapons, their nails and their smiles, proved more dangerous than many cannon. The result was, of course, an honorable capitulation, and the men got the worst of it, as they generally do.

Back in Aix-les-Bains again. Let me quote from an old letter:

"The Queen of England has had her portrait painted some two hundred times, and has been photographed as many more, I dare say, but never did she exhibit a more characteristic picture than yesterday as she walked out of the humble little English church at Aix-les-Bains, where she devoutly worships. A short, stout figure, a very red face (the characteristics of the Georges), light-blue eyes, a long upper lip, straight bandeaux of gray hair, dressed in deep and very simple mourning, with the portrait of Prince Albert at her breast, the most famous woman of the nineteenth century, the Queen of England, Ireland, and Scotland and the Empress of India, walked to her gilded chair of state through rows of not impertinent starers, and took her seat, with the Princess Beatrice (a very pretty girl) on one side and Lady Churchill on the other, the Marchioness of Ely and Sir Henry Ponsonby a little farther on. The latter placed a cushion before the Queen, and she followed the service, 'devoutly kneeling.'

"After the service she rose first, the whole congregation standing and waiting, and she passed out, gracefully turning to the right and left, and looking rather than bowing her acknowledgments. Very short and stout as she is, there is a great air of natural dignity and power about her, and a natural grace, both of course improved to the highest point by courtly breeding. She and the Princess entered one coroneted carriage and were whirled off to The Europe, her hotel, in which she takes up a *dépendance* in the garden, called the Villa Mottet. Her ladies followed in another carriage at a respectful distance. The Princess Beatrice is a tall, light-haired, blonde girl, not at all like her mother, and

has been thought prettier than the other royal daughters.

"Royalty needs repose. It is a hard, fatiguing, and worrying business. The perpetual cares of a housekeeper are intensified in the life of a queen. For instance, we see that the Empress of India has lately had to change servants; some old and competent ones have left, dissatisfied with their last place, and she has had to get in a new set; and, what is worse, to try to make them live together peaceably. No New England housekeeper during spring cleaning, when the cook leaves, has a busier week than poor Queen Victoria has all the time. She takes these worries hard, too. She is of 'that anxious disposition'; she is no longer young; she is not in good health. No wonder that her faithful daughter, Beatrice—the best daughter that ever lived—was anxious to take her overworked mamma off for a holiday to that delicious spot where heaven meets earth, or earth meets heaven, half way. The Talmud tells us there is such a place; we call it Aix-les-Bains.

"Three years ago the Princess Beatrice went to Aix-les-Bains for her rheumatism, and was delighted with its rare beauty. She made her first essay in authorship by writing an account of this famous place in *Good Words* for January, 1883. For the last journey that she and her mother were to take together before her marriage she selected Aix-les-Bains—the fertile, smiling spot, with its snow mountains and massive, cragged, curious peaks, its enchanting Lake of Bourget. There is something about this place which appeals to the fancy, thrills the imagination, and touches the heart.

"I thought, as I approached it from Turin, coming up from Rome, that never did mountains stand off so grandly. Chambéry is a picturesque old town; it lies

on its green velvet cushion of grass like the necklace of a queen; from afar I could see the old château, with its flying buttress, dominating the curious and mediæval town—and from that lofty old tower floated the standard of England.

"Soon we reached a view of the valley of Aix, dominated by the high peak of the Nivolet, on whose summit glitters a grand cross of silver. How sweet and garden-like it looked, this dear valley, although snow still lingered on the mountains immediately about the town. Everywhere floated the cross of St. George and the lion of England. Soldiers in the gaudy uniform of France were marching through the streets, and at the gates of the Hôtel de l'Europe stood a guard of honor. What had happened to the peaceful valley, which last summer boasted nothing more warlike than gay Savoyard ladies driving their pony phaetons, all hung with bells and gay worsted fringes, or picturesque peasant women with their bundles on their heads? Then I remembered, as a gay officer all dressed in Savoyard uniform passed me, that Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice were at Aix. These soldiers in gray and gold were a guard of honor that the Queen did not need. For was not Mont du Chat there, grim and cold, plunging his feet in Lake Bourget as he lifted his head to the sky, in which he found a blue as pellucid as that in which he bathed his feet? The Nivolet, too, was standing sentinel over this most beautiful valley. And these were her guards of honor!

"I had not supposed anything could possibly improve Aix, it was so pretty before; but banners and music improve everything. While the French and English flags looked gay enough against the bluest of skies, the soldiers showed up well against the stone walls of the old

châteaux, and the fresh green and the budding trees of this lovely *primavera* were perfect in their beauty.

"The next day, along the Lake of Bourget, I saw a strange figure, a man on horseback, making mysterious gestures to clear the way. He seemed to be waving his whip convulsively in the air, as if he were bringing tidings of great joy or of terrible trouble. He proved to be an English pad-groom, and he preceded a plain chariot in which sat four ladies. My driver turned to me, and, raising his hat respectfully, said, '*La Reine*'; he drew up on one side of the road and stopped, while her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and two ladies drove on.

"And after that it was an every-day occurrence to see the royal party pass, to meet them in our walks, to see them at church, and to hear of their explorations of the delicate lovely lake and town of Annecy—that pretty town where Time stands with his finger on his lip, saying, 'Respect some of my best work'—or to hear how they had been up to Hautecombe, or to Miery, Mouxy, and Clarafoud, those queer little stone villages, where the peasants have lived under the same roof with their horses and cows, their goats and their sheep, for four centuries. There, in the green fields, play their children in long gowns and little black caps, dressed just as they were dressed four hundred years ago, and as you will see them costumed in Rembrandt's pictures. The peasant women wear a heart and cross on a velvet ribbon to-day, just as their grandmothers did hundreds of years ago. One day the Queen and the Princess, Lady Ely, Lady Churchill, and Sir Henry Ponsonby, Dr. Reid and two other doctors, drove up to St. Innocent's to see the rabbits. These innocent little pink-eyed Angoras had never had a more distinguished call. The rabbits are plucked alive (it does not hurt them), and their fur

makes a soft yarn, out of which the peasants knit little shawls, tippets, gloves, wristlets, knee-caps, and so on. It was very pretty to see the Princess take the rabbits in her soft, white hands, and how she laughed at their opal eyes and long, fluffy fur. Some of these funny little animals are black, others white, and still others gray. Then she made the young peasant girl in the Savoyard cap and apron teach her to spin the yarn on a long spinning-wheel. All the party bought some specimens of this original rabbit-work.

"But perhaps the most picturesque of the royal visits was to the old Abbaye of Hautecombe, a fine old gloomy monastery on the farther side of the Lake of Bourget, built so as to exclude every ray of sun from its austere cloisters, excepting for one hour of the day. Here dwell the white-robed Cistercian monks, whose rule is only less severe than that of La Trappe. They guard with their vigils and their prayers the tombs of the princes of the house of Savoy. A steamboat had been chartered for her Majesty and suite, and the hoary-headed old prior came out to meet her in a six-oared pinnace. The monks were all in their white woollen capuchins, and wore ropes and crosses at the waist. Among them was one monk of English birth, who had not seen his sovereign for thirty years. What a beautiful picture could have been made of this scene, as the red flag of England floated from the steamboat, and the mountains of the Dent du Chat, the grim Rivard, the distant Jura Alps, the grand masses which rise up towards Chambéry, the ever snow-clad Dauphinois Alps to the far south, looked down on this exquisite Lake of Bourget, with its mysterious shadows and sheen, its peacock-green color! 'It was not the hand of man, but the hand of God, that played with these masses,' says

Lamartine, describing the mountains about the Lake of Bourget. The Queen advanced to the front of the boat; the aged prior was assisted up the side of the steamer and made a low reverence. The Queen, with a courtesy that did her honor, bent for his blessing. The boats proceeded to the landing; then the monks, chanting, walked up the hill, followed by the prior carrying the cross, the queen, her ladies, and attendants following. And Fancy whispered, 'Was it Mary Queen of Scots at Holyrood, or a more fortunate Queen?'

"The Queen, who speaks French like a native, entirely without an accent, as does the Princess, entered the convent, talking to the prior, and, with the brothers, she admired the view, which commands the whole lake. Having looked at the tombs of the princes of Savoy, and having inspected the collection of sculptures, paintings, and frescoes, the royal visitors partook of luncheon, which, with the delicious trout of the lake, the cordial of Chartreuse, and the wines of the happy valley, was by no means an ascetic repast. Probably in all her varied journeys the Queen has never assisted to make a prettier picture, nor could she ever have seen a vision of more perfect natural loveliness.

"On Tuesday, the 14th of April, the Princess Beatrice arrived at the age of 28. She struck me as a tall, graceful, pretty girl with an American look, and with a 'nez Watteau,' as the French say. Tennyson calls it 'a nose tip-tilted like a flower.' She has very fine brown eyes and fresh, red lips. A more simple-mannered girl than this Princess I never saw. The whole English colony at the various hotels joined in presenting her with flowers on the occasion of her birthday, and she was embarrassed and frightened to death; her lips and hands trembled as she tried to say, 'I thank you.'

"It is very evident that the Queen of England and her family have no love of purple and fine linen when they are 'off duty.' 'Our royal family has always been dowdy,' said a loyal Englishwoman at Aix-les-Bains, as she returned from presenting some flowers to the Princess Beatrice on her birthday.

"'Well,' said an outsider, 'what did the Princess wear? I desire to know what clothes princesses wear when they are at home in the morning.'

"'An old checked black-and-white silk dress, which I should have given to my maid,' answered the loyal Englishwoman; 'but she was very lovely and courteous, and blushed and stammered and was frightened when we offered her the flowers, just like any other girl. I could not help loving her for it.'

"In the evening a fête had been arranged in her honor, which was a pretty bit of illumination. The Villa Mottet, which was the *dépendance* of the Hôtel de l'Europe, where the Queen lived, was all lighted up by colored lanterns. The local choral unions of Chambéry and Aix marched about singing, 'God save the Queen.' Fireworks burst from every wooded nook and corner and from a splendid arch which bore the royal arms and the order of George and the Dragon. In colored lights the illuminated 'Dieu et Mon Droit,' and the name of 'Beatrice' shone from many an arch. These varied lights, falling on the mountains, still covered with snow, produced a startling effect. Twenty-eight guns, at regular intervals, thundered forth their hot-lipped greeting.

> "'And Jura answered from her misty shroud
> Back to the answering Alps, who called to her aloud.'

"The Princess stood on a balcony and bowed repeatedly to the crowd.

"It has been said that this Princess has known sorrow; that she was very fond of the Prince Imperial, 'Eugene Louis Jean Joseph,' the son of Eugénie and the Emperor of France, who was killed in Zululand, 1st of June, 1879. It is certain that when thousands gathered at Camden House to honor the funeral of that poor boy the Queen and Princess Beatrice came first; the Queen knelt, and prayed at the foot of the coffin, and laid on it a wreath of gold laurel leaves, tied with a white ribbon, leaving her card, on which were some words written in French.

"The Princess Beatrice, weeping bitterly, placed an exquisite wreath of porcelain flowers on the grave.

"'I wish it to last forever,' she said.

"The Prince of Wales and his lovely wife sent a wreath of purple violets and white clematis, with these words (in the handwriting of the Prince): 'In token of affectionate regard for the Prince, who lived the most spotless of lives, and died a soldier's death, fighting for our cause in Zululand.'

"Alas! he loved Beatrice, poor boy! It may be that this memory has chastened the heart and subdued the manner of the Princess Beatrice, for her face has a shade of melancholy, and her smile even is not joyous.

"We should not, however, remember these things on her birthday, particularly as Prince Henry of Battenberg was expected to arrive. Perhaps we all hoped to see a little bit of a Royal courtship. Whether or not Cupid in crown and sceptre is more authoritative than when simply armed with bow and arrow has never been decided. But we were not gratified with a sight of the young lover. The Prince of Wales does not like this suitor of his Royal sister, it is said; but the Queen, with hereditary obstinacy, has decided that her darling

shall marry the man of her choice. A very wise Queen.

"The next expedition of the Queen and Princess was to that high mountain, the Chambottes, which looks over the lake and the surrounding country. The last stage of the journey up this mountain is made with the assistance of a donkey, or of a *chaise à porteurs*, by those who cannot walk, but the Princess bounded over its stony walk like a chamois.

"She was so delighted with the view and the primitive hotel on the top that she sent to the keeper of the house her portrait and autograph. The delighted Savoyard has a world of anecdote to tell of this visit of the gracious young lady.

"On a fine spring day, when the yellow kingcups covered the earth like Danaë's shower of gold, and the pretty grape hyacinths looked as royal as a queen's mantle, Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived."

This was written in 1885; since then Beatrice has become a widow.

CHAPTER XVII

Letters from Spain—Barcelona and Tarragona—Roman, Carthaginian, and Moorish Antiquities—The Land of Don Quixote—Cordova and its Mosque—Granada and the Alhambra—Fair Seville—The Donkey in Spain.

We entered Spain by the flowery road of Avignon and Nismes on May 18, 1889. Leaving Paris cold and dreary behind us, we found ourselves in the Land of Blossoms at Lyons. This long detour was necessary if we bought Cook's tickets, which, being a saving of 40 per cent., we were glad to do. Besides, it is in this cold, late spring by far the most agreeable way of entering Spain. I remember long ago talking with the poet Bryant about Spain, which he had often visited. "Avoid the sea-coasts and Madrid when it is cold. Go to Barcelona, Tarragona, and Valencia first," was his wise advice, and I am very glad to have followed it, for we found the country a rapture of blossoms. Avignon, as a stopping-place, is something delightful, not only for the Roman remains, but for a sort of aroma of past and present, as if the ghosts of the old popes were blowing off their unused incense over the flower-laden fields. Petrarch and Laura still haunt these gardens. Rienzi, last of the tribunes, is still chained by the leg in yonder monastery tower. Avignon is a haunted town, but it has a neat and quaint hotel, like the Peacock at Matlock. We passed also a day at Nismes, very fine; then to Perpignan, and so on to Barcelona.

The railroad ride from Perpignan, with the Mediterranean on one side, the snowy Pyrenees on the other, is exceedingly enjoyable. There we saw fresh the wonderful crimson clover, in color like a Jacqueminot rose. Of all nature's carpets this is the most beautiful. Also the yellow lupine and the white spiræa, most elegant of wild flowers; and a blue flower, which shall remain anonymous because I do not know what it was. I only have the important information to give you that it was most beautiful, and as blue as heaven—

> "As blue as if the sky let fall
> A piece of its cerulean wall."

Old stone ruins began to crop out, and we were aware that the Phœnicians and the Romans had been here before us. The blossoming trees coquetted with these old stone walls, and the peaches blushed against them, as the Iberian maids may have done when the swarthy conquerors made love to them with their black eyes. It was an exquisite day. What a blessed change from cold, bleak, rainy Paris, which was never so disagreeable as it was this year! To go south in the spring is to anticipate Paradise.

Barcelona surprised us with its air of prosperity, movement, and grandeur. Splendid seaport, where Ferdinand and Isabella came to greet Columbus on his return from the New World. He stands there on his lofty pillar, does Columbus, looking over the sea and pointing to New York—the fine old undismayed creature, one of the world's heroes. And though our hearts had not swelled to the proper size, as though the lump were not big enough in the throat, who should come along but a party of Uncle Sam's sailors, riding in an omnibus and carrying a flag which looked very familiar, while the

strains of the *Star-spangled Banner* greeted our ears! It is an accident which may happen in any great seaport, but it was uncommonly apt just then. Columbus was being serenaded by our hearts, our eyes, and our bands. The grand cathedral was of course our first pilgrimage. Here I saw the crucifix which Don John of Austria carried at the prow of his ship at the battle of Lepanto. The image is violently bent over to one side, as if to avoid the bullets. The grand Gothic pillars of immense height, the stained glass, the extent of this huge Gothic edifice, prepare us for greater wonders still farther on. It was first a pagan temple, then a mosque of the Moors, but became a Christian temple about 1058, which seems to be the date of everything in Spain.

Barcelona is the only city which I have seen with the sidewalks in the middle of the streets—that is to say, the people have the middle of the street for a broad promenade, while carriages and street-cars run at the side. No one can imagine how much prettier and more convenient this is. The Rambla, with its double row of fine trees sheltering this broad promenade, is one of the prettiest sights I ever saw. This is the great vein, or, rather, artery, of the city. Down its broad course runs the bluest blood of the city. The Parque is full of fine trees and flowering shrubs, fountains, and lakes. I noticed a richly gilt chariot of Victory on top of an arch. General Prim, in stone, stands at the entrance. The magnolias overhang an imposing cascade, and an avenue of palmetto palms leads up to the gateway. A wide and handsome quay at the foot of the statue of Columbus darts out into the sea, making a lovely promenade.

We drove to the fort of Monprich, a fortress of con-

siderable strength, which was, however, surprised and taken by Lord Peterborough in 1705.

The view was magnificent. Not only the fine city, but the noble harbor, with its famous memories, lay at our feet. Barcelona is said to rank as a mercantile port only a little lower than Liverpool and Marseilles. Everywhere in the churches hangs the Saracen's head in stone, as if just cut off. This tribute to a defeated foe shows of how much importance he was. They are very interesting as bosses and corbels, though that stare of a recently beheaded man cannot be called altogether pleasing. I think if I had been taken to church in the cathedral in early youth I should have been frightened to death at them. The capitals in cloister and cathedral are well worthy of study.

We left Barcelona with regret, to take a delightful journey to Tarragona. The country about Barcelona is extremely beautiful, and we bade farewell to these blood-red fields of clover, which reminded us of Hannibal and his father, Hamilcar Barca, who killed here three thousand people, more or less. During the Middle Ages Barcelona was the lord of the Mediterranean. Trade has never been held to be a degradation by the Catalans, who are the Yankees of Spain, are wide-awake, prosperous, and industrious—very unlike those Spaniards farther south.

Tarragona is, for Roman remains and Gothic architecture, one of the most interesting places in Spain. We found here an excellent hotel (the Hôtel de Paris), not an inevitable thing in Spain by any means. Here we went to see the cyclopean walls, enormous stones laid together by giants. Nobody knows what sort of human arms could have lifted these rocks. The Tarragonese claim Pontius Pilate as a townsman, and fondly show

his birthplace. They may have him, if they wish, and keep him too.

The cyclopean walls, ruin upon ruin, are intensely interesting — Carthaginian, Moorish, Roman. They tell the story of three or four races, perhaps half a dozen. I pleased myself by believing that some captive giant negroes, hungry and despairing, lifted these first stones into place. They look as if they might be the first burden the white man laid on those long-suffering shoulders. The drive about Tarragona, looking over these Roman towers to the Mediterranean, is superb. The cathedral, of a rich, yellow, sienna-looking marble, is one of the most interesting in Spain; and its cloisters, with their priestly garden full of flowers and trees, are a museum of antiquity and a spot of unearthly perfection and beauty. The rounded arched double doorway, the capitals marvellously sculptured, the elegance of these Moorish arches and delicate shafts of marble, make a walk around this sweet spot an enchanting pleasure. I have seen no such cloisters elsewhere. Those in Rome of St. Paul's without the Walls come nearer to this delightful, this fabulous wealth of tracery and intricate carving than any other.

Here we met the Tarragonese people—mothers with picturesque babies, looking like little Murillos; beggars in the proverbial cloak; young gallants, and pretty girls with handkerchiefs around their heads. The black Spanish eye, in all its phenomenal loveliness and sadness, is seen here. The women all look sad. Perhaps it is only a variety of beauty, however.

We drove to the public square to hear some fine music. The soldiers were all out, and, as the band struck up a gay waltz, a few señors and señoritas danced off, in a most Fanny Elssler manner, with a wild

grace which was enchanting. Many of the women wear the mantilla. They are all picturesque, from the shepherd in the fields, who wears his striped plaid as if he were standing for his picture, to the lady on her balcony.

It being Sunday and a feast-day, we saw the famous old tapestries for which the cathedral at Tarragona is celebrated. These are chiefly Flemish, and are said to have belonged before the Reformation to St. Paul's, London. How they got here nobody knows. An Englishman offered the bishop twenty thousand guineas for them, an offer indignantly refused.

Ruins of the Roman aqueduct, the ever-wonderful arches, the towers, all remain to testify to this city of the Scipios. It is a citadel surrounded by vineyards. These old Romans loved the wine which rivalled the Falernian, and which still goes up to France to redden and enrich the clarets and Burgundies. Augustus raised this city to be the capital after his Cantabrian campaigns, and from this place, 26 B.C., he issued his decree closing the Temple of Janus forever. It was an imperial town. Conveniently situated for communication with Rome, this stronghold was the winter residence of the prætor. We can imagine the gay, hardy Romans sailing across the Mediterranean to this their winter city. But it was taken by the Goths; the Moors later made of it a heap of ruins, and these ruins remained undisturbed for four centuries. Now to the antiquarian it is a sort of Pompeii. The wine business makes it a prosperous town. Its harbor is full of coasting vessels. The wine is like sherry, to my taste not agreeable. The lighter vintages are sent to Bordeaux to fortify the claret, while the full-bodied varieties known as "Spanish reds" are shipped to England and America under the name of port.

Our ride to Valencia was a long one. For some distance out of Tarragona the scenery is dull, stony, and most uninteresting. The Mediterranean seemed innocent of a single sail, though always blue and beautiful. Here and there at a fishing village the scene was pretty, as the fishermen carry the nets on their heads in a peculiar manner; but we began to believe that Spain could be the dry, arid, blasted heath which we had been prepared to think it before we saw Barcelona and Tarragona.

But as the afternoon wore on we came "into a land where it was always afternoon"; every breeze brought us the delightful perfume of orange-blossoms — groves upon groves and acre upon acre of orange-trees in full bloom, palm-trees, and flowers mingled with the white locust, which fell in clusters on the road. Now we knew we had reached the carefully irrigated fields of the Moors as we saw the trickling streams of water percolating through the meadows. Spain began to smile again, and to respond with fruit and flowers to the care and wisdom of her banished children, those intelligent Moors.

We reached Valencia at nine o'clock, fatigued. Worn out with the creeping Spanish railway and the crowd of beggars about the station, we were glad to get to our hotel. The famous city of the Cid has an air of solid nobility. Its arched colonnades, narrow streets, fine plaza, open arcades, are thoroughly Spanish.

We took the night train from Valencia to Cordova, and were twenty-two hours in penetrating from the coast to the interior, passing through the very land of Don Quixote. I got up at five o'clock to look out on the dreary plains of La Mancha, where Cervantes places Don Quixote. It is not in great cities that romantic

visionaries dream dreams. It is in these melancholy wastes that Quixotes are possible.

As I stated in a letter written at Seville, Spain, and dated May 18, 1889, the Mosque of Cordova is one of the most beautiful temples which exist, one of the most admirable monuments of man's genius on the earth. We endeavored to take a drive around Cordova, but the roads have not been paved since the time of the Moor, so it was necessarily short. The once powerful city has dwindled to a dead-and-alive town of fifty thousand people, who still, however, have that air of decayed gentility which all Spanish cities keep. Their houses are pretty Moorish buildings amidst most lovely gardens. We went to see the old bridge dating from the times of Augustus, reconstructed by the Arabs, and the ruined old walls, the débris of statues and bas-reliefs, the inscriptions in honor of the emperors, the gray old vestibules, the fairy-like balconies over which the handsome Andalusians leaned with flowers in their beautiful hair. It was all a dream, and Tom Moore, with his foolish ballads of the Guadalquivir (the river flowing at our feet), came up with the eternal rhyme and the twanging of the guitar. Such are the confusions in one's archæology for which Cordova is responsible.

We came on to Granada the next afternoon. It is appropriate that the Mosque of Cordova and the miracle of the Alhambra, though twenty-four hours from everywhere else, should be within five hours of each other. The sensuous dream of luxury on earth, which the followers of the Prophet were to continue in heaven, could have no grander exploitation than the Alhambra.

We had a delightful journey. The wild flowers and the orange-groves kept us company, and the old Spanish towns grew more quaint and old, the stones grayer,

and the Sierra Nevada began to show us the snow: an outline not unlike Mont Blanc from Geneva rose on the rosy horizon. It became a vision of unearthly grandeur and beauty. When the evening fell, a moon, not yet quite full, helped to prolong the picture.

As we entered Granada the beggars and cab-drivers, the cries of the Spanish gypsies, and the groans of the donkeys nearly deafened us. Soon, however, we were driving by moonlight through the beautiful elm forest planted by the Duke of Wellington in 1812, and the nightingales were bursting their throats to give us the most delicate poultice for our wounded ears. You remember Doctor Holmes says:

> "And silence like a poultice came
> To heal the wounds of sound."

It is profanation to compare the exquisite and heart-breaking notes of the nightingale to a poultice, but it was infinitely soothing. This forest was a surprise to me. Why did nobody ever tell me that we had to drive through a forest to the Alhambra?

We alighted at the Washington Irving Hotel, where one can breakfast on a balcony overlooking a garden, where from one window we looked into the forest, and from another over a bank of yellow roses towards the Sierra Nevada. We never wished to go away. The Alhambra, approached through magnificent horseshoe arches, and opening its wonderful fountains, gardens, and fairy-like columns upon one, is at first a disappointment, because it is in the process of being restored, and there is an air of newness about the Court of the Lions which dislocates one's dreams.

But to go often, to go alone, to read, think, meditate there, to mount its towers, to dream in its courts, to

read over *Tales of the Alhambra* there—it grows and it grows, until it becomes the palace of the heart.

The superb Hall of the Ambassadors, where Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus, was the first majesty which overwhelmed me; then the Court of the Lions. What a labyrinth of arches, carved embroideries! what indefinable elegance! what inimitable delicacy! what a prodigious richness! Something so airy, so undulating, a curtain of lace, which a breath could blow away, but which has stood seven hundred years; a delightful confusion, a graceful disorder, the majesty of a royal palace and the gayety of a kiosk, an extravagance, a delight, a living grace, a folly, a fancy, the dream of an angel, the rosy visions of first love, something too evanescent to describe—such is the effect of the Alhambra.

The long Arabic inscriptions on the walls are most graceful. I had a book which pretended to translate them, and a copy of the Koran sold at Granada, but I could not make them out, and feel as Artemus Ward did about Chaucer. "Mr. C.," said he—"Mr. C. was a smart man, a man of talent, but he was the poorest speller I ever met."

Somebody was a poor speller—either my book, or the Koran, or the sculptor. I cannot read Arabic yet, more's the pity. But why regret anything but the shortness of life and the flight of time when looking at these floating ribbons, these flowery niches, arabesques, stars, the delicate infinity of the ever-recurring polygonal and checkered kaleidoscope patterns, the stalactites and pendulous graces of the ceilings, the dewdrops in stone ready to fall, the stucco lace embroidered with a thousand flowers? The fairy-like columns advance and disappear. Looking upward one sees the replica of the

court below in a palace high in air. From behind those grated windows the dark-eyed houris looked and sighed, perhaps, for freedom.

We mounted a high tower to the dressing-room of the Sultana. From this immense height the unhappy mother of Boabdil let down her little boy in a scarf, tying all her shawls together, to save him from the revengeful hate of her rival. The room is still rich with a subtile perfume. Farther on we see a gloomy perspective: it is where a mad woman was incarcerated.

They say if you whisper in the ear of one of the lions one can hear what you say from the mouth of another! What an oral love-letter might thus be spoken! The Alhambra is the home of mystery and enchantment, and his lion guards only ruin.

"An old gray lion, yet not the less
A lion in his feebleness!
One thing is left him still to guard.
He guards it well, by day or night,
With these great paws of granite gray;
In the strong shelter of his breast,
No man shall serve him yet with scorn,
Though an old lion, thus forlorn,
For what he guards is Beauty's rest."

After the Salle of the Abencerrages we went to see the baths. These beautiful rooms were restored with taste during Charles V.'s reign, and still bear their sumptuous testimony to the wise luxury and cleanliness of the Moor, a virtue in which he has not been followed by the Spaniard. We came out in the lovely Court of Myrtles, and looked in the tranquil cistern full of gold-fishes. We went in to write our names in the visitors' book.

The custodian showed us first Washington Irving and

then General Grant and family; then General Sherman and Colonel Fred Grant; then the name of Albert Edward and his faithful friend and tutor General Bruce; then, later on, the evil-fated autograph of the poor Prince Rudolph of Austria, that of the Countess of Pierrefond (the Empress Eugénie), of the late King of Spain and of his Royal sisters, and many others of lesser degree.

I suppose I am not the first chronicler to say that Seville is a most charming city. It beams on one who comes from the rural districts of Spain as Paris beams on the early American before he becomes satiated with foreign travel. Although it has nothing to compare with the Alhambra or the Mosque of Cordova, Seville still has its antiquities, Roman remains, and Moorish palaces; its grandest of cathedrals, the beautiful modern palace of the Duke de Montpensier (now a gray-haired old veteran and a thorough Spaniard), the beautiful Giralda Tower—enough to come to Spain to see—and the Alcazar, now the only home and Spanish palace of Queen Isabella. It is full of family portraits, and with its fountains, gardens, and restored Moorish rooms is no bad copy of the Alhambra, but still a copy and not the original.

We started off well for modern ideas by hearing our countrywoman, Emma Nevada, sing in *El Barbero de Sevilla* at the Opera-house. The pretty little woman, with her flute-like voice, is a tremendous favorite here. They recalled her sixteen times, and poured out flowers upon her until she could not walk across the stage. She had been singing two months at Madrid, where she made an essential furore; had an audience with the Queen; and is a great friend of Count Murphy, who has given her an open sesame to all the places here not usually

shown to visitors. I owe much to her friendship in opening them to me.

But it was a great pleasure to see the "Barber" on his native soil. Around me sat the flower of Andalusian beauty and grace, the nobility of Seville. Every woman's hair was dressed with flowers, and the famous great carnations, as large as the double poppy, were in every hand. This superb flower will not grow so large anywhere as here. A *caballero* sent me a bouquet in which I counted sixteen varieties.

We have had some very amusing encounters with these Sevillians. I brought several letters, and it is an awful moment when a haughty Don arrives to make a call. We can none of us speak Spanish, and they speak no French; so the courier has to be invoked, and the high and mighty compliments which follow on both sides are exchanged through his mediation. The Don offers up his house, his opera-box, all that is his. We accept nothing but a "permission to call," and, perhaps, "would he open some doors."

I owe to such a visit from a distinguished scholar permission to see the library of Christopher Columbus, now closed. One thing they do not do, they do not ask you to dinner. No one gets very often inside their houses. Sir Clare Ford, at Madrid, says he asks them to dinner, but they never ask him. They send you a carriage, they are polite, but inside their houses, no!

I trust that at Madrid we may have the entrée to some of these Spanish interiors so jealously guarded. The hotel at Seville (Hôtel de Paris) is excellent. The weather is just now very hot, but we easily fall into their habits of the siesta at one o'clock. We rise early and see the sights, return home and have breakfast, and dine late. We are never tired of these pretty houses

built round a garden at which we get peeps through the iron lattice-work. The shops are dark, cool caverns filled with most tempting laces, fans, and Spanish wools. There is also a beautiful pottery here. The windows are shutterless, protected by iron gratings and an awning. We are here at the best of seasons, the spring, and we enjoy a full moon by which we dine late, hearing the mandolin and guitar. A moonlit night in Seville is a love-song all by itself. These open, square courtyards called *patios* are surrounded by corridors, supported by marble pillars, with a fountain playing in the middle. They are covered in midday by an awning, called *toldo*, and constitute the drawing-room of the family. I know of nothing so pretty. To go back to antiquity, Abdul Yakub was the greatest builder of his age, and in 1171 he threw a bridge of boats across the Guadalquivir; he repaired the Roman Aqueduct and raised the great mosque (now the cathedral, and undergoing repairs). To him we owe the beautiful Giralda Tower, very suggestive of the Campanile at Florence. This is the great tower where in Moorish times the muezzin called the faithful to prayers. Now certain famous bells perform his office. They are so powerful that even the devil is afraid of them, and Murillo was fond of painting the scene where the devil and his winds were dispersed by the bells. Would that we had an agency so effectual to dispel a blizzard or a cyclone!

It would be a week's work to describe the cathedral, its wealth of beauty, its superb size, its endless arches. It is the largest thing in the world apparently. I did not see it to advantage, and therefore have not so pleasing a remembrance of it as of its rivals at Barcelona or Tarragona. It cannot compare with the Mosque of Cor-

dova; but it has two beautiful Murillos in it which I can praise—"The Guardian Angel" and the "Saint Anthony of Padua." This saint has been to New York, it will be remembered. He was cut out by one of his own priests, sent to Mr. Schaus, who detected whence and where he belonged, and sent him back. The restoration is skilfully done, and it is an unrivalled specimen of the master.

I preferred to go and rest in the lovely Cinquecento gardens of the Alcazar, where the beautiful Maria de Padilla bathed the forehead and soothed the savage temper of Pedro the Cruel until she was accused of magic. In this palace of the Alcazar Charles V. was married, and at his order arose these labyrinths of box in the style of the Italian renaissance, these orange-groves, this thicket of roses.

I have often asked myself how I should feel if I were to be in the home of Murillo and Velasquez. Here I am on the very spot, and I see whence they drew their inspiration. Murillo had but to look around him to behold the splendid black-eyed babies and the beautiful Andalusian Madonnas. Neither look as if they knew anything. For of beggar boys the supply is limitless. The beggars and the donkeys in Spain!

I am inclined to write a book and call it *The Donkey in Spain*. Nothing but the fear that some wit would ask me if it were intended for an autobiography has deterred me. But that patient little beast does all the work. He is buried under two panniers, and he is laden down with everything. No refuge has he but his patient cry and his discordant note. The voice of protest in all the world has been discordant. It finishes off with the donkey. In this miserably poor, enormously rich country he seems to be the emblem of what has ruined Spain

—oppression and taxation; this country which has been ruined by bad government, but is so beautiful and strange.

I enjoyed very much the Palace of St. Telmo, the beautiful house of the Duc de Montpensier. Here I saw two of the best of Velasquez—portraits of Philip IV. and of Olivarez; also some poor Murillos, and the original of Ary Scheffer's "St. Monica and St. Augustine"; splendid examples of Zubaran and other Spanish painters; also a curious series of pictures from *Don Quixote*, embroidered in silk by a man, very original, humorous, and quaint. The Duke must be a student of Cervantes, for he has statuettes of the Don and of Sancho Panza everywhere. Sancho was a famous name among the old kings, so Sancho Panza is equivalent to our saying "Washington Briggs." The house is full of records of the Orleans family, including a very fine full-length of Philippe Égalité, the Duke's infamous grandfather. The Queen Isabella II., his sister-in-law, is also portrayed, but we saw no likeness of his dear little daughter Mercedes, Queen of Spain, whose death, they say, broke his heart.

Across the Paseo de Cristina we came to the old Moorish tower of the Tomo del Oro. No one knows whether this was a lighthouse or a treasure-house, perhaps both, as its octagon shape and high lantern would make it useful in either capacity. Pedro the Cruel, the Henry VIII. of Spain, used it for a prison in which he punished his false wives.

This is the home of the bull-fights, but, alas for us! there will be none until we reach Madrid. So our cruel instincts must wait a week. For us the Plaza de Toros of Seville is a lost delight. Its capacity to seat twelve thousand spectators, its view of the Giralda—all is lost for us. The effect is said to be very grand as the last

bull dies! (I do not know that I am inconsolable; one must miss something in any country! I rather hope there will be no bull-fights in Madrid, if it be not treason to say so.)

To one who comes here to welcome poetical impressions and day-dreams, Seville is the most satisfactory town in Spain. It is still the city of the most picturesque blackguards in Spain, who sleep on the steps, wear their shawls and cloaks with a grace which is proverbial — pictures of the bliss of idleness; a great argument in favor of being entirely worthless. They have no vulgar prejudices as to duty and honesty, but are very good guitar-players. No grave, solemn, sad Spanish type is this, but a mixture of the gypsy, the bull-fighter, and the contrabandist. None of your jealous, haughty, suspicious, and dignified cavaliers among these beggars. It is the city of pleasure. The "Barber" is its true expletive. Rossini's march exactly expresses it. The upper classes, however, are distinguished-looking and very handsome, the men especially—a high type of Spaniard, well dressed, riding well-groomed horses. The turnouts at the fashionable drive are worthy of Rotten Row. The women wear the beautiful mantilla. In many cases it is becoming, and, being local, should always supplant Paris bonnets.

But it is not to the upper class (as much at home in Paris as in Seville) that one looks for the true Spanish type. At the tobacco factory, in the streets, we have seen some fine specimens of Andalusian beauty. The deep, large, full black eye, the raven hair in such magnificent profusion, that indescribable charm and naturalness, grace, liveliness, and repartee which painters, poets, and opera-writers have sought to reproduce, are to be seen on every corner. Byron made Cadiz to rhyme

with ladies. He and Tom Moore both found some enchantress here, no doubt.

No wonder the Moslem loved to linger by the Guadalquivir, to dream away his life amid the enchantments of refined taste, with all of Nature's profuse and prodigal gifts of climate and production. He lavished his gold and genius to adorn his city. He gave freely of his blood to defend it.

> "Fair is proud Seville! Let her country boast
> Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days."

Later on Seville became the court of Spanish kings, and is linked with their romantic and most cruel records. The discovery of America, by making it the emporium of the world, revived its former prosperity. From its port of Palos sailed Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortez. In the fifteenth century it was the home of the merchant princes. It was the New York of Spain. It became the prey of the French in 1808. Marshal Soult carried off the Murillos—in fact, tore it in pieces. The English entered it in 1813 amid universal acclamations.

The Spanish proverb says: He who has seen Seville has seen wonders; but he who has not seen Granada has seen nothing."

It is difficult now to know why they so adored Granada. Beautiful as is the Alhambra, splendid as is the view of the Sierra Nevada, it is not as attractive as is this flower-fringed, cheerful city. The lightness, the elegance, the vivacity, the show, the thousand things to see here, make it the prettiest and most peaceful picture we have yet seen. To-day is the Queen's birthday, and the houses are all decked with her picture.

She is the Madonna of the day, the ever-present, ever-worshipped Murillo, the immortal type of the most per-

fect love. A mother and her baby rule Spain; and the baby hand holds the sceptre with an invincible strength. One of the editors of the *Figaro* gave me a letter to a high official, so that in Madrid I should see the Queen.

"Yes," said he, "but I know you, being a woman, want to see the baby."

I acknowledged that the Majesty of "two years and a half" was to me more interesting than any other, and that I was willing to put my neck under his darling foot. That sovereignty fresh from heaven, the great rule of King Baby, who does not kiss his chubby hand? He rules the court, the politician, and the Liberal.

"I cannot war against a woman and a baby," said Castelar.

That baby is now a fine lad of ten years or more. He was always brave and kingly. Falling down and hurting himself at three years of age, his governess said, "Why does not your Majesty cry?"

"Oh," said he, scornfully, "kings never cry."

I hope he may go out of life, at a good old age, without wanting to cry.

CHAPTER XVIII

Letters from Spain to Friends at Home — Further Thoughts of Madrid — At the Bull-fight — Toledo, the Majestic Crown of Spain—The Cathedral and Its Memories—Moorish Houses and Toledo Blades—The Escorial—The Library—The Pantheon—Burgos and Farewell to Spain.

MADRID, *May* 23, 1889.

I CANNOT quit the very delightful subject of Seville without mentioning the visit which I paid to the library of Columbus. I am ashamed to say that what was denied to Edward Everett Hale, as I read in his lovely book, *Seven Spanish Cities*, was granted to me—that is, a view of the original letters of Columbus, his map drawn with his own hand, and wet with sea-water and perhaps with his tears; also the priceless manuscripts of the library bought by Fernando Columbus and given by him to the city of Seville.

It is only another proof that the battle is not to the strong or the race to the swift. That the great Boston scholar should have been denied this privilege, he the nephew of Edward and Alexander Everett, who enabled Washington Irving to write the *Life of Columbus;* he who has a proprietary right to these manuscripts—that he should not have seen them, and that I should, is one of those wrongs which are irretrievable. I had the open sesame of a letter of introduction with a nobleman's name. Let no one travel in Spain without this golden key. The same golden key took me to the upper rooms of the Alcazar and to the Duke de Montpensier's

palace, a most delightful place. But it takes no golden key to open the tobacco factory. The delightful voice of Emma Nevada did that for me. We arrived at the factory and were refused admittance. "Tell them Mme. Nevada has no other chance," said her husband, "as she has been singing Seville off its feet in the *Barber*." That immediately brought down the governor, and we were shown that immense industry—six thousand women rolling cigarettes and cigars. These poor things, often under fourteen, are, some of them, accompanied by a baby and a cradle.

One pretty young creature, not more than fifteen, had a baby as beautiful as any of Murillo's, and she was so proud of him that she had made for him a pillow of the splendid carnations of which Spain is so proud. No Royal duke ever had a more imperial one. This poor child of sin and shame is cared for as if born in the purple. The excellent governor told me that by allowing these girls to bring their children they hoped to prevent matricide. The mothers earn a franc and a half a day. There is also a crèche where these mothers who wish to get rid of their children can drop them in a revolving basket and lose sight of them forever. I went to see those dear sisters, whose motto is, "These children of sin are sinless; we will make them good Christians for the Lord—good soldiers for the King," and I have never seen an infant asylum cleaner or more attractive.

Indeed, on this vexed question I consider Seville vastly ahead of America.

We came through to Madrid by night. It is an uninteresting journey by day, I hear. We arrived at Madrid in the morning, to be disappointed in its general architecture. It is not a Spanish city in the least. Its chief attractions are the Bueno Retiro, a beautiful park.

These recollections of Spain, written on the spot to friends at home, necessarily grew confused and repetitious.

Another beautiful drive, El Prado, ending in the Paseo Castellano, is ornamented with a beautiful statue of Isabella the Catholic. Ferdinand holds her bridle rein as she sits on horseback—the old Cardinal Ximenes stands by her side. It is a pretty modern statue.

Along the Paseo Castellano are the fine palaces and gardens of the grandees of Spain. This promenade was founded by Espartero, the favorite minister of Queen Isabella. It is the patrician street of Madrid. We drove also around the palace and the square of the Opera, where is the famous statue of Philip IV., the whole resting on the horse's hind-legs. The tradition is that Galileo told them to weight the tail of the horse with lead, and that keeps the horse eternally rearing. It is very wonderful in its way.

The Royal Palace at Madrid is certainly a magnificent Royal residence, both without and within—especially within. Its marbles and gildings, its rooms in every style, especially the throne room, which has chandeliers of rock crystal and colossal looking-glasses, are very fine. Then there are marbles galore, crimson hangings, coats of arms, and ceilings painted in illustration of the virtues of kings and the virtues of subjects, where the costumes of the people are represented. Then comes a splendid *gabinete* fitted up with china. This was all made by the artists whom Charles II. brought with him from Naples from the manufactory of Capo di Monte. The large winged figures offer the most splendid examples of this now lost art that at present exist in the world.

The view from the palace windows is splendid but

dreary. No tasteful Moor has irrigated the land or planted trees, flowers, and fountains. There is no gush of running water, as at the Alhambra. The Manzanares, a most uninteresting stream, runs through the arid landscape, and the mountains are harsh and ugly.

We have seen the Queen, who, with her two little daughters and her Royal son, inhabits this most regal house and lights it up with love and maternity. She is, indeed, a charming, unpretending, and most gracious Royal lady.

The great gallery is a reason in itself for coming to Madrid. The Velasquezes and Murillos have been so often described that there is nothing for me to say except that they are peerless.

This is considered one of the richest galleries in the world, and is presided over by Don Pedro Madrazo, the famous father of a now famous son, the portrait-painter in Paris. This learned man has published a catalogue, in two volumes, which is a history of painting in itself. It contains the history of the painters and their works. This museum is a really fine building on the Paseo del Prado. Within, the arrangements are most admirable.

No collection of pictures was ever made under greater advantages. Charles V. and Philip II. were true connoisseurs, and happened to be in power during the bright period of the Renaissance, when "art was a necessity." Then Philip IV., a most true lover of art, ruled in Naples and the Low Countries while the second glorious period of art was at its highest. He collected pictures and honored artists. All these kings were devoted friends of the artists, invited them to their tables and decorated them. Velasquez and Rubens were guests at the palace. The viceroys of Spain collected the gems

from the Low Countries and from Italy, and the finest specimens of Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto, Vandyke, Paul Veronese, Rubens, and Teniers may be seen here. Imagine a gallery in which there are sixty-two examples of Velasquez. It is only here that the masterpieces of this master can be studied and understood. There are forty-six of Murillo's greatest masterpieces.

One is swamped in such a gallery. The only way is to give a week to it; do it patiently, go often, come away when too tired to look further, and then to jump out of the window and commit suicide, having not half seen it.

We are amused at some of our countrywomen, who walk around for half an hour, and, swinging their parasols at a picture, say, "That's pretty"; "Now I have seen it all"; "Let's go home to breakfast"; "I don't like this gallery half as well as the one in Russia"; "There, I declare, I don't want to see any more"; and so on.

The art collection founded by Charles V. is said to be the finest in the world. The titanic blade of Gonsalvo Hernandez de Cordova, Isabella's "Gran Capitan"; a magnificent sword of Philip II.; the sword of Charles V., made by John of Toledo; the Florentine armor of the great Duke of Alva; the helmet and shield of Francis I., found after the battle of Pavia; gold votive crowns; real crowns and shields; whole suits of armor, including one worn by Isabella the Catholic, down to one worn by the latest man who wore armor—all are preserved here most carefully. It is a splendid day's work to see this treasure-house of history, and these really beautiful and valuable things are in themselves most wonderful.

These king-collectors of Spain were consummate art critics. They have never been surpassed.

The Church of San Francisco el Grande is, perhaps, the most worthy of a visit as a curious and beautiful church. But Madrid is too modern for churches. It is a sad contrast to Granada, the Alhambra, to the Mosque of Cordova, Seville and its cathedral. Indeed, it has no claims peculiarly Spanish. It is, however, gay, metropolitan, and full of handsome shops. It is the capital city, and that is always worth seeing.

We leave, however, for the greater glories of Toledo and of the Escorial, and shall then quit Spain after five weeks of enjoyment of its glories and its local coloring.

The weather has become very hot; the only cool places are inside these great marble buildings or within the English embassy, where Sir Clare Ford entertained us at lunch. We are on the Puerta del Sol, the centre of the town, from which all the streets radiate, and we are every evening amused by the most vivacious crowd, who shout, laugh, and sing late into the night. Sometimes we see a gay group of soldiers, whose martial music enlivens the morning air. These soldiers wear the regular Roman sandal, and it looks strange enough with their black and red coats and sometimes their German helmets. However, they are good soldiers and fight well.

No one has seen Spain who has not witnessed a bull-fight. It is the successor to the Olympic games of Greece, or the more cruel gladiatorial contests in the Coliseum when human beings fought with wild animals; so when the placards announced a magnificent "Festa de Toros" I sent my courier to the Puerta d'Alcalá to buy tickets. As we drove to the Plaza de los Toros all Madrid seemed going with us, anxiety and impatience depicted on their countenances. Business, pleasure, and religion were forgotten. It was Sunday after-

noon, and prince and peasant, gay lady, young girls, children, master and servant, were all directed towards the spot in which centres the Spaniard's chief delight. Vehicles, horses and mules, all with gay trappings, announced a national holiday.

We were soon inside the immense circus, over three hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by a strong barrier paling six feet in height. Behind one enclosure bulls were bellowing ominously. Our seats were in a box near that of the Governor and the Royal box, which was empty, but gorgeously adorned with velvet hangings and the Royal lion of Spain. The boxes of the court and the ambassadors were roofed in and gayly ornamented with silk and gold embroideries, filled with beautiful women, many with the white mantilla, and accompanied by cavaliers in gay uniforms; also dignified priests in sacerdotal habits. It was a magnificent sight. Soon one of the four great barred gates was thrown open and a splendid procession entered. Men on horseback carrying spears were preceded by two standard-bearers on mules; heralds announcing by flourish of trumpets the picadors, stacadores, banderilleros, and matadors. These last, gorgeously dressed, were loudly cheered; and they deserved it, for they were the handsomest creatures I had ever seen.

After this really splendid procession had passed twice, the matadors walked alone to the Governor's box, saying something equivalent to

"We who are about to die salute thee."

Then the herald demanded the key which should release the bull.

An instant clearing of the vast arena, and a solemn silence followed, and only the great matador Fras-

cuelo, the champion, stood alone, waving his scarlet shawl.

Then the door was unlocked and the bull rushed out. Although he seemed a wild image of strength, I declare I pitied him, he looked so surprised at that unwonted spectacle. The almost childish expression in those unawakened eyes, that had but just now looked on Andalusian meadows, was most pathetic. But soon his calmness gave way to fury; he spurned the ground with his hoofs, threw the dust in the air with his horns, and the sound of the trumpet and the entrance of a crowd of stacadores, waving their shawls at him, roused his indiscriminate rage, and he tore to shreds the shawls they left behind them in their flight.

Then Frascuelo with genuine courage approached him and planted an arrow in his neck. The fury of the tortured animal became intense.

The picadors now entered with horses. Poor beasts! we had to see them gored—a horrible and bloody sight. The valor of the wounded horses now excited the plaudits of the multitude; they seemed to enter into the spirit of the scene. With lighted arrows burning in his back, the poor bull rushed upon a stacador, who threw his shawl over his head, and with agility and skill gave him another arrow.

After a terrible scene of cruel injustice and unfair play, in which forty or fifty tormentors exasperated his fury, and six horses were killed, the scene was left to the bull and Frascuelo, who now stood with a green shawl thrown over his arm, a perfect picture of slender beauty and grace. The bull had been wildly foaming with rage and suffering, but now he became stationary, and glared silently at the brilliant figure of his daring antagonist. I declare this was exciting, as the matador

met that fiery glance with the steady and determined gaze of undaunted intrepidity.

Several minutes seemed to be passed in this suspense. When the matador advanced and waved his green mantle, the bull jumped, to be repulsed by his sword. This contest went on silently for several minutes. The paralysis of death was on the poor animal; he staggered, and the trumpets sounded just before he fell. Frascuelo tempted him to one more leap, and then planted his dagger between the horns, the head, and neck. The bull looked at him with reproachful eyes, staggered, and fell on the earth, which was red with his blood.

I was so sick and faint, so overcome at the brutality of this fiendish sport, that I hardly heard the shouts of "Bravo! bravo!" and the fanfaronade of trumpets. As through a mist, I saw women throw flowers and rings and chaplets at Frascuelo, and he was carried off a hero. I saw them chain the horns of the dead bull, together with the wounded horses, and drag them off. Four mules abreast, gayly caparisoned, made it a sort of procession. I do not know which astonished me most, the strikingly curious, brilliant *coup d'œil*, the dexterity of the men, the intrepidity of the animals, the miserable unfair play, or the pleasure of the spectators.

"Madame will stay to see the next bull killed—a beautiful creature?" asked my courier, who had enjoyed it, immensely.

"No," said I, "get us out of this as soon as possible."

We three women were faint and dizzy, and we all saw blood wherever we looked for the rest of the day.

The matadors are the heroes of Spain. They go from city to city followed by a troop of admirers. They grow very rich. Their portraits are everywhere and I brought home a tambourine with Frascuelo's handsome

face on it. They are splendidly dressed in that costume with which the opera of *Carmen* has made us familiar. Of perfect athletic figure, although small men, they present the superiority of human reason over brute force. But how cruel, inhuman, and degrading is the spectacle of such misplaced courage! "Butchered to make a Roman holiday," I thought, as I looked at the bull.

TOLEDO, Spain, *June* 1, 1889.

Toledo is the most picturesque place in Spain, and has the worst hotels and the steepest of streets. We were precipitated down a mountain torrent, or the dry bed of one, in a curious mixture of omnibus, jaunting-car, and furniture van, around which hung calico curtains, ragged as the "hair of Hecuba," the same being drawn by a mule and a horse, tied in with ropes and "exhorted" by a Spaniard with a long whip and a voluminous vocabulary. My friend, who has more nerve than I have, had looked out of the furniture van, and had said, resignedly, "One man is holding the pole of the carriage, two more are holding the mule and the horse. We cannot escape immediate destruction."

I closed my eyes and said a prayer, awaiting instant death, when we stopped all right in a sort of triangular square, if there is such a figure in geometry, and found that this was an every-day drive in this town of memories. Instead of a triangular square, perhaps I should call this little place "Puerta." It is about as large as half a pocket-handkerchief, and would have been square only an impertinent house came walking down into it and spoiled its shape. This house we called the home of Juliet, it was so pretty and made Romeo so practicable. There was the window, and the balcony, and some cooing doves in a box on the iron balustrade. It

is all out of the scenery of a theatre—Toledo. When I was introduced to my apartment (if a cell in the wall, with a hole to admit the air, can be so dignified) I leaned out of my window (?) and reached my parasol across to Juliet's window and the cooing doves. It just made a convenient bridge for a dove or a love-letter.

Presently we were summoned to supper and sent over brick floors, which were laid by the Visigoths, up a strange staircase of brick and lath to a room with Moorish tiles, where we had some very good omelet and some potted pigeons, perhaps some of the doves. Our courier made us some excellent tea. After ascending, or descending (which was it?), to our bedrooms again we uttered a feeble cry for hot water. We were told the fire was out! Yet the poor, dear little birdlike sisters made up their fire again, and we each had a hot bath brought in beautiful old Moorish tubs, which were so handsome that, but for their size, and what in New England would be called their heft, we should have tried to bring them back with us to New York. The beds were perfectly clean, and we soon slept the sleep of the weary. In the morning the sociable grosbeaks, as we called the birdlike sisters, brought us some more hot water, and, what was rarer, some cold water, and we got a good breakfast—more doves and more omelets—and went out to see the town in the same jaunting-car, with the mule and the horse and minus the crazy "hair of Hecuba" covering. Toledo boasts a beautiful, grand situation, like Edinburgh—a congestion of ruins, as if all the warlike tribes since Iberia was a Roman colony had each thrown a stone on the cairn. Toledo for majesty and beauty is the crown of Spain. What a lordly situation! Built on a high rock, sloping to the Tagus—"the throne of Hercules," by whom the legends

say it was built. Toledo, with its sombre-looking edifices, spreading terracewise, is worthy of the Goth, the Jew, the Moor who loved it; better still, worthy of the eagle eye of Charles V., who, when master of the world, swept the space between him and India in search of new worlds to conquer. It is the seat of grandeur and pride, massiveness and dominion. It is a rock-built aery, crowned by all that man can do, and its ruins say:

"Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in."

Its steepleless churches, dilapidated walls, most beautiful bridges, and Moorish palaces—well may it recall the poetry of the Moor, who says of her: "She is, indeed, the city of delights. God has lavished on her all sorts of beauties. He has given her walls for a turban, a river for her girdle, and the branches of trees for stars."

Now she is the "Pompeii of Spain"—only a museum. The inhabitants seem to be taking a siesta after four centuries of warlike activity. It is very fortunate for the lover of the picturesque that Toledo was deserted by Charles and Philip (both crazy men), and that they left her Gothic and Saracenic walls to speak for themselves of that period of almost unearthly beauty, when the gay fancy of the Moor illuminated the more gloomy but solid picturesqueness of the Goths.

Toledo has always been the great church power of Spain. It is to-day. The archiepiscopal see of Madrid, Cordova, Jerez, Carthagena, Cuenca, Siguenza, Segovia, Osuna, and Valladolid—all bow the knee to this great prelacy. In the sixteenth century the Archbishops of Toledo, men of immense learning, boundless wealth, were a race of mitred kings. Here lived and ruled Ximenes, who held the key to the beautiful conscience of

Isabella the Catholic, and turned it the wrong way occasionally. Here lived Mendoza, maker of kings. Here the Primate of all Spain, by ruling his master's conscience, ruled the world. Here lived Pedro the Cruel, afraid of his own life, having killed so many people, and ruled by his wife, Maria de Padilla, whom he loved well, "so fair she was." Here these great churchmen headed armies and won battles, founded universities, colleges, and libraries. They were as great in the arts of war as in the arts of peace. They drew up charts and codes which we use to-day. I declare it was a glorious age! These walls tell the story — how can they be so ruinous to-day? Here was born that unfortunate creature, Juana la Loca, that mad daughter of the serene Isabella, whose fantastic love for her ruthless Philip le Bel has made her story so pathetic. Insanity seems not uncommon in Spain. Prescott, if I remember rightly, thinks that Columbus was insane in his old age; that is, however, often said of great geniuses.

Of course, we had to go to the cathedral first, as it is (so every one says) "*the* cathedral of Spain." It is so old that nobody knows who founded it. It is so grand that we can well believe that the Virgin Mary visited it in 666. It is firmly believed that Our Gracious Lady, the Virgin Mary, came down from heaven to visit Ildefonso with the present of a chasuble. This is a favorite legend of the Church, and Murillo has painted it many times. Afterwards the Moors pulled down the church and built a mosque. Then Bishop Bernard, sent from France to repress the Order of St. Benedict in Spain, tore down the mosque and destroyed all the traces of Moslem worship. So the visit of the Virgin appears to have been the only ray of heavenly light, the only kindly, gentle, sweet superstition, of this bloody

Church for several centuries. I advise them to keep to the chasuble. The church was a monastery a century and a half. Then St. Ferdinand, a great character in Spanish history, had another hack at it and tore it all to pieces. In 1227 the first stone of the present structure was laid. For two hundred and sixty-six years the work of building went on continuously. It was plundered by Maria de Padilla in 1621, and General de Houssage, a worthy copyist of Marshal Soult, sacked it again in 1808.

Here, however, the early Spanish Gothic reigns in all its simplicity, majesty, austerity, and strength. For six centuries all the best artists of a period when art was pure and high enriched this glorious cathedral with their noble ideas. A wealthy and enlightened clergy continued to make this cathedral a museum of all the different ecclesiological periods of Spain. There are the Gothic, the Græco-Roman, the Saracenic; the splendor, the lightness, the richness of detail of the Gothic of the fifteenth century; there are variety, movement, and life. Indeed, a lifetime might well be spent in this cathedral, so many historical, poetical, and artistic associations does it arouse. The outside, although impressive, is not equal to the inside. It lacks the admirable grouping of the masses, so conspicuous in the great cathedrals of Burgos, Tarragona, and Seville. Yet nothing can be more lovely than the Mozarabic Chapel, with its elegant cupola and Gothic open-work. Within goes on that singular service known as the "Unitarian Creed," beloved of Cardinal Ximenes—simple, religious, which leaves out the Athanasian Creed, and is said daily. How can I describe the sculptured niches, the lions holding up escutcheons, the forest of lofty columns, the chapel upon chapel, the five great naves, the vaults of the roof, the

eighty-eight piers, the doors, which are magnificent pointed arches; the wealth of delicate tracery, the splendid stained glass; the lovely shafts which stop half-way to receive the descending arch; the more ambitious ones which take the leaf of the fern, shoot upward, to meet with a gracious curve the more retreating arch, as a noble nature goes forward to meet a retiring and shy heart! All, all is beautiful, poetical, artistic, soul-inspiring.

Where did they learn this infinity of exquisite detail? There are seven hundred and fifty stained-glass windows. There are five or six great churches in one. Two noble rose-windows light the transept. Two lateral naves wind with a beautiful sweep round the apse, and, as if to quell the questioning eye with perfection, a long gallery of curved diminutive arches runs high up along the top of the pillars, a sort of angel gateway to a better world. Dying away on the stone floor are the Royal purples, the rose color, the blue, the green of these gem-like windows, which fill the church with light and color. It is not a dim, religious light. Indeed, my friend declared that it was not sombre enough for a church; but her youthful eyes have been quenching their radiance in the dark interiors of Spain, and she loves the deepening shadows.

The high chapel is gorgeously gilt and painted blue. It has much splendid wood carving, and here, high up, Cardinal Mendoza, the "King-maker," sleeps in peace. We think of Browning's wonderful poem, *How the Bishop Ordered his Tomb at St. Praxed's*, as we see the man of taste and learning sleeping in stone amidst all this beauty which he prized in life. The finest *reja* (or iron gateway) in Spain—a superb combination of brass, bronze, and iron—shuts him in. The admirable

finish and composition of the bassi-rilievi, the colossal crucifix—this must all be a great comfort to the learned, art-loving churchman who, doubtless, in dying, bespoke this fitting resting-place:

"Lay me in St. Praxed's, that is the church for peace."

How I should like to describe the Retablo, which rises in five stories, from the floor to the very roof, a magnificent example of florid Gothic! This splendid piece of wood-carving was the work of twenty-seven artists, one of whom was a converted Moor. You can see where his delicate fingers gave it some touch of the Alhambra. It is a poem in wood-carving, the subjects all from the New Testament; and the wealth of ornamentation, the profusion of statuettes, do not mar the general effect of exquisite grace and simplicity. But the mule and the horse and the crazy cart are outside. We must not linger in this great, this inexhaustible cathedral.

We must go to San Juan de los Reyes, where hang the iron chains which once the Moor fastened on Christian legs, and Ferdinand and Isabella unforged. They are impressive ornaments of man's cruelty to man and of what can be done in the name of religion. This splendid specimen of the Spanish Gothic is the delight of architects. It was erected by Ferdinand and Isabella to celebrate the victory which made Castile theirs forever. The apse is most elegant and chaste, with two tiers of arches.

The carving in this church looks like ivory work, and everywhere is that monogram which we never look at without emotion, I. and F.—Isabella and Ferdinand—while all about an army of sculptured saints cast their mysterious shadows on the ground. The Alcazar (which

is a palace, an empty house) would be famous and beautiful if it had not been almost destroyed by fire. The walls, the gates, the squares, the streets, and the bridges remain to make this one of the most interesting of ruined towns. It is mediæval, Saracenic, and Gothic and Spanish. It is like nothing else. To descend into the valley and look up at it, how rich it is! We drive through its streets, which are merely accidents — the houses were built first, and these alley-ways were dug out afterwards; we look at the gateways, the pointed horseshoe arch flanked by two high turrets—all are picturesque and characteristic. The bridge of Alcantara is a wonderful work. Two noble gateways tell you that this was built by Al-Massem in 997 to replace one of the eighth century. It was fortified by Enrique I. in 1217, who built for it an imposing tower. Under its graceful arch sweeps the Tagus, yellow as gold—an impetuous current, full of the blood of conquest and of greed. The bridge of San Martin, almost as beautiful, is a delightful subject for the water-colorist. We might linger forever at La Puerta Lordada, a Moorish gateway, from which once dangled the gory head of Hixem, a favorite architectural ornament of the eighth century. It is purely Moorish and wonderfully fine, with its gigantic towers and narrow winding gateway, small arch, wily, destructive, insecure—cautions, like the Moor, tasteful even when cunning.

It is the evening sun, which lightens up these gray towers, and tells us the time has come when we must leave the picturesque crown of Spain, of ruined Toledo. Philip II., gloomy ascetic, rang its death-knell when he made Madrid the capital. But he could not take away its beauty, its situation, so glorious that from every point new visions of beauty gleam out to charm the lingering traveller.

We drove off to see the Moorish houses and to buy some "Toledo blades." We saw the only industry which still flourishes in this deserted town. Knives of such fine temper that their delicate points will pierce a copper cent, yet retain their sharp and unbroken point; bull-fighters' swords which bend like a ribbon, which, however, can break the back of an Andalusian bull; exquisite ornaments, made of steel, inlaid with gold and silver—all are worthy to point a moral and adorn a tale; but as the "temper of the blade" has been made the subject of maxims and comparisons, until the schoolboy dreads the sound of the "tempered blade" as he dreads the ruler, I will forbear.

El Escorial, Spain, *June* 4, 1889.

The journey from Madrid to Toledo is only fifty miles, but it is five centuries long if one measures it by the memories it invokes. We came back to Madrid to sleep, and took a fresh start for the Escorial the next evening. I tried to recall, as I crossed these arid plains, the day when they were covered with forests of oaks, chestnuts, and madroños, and filled with bears. wolves, and perhaps wild boars, which Charles V. used to shoot with a crossbow. The Kings of Castile came to these plains to hunt when Madrid was a city of but little importance. As for Madrid, it was sometimes chosen for a convocation of the Cortes, or for a coronation, but it assumed no distinction until Charles V. made it his residence in the sixteenth century. It was his quiet hunting-box, whither he fled from the state of his great palace at Toledo. It was in 1560 that Philip II. declared it the only court of his united Spain. In this he was governed by the same principle which influences us sometimes in the choice of a President. We avoid all

hostile feeling by selecting the dark horse and disappointing everybody else. Madrid was a city free from local traditions, and was for that reason more willingly acceptable to all, and reconciled the other rival claims. As we left it behind us we saw the Guadarrama range of hills, all covered with snow. This is a fine sight, and the shapes reminded us of the White Mountains as approached from Franconia. We ascended over wind-blown, treeless plains, but we breathed a "purer ether, a serener air" than any which had blessed our lungs for a very long time. It was delicious mountain air. We reached the Escorial at ten in the morning, and drove to a very comfortable hotel, "La Miranda," where we breakfasted.

This small village is called El Escorial from the scoriæ of the iron mines which cover the hillsides. Scoriæ indeed! The Royal residence which bears for us that name is really the "Palace and Monastery of San Lorenzo el Real." It is in the village Escorial; and if you can imagine a splendid thing, a village of stone, built up half-way on Mount Washington, you have the Escorial. I thought it beautiful, and Philip II. a man of sense to have built his house amid such scenery and with such air to breathe.

This "leviathan of architecture" is a rectangular parallelogram—to be accurate, it covers a surface of 500,000 square feet. It cost £660,000 in 1584. How much would that be now? It is majestic, with its four high towers, and its many little ones and its fine dome make it very pleasing; its vast proportions, admirable harmony, massiveness, grandeur—all framed by secluded, wild, rocky pine slopes—are a picture indeed! Here Philip had his palace, his church, his court, his royal equipage. I believe five thousand people can live in the Escorial. It is co-

lossal! Sixteen courts, forty altars, eleven hundred and eleven windows outside, fifteen hundred and sixty-two windows inside, twelve hundred doors, fifteen cloisters, eighty-six staircases! There were eighty-nine fountains and thirty-two leagues of garden walk. Now, from the windows, about an acre of very finished boxwork of the early Italian style is visible, and some flowering trees threw up their bright pink to make the green more charming; the roses were clambering over the gray walls of the garden, hiding them in beauty. Beyond, the splendid mountain scenery arose in silent grandeur. It is very impressive.

How was a lame woman to walk through this vast expanse? I selected the rooms where gloomy Philip lived and died so miserably, the broad, handsome, beautifully fitted-up home of the present court, the library, the church, and, later on in the afternoon, the Pantheon, where the dead kings lie in grand marble halls, and gave up the rest.

Whether Philip II. inherited his gloom and insanity from his grandmother, crazy Jane, or not, he was certainly sincere. When he built this oppressively sublime and gigantic convent and palace he expressed not only his own peculiar character, but his legitimate inheritance as a Spaniard—a race deeply tinctured with the ideas of the East, ever seeking seclusion for their pleasure, devotion, and business. Proud to an enormous degree, morbidly devout, Philip was full of character and genius, and admirably artistic. It is a combination of which we Anglo-Saxons have little knowledge. We little know the meaning of the word "faith." We call it "superstition," but it meant everything to Philip II.; and to Charles V., his greater father, it meant everything.

The church is a triumph of the Græco-Roman style, and considered a masterpiece. I found it cold, naked, repulsive. It is a square basilica, assuming the shape of a Greek cross. It has twenty-four arches and six naves. It is adorned with kneeling statues and figures of saints, all powerfully rendered. A most touching link with the present is the tomb of the late Queen Mercedes, the first wife of Alfonso XII. (the poor young King just dead, whose baby reigns in Spain). She begged of them not to lay her in this gloomy place, but the Spanish etiquette was inexorable. With her died the hopes of the Duc de Montpensier, who had expected much from the "Spanish marriages."

This vast, lonely church is sorrowful in the extreme. The high chapel which Philip died looking at is built over the Pantheon where his bones rest. Mass goes on forever over his remains. The altar is made of precious marbles and inlaid jasper. The Retablo is glorious, composed of red granite, precious jaspers, and bronze gilt. It is the masterpiece of an Italian, Giacomo Mezzo.

The bronze-gilt and painted effigies of the kings are interesting. One of Charles V. and his wife, the Empress Isabella; his daughter, the Empress Maria; his sisters, Eleanora and Maria, is very interesting; and that of Philip II., his fourth wife, Anna, mother of Philip III.; his third wife, Isabella; and his second wife, Doña Maria of Portugal, mother of Don Carlos; and behind her "this much-written-of Prince," looking very foolish. These are all portraits, and said to be wonderful likenesses. All there but poor Mary of England, who loved Philip so well. We visited the Sacristía and saw the wonderful wafer which bled when the heretics trod on it. The bleeding saints and images of our Saviour

which drop the bloody sweat that we have seen are innumerable.

There is a beautiful Carrara-marble crucifix made by Benvenuto Cellini. It was made for his Royal patron the Duke of Tuscany, who gave it to Philip II. It was brought hither from Barcelona on the shoulders of men. The great Benvenuto himself says of it: "Although I have made several marble statues, I have made but one crucifix, the most difficult for art to render—that is, of a dead body. I speak of the image of 'Our Lord Crucified,' for which I studied a great deal, working upon it with the diligence and love which such a *simulacre* deserves, and also because I knew myself to be the first who ever executed a crucifix in marble."

We had brought with us from Madrid a *permiso* to see the Pantheon, seldom shown. This I owe, as I do many kindnesses, to Sir Clare Ford, the English Ambassador. It is a cellar of precious marbles, gilt coffins, jewelled crosses; all the pomp and panoply of death. Here lie those poor bones once bearing the exalted names of Charles V., Philip II., and so on, down to King Alfonso XII. Marbles from Tortosa and Biscay, jasper from Toledo, bronze-gilt ornaments—all that can accompany the poor clay is here. Queen Isabella II., the mother of Alfonso, has her casket awaiting her above that of her son. She always hears midnight mass when she comes to Madrid.

Leaving the room of the reigning monarchs, we wandered through several rooms, in one of which I found the beautiful recumbent image of Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, the handsome fingers covered with rings. He begged in that last pitiful letter of his to his half-brother, Philip, to be buried here, "as the fittest reward for his services." Poor

boy, who wore victory in his cap! The cold-blooded King, who heard of the victory at Lepanto without moving a muscle, who left Don John to perish miserably at Namur, gave him, however, kingly sepulture. Don John was the handsomest of his race, a magnificent profile; one of the heroes of the world; a gifted and grand creature, sacrificed to the lust of power and the enmity and hatred of his nearest of kin.

The library of the Escorial was selected with care and magnificence. It bears the stamp to-day of Philip's accomplished mind, so wide in its intellectuality, so barren morally. The Escorial was intended by Philip to be the emporium of the fine arts, the sciences, the letters of the age. Many of the books were burned long ago, but their cases we saw. They are of ebony, cedar, orange, and dark woods. It is a long, beautiful room, with that delicious atmosphere which libraries always possess, as if here dwelt the choice spirits of the learned.

"Around me I behold
The mighty minds of old."

The portraits are singularly interesting. After Charles V., aged forty-nine, by Titian, we have Philip II. at seventy-one, Philip III. at twenty-three (he never grew any older in mind), and Charles II. at fourteen. A very curious collection of Arabic missals was once here—a captured library of the Emperor of Morocco, who offered £60,000 for them, but he never got them. What once went into Philip's hands never got out again, or not for long. Fire, however, came in 1691 and lasted fourteen days, consuming whole portions of the Escorial. The library suffered dreadfully.

However, there is a fine Koran left, and a "Códice Aureo," or Gospel, in four books, heavy with gold. It

was begun under Conrad II., Emperor of the West, and finished about the middle of the eleventh century. The illuminations are very curious. And many fine breviaries belonging to Isabella the Catholic and her Royal descendants are shown. We went back to the dark and dreary place where Philip's arm-chair and desk, his poor bed, his monk-like cell, are as he left them. Here he suffered the agonies of gout, and bore his great pain heroically. He wished the whole palace to be a cell, but after his death his descendants thought differently. Under Charles IV. the whole wing of the palace looking out over the snow mountains was fitted up with tapestry, frescoes, French furniture, and French woodwork, at a cost of nearly £300,000. Here the woodwork, the beautiful gold and steel hinges, the magnificent tapestries, fine pictures by Teniers, by Wouverman, by Goya, and by French artists, are in strange contrast to the three-legged stool on which Philip rested his gouty foot.

If the Escorial was the emanation of a mighty mind tainted with melancholy — a mind which loved to ponder on the sombre, awful, retributive side of religion—it is at least consistent.

The other gay rooms are inconsistent, and bring in a strange discord. It is as if a Spanish dance were played amid the splendid diapason of Beethoven's march "On the Death of a Hero." You seem to pause in the midst of the notes of a penitential psalm sounding from the mighty organ, with, perhaps, the clash of cymbals and the far-reaching trumpets, sustaining the muffled drums of a military mass, to listen to the rattle of castanets and the tinkling of guitars.

Spain present is less majestic than Spain past. The impression made on me of this sombre pile was not

disappointment, not gloom; it was all majesty and repose. It fits well the extensive, melancholy waste; the treeless, trackless desert; the mountains rising in ever-varied outline one upon the other. It is lofty, inspiring, religious, and rises, as did his prayers, to God, let us hope. Profoundly sad, it tells of the insufficiency of creed, of the futility of ambition, of the desperate disappointment which awaits any man who lives for himself and not for others. Would that it could be made into a grand hospital for the thousands of blind, lame, halt, sick, starving poor of Spain! Then would religion, devoted to philanthropy, cease to be gloomy. Then would there be a great reason for the Escorial. Then would the sunny side of God's love beam on this ascetic sermon in stone. With mercy, hope, bliss, and love to irradiate it, the Escorial would become the blessing, as it is now the wonder, of Spain.

We came out of Spain by Burgos, where we saw the dirtiest city, the worst hotel, and perhaps the best cathedral in all Spain; also a superb tomb to Don John of Castile, erected by his sister, Isabella the Catholic; and with this beautiful memory of the great Queen, who sanctified all that she touched, we left the most interesting country in the world. At least to us Americans, what country can be so interesting as that of Columbus? and now that two of our greatest writers—Prescott and Irving—have written its varied story, what country should we be more anxious to see?

CHAPTER XIX

An Imaginary Conversation with an Editor—The Effect of Fashion on Our Social Life—Our American Society and Its Leaders—Snobs and Snobbery—Society and Its Mission in Our National Life—King Fashion and His Power—A Last Word.

Perhaps I may be pardoned if I digress from my reminiscences to preach a little sermon on a certain phase in our American social life which has always deeply interested me. But no, it shall not be a sermon, after all. I will adopt the Socratic method as the most effectual vehicle for what I have to say.

"I wonder," said a handsome young editor to me (he was undergoing the process of being lionized at a fashionable watering-place)—"I wonder always at the prominence of certain sets, the power of certain leading women, the tyranny of fashion. What does it mean? Why is not one set as good as another? Why are certain leaders elected whose dictum is infallible? Why do certain people create an exclusive atmosphere into into which certain other people cannot penetrate? And why are you women so afraid of each other? Why has Mrs. Brown-Jones's eye a power which Mrs. Jones-Brown's eye has not? I think the one quite as pretty a woman as the other, quite as clever. What does it mean?"

"Well," I answered, after due reflection, "you have asked the most unanswerable of questions. If I answer you at all, it must be only approximatively; it cannot be

conclusive. For fashion always, from the beginning of the world to the present moment, has been an undefinable term. You may say that it requires wealth, beauty, good position, and tact to become a fashionable leader; and yet I have known a woman to hold all these cards without succeeding in her ambition. Again, I have known a woman to become a fashionable leader who held none of them. It seems to be a sixth sense, a union of certain advantages and certain ambitions. A woman must care to be a leader first."

"But how many care to be, and work very hard for it, and never succeed!" said he.

"Many, no doubt; you have described a very large class, and hence that 'masquerade of hate' which goes on in fashionable society, which is so full of baffled ambitions and disappointed hopes. A woman often embarks more talent, more work, more heart in her enterprise than you have invested in your newspaper, and she utterly fails. Society will not see her; society will not fall down and worship; society is neither influenced by her nor afraid of her; it neither loves nor fears her. Do you wonder that she becomes soured, embittered, and scornful, and abuses that which she cannot conquer?"

"Yes; I wonder, first, at her ambition; secondly, at her being baffled."

"Ah! That is because you are a man, and cannot read the politics of women. You are a great student of those of men; you have not studied those of women."

"Because, you know," said the editor, "the man does not live who can understand a woman."

"No; perhaps you would not be so fond of us if you did."

"I should not have dared to say that."

"I should not have allowed you to. But 'to return

to our muttons.' You agree with me that the formation of a good social position is a very great thing. The woman who makes her parlor a rallying-point for nice people is doing a great public service. She who, in a great city, is a fashionable leader is a power in the state. She helps to refine, elevate, purify our great American conglomerate, where distinction and individuality are obliged to submerge themselves in the common mass, and where a high grade of mediocrity, but nothing better, obtains. Those choicer intelligences which, in older and more aristocratic societies, can stand on their glass pedestals, isolated from the common herd, have no existence here; our institutions forbid them. We are all mixed together—a sort of social blueberry pudding, no one berry any better than any other berry.

"So, you see, it is left to a woman leader to make this particular pudding in a superior manner. She must know how to discriminate between those who are to be let in and those who are to be kept out, for exclusiveness is a very necessary part of it—in fact, it is the whole stock-in-trade of one of our most distinguished leaders; and then she must know how, and when, and in what proportions to mix her ingredients."

"I wish," said the editor, pensively, "that she always knew how to seat her company at dinner. Why, last evening I was put between my most intimate friend and my most intimate enemy, to neither of whom did I wish to speak. My friend and I were talked out, my enemy and I wouldn't speak."

"That was ignorance and crass stupidity," said I; "but both those qualities can belong to a leader of fashion."

"Then do draw a line—some line. Give me an imaginary picture of a leader. Do not keep on drawing

'this impossible monster, whom the world never saw.' Tell me of some one leader, and why she has succeeded."

I saw the editor was getting irritable. He had eaten many good dinners, had been much flattered, was up late at night; his nerves were unstrung. I took pity on him, and described three women:

"One great leader of fashion whom I knew succeeded by cruelty alone. She, of course, had talent, some money, some prestige of family name. But she came to a watering-place with a determination to succeed, to marry off her young daughter, and to rule society. She began by being very agreeable (giving some choice parties), and by propitiating those persons who, by reason of their wealth, propriety of conduct, and social position, always constitute what is called the first circle. Then she began to insult and injure those who had delicacy, timidity, and modesty, and so she made people afraid of her. It became a question whether Mrs. Hightowers was going to speak to you or throw her fan in your face. She began to be a terror to all the weak people, of whom there are many in every society. A want of social courage is a natural defect in a society which has no defined boundaries. Mrs. Hightowers went from bad to worse. It was known that she could spoil the career of any young lady at a watering-place if she chose. She could also make it a success. This she achieved by impudence, self-confidence, cruelty. Many powerful families in this country have achieved a high position by the exercise of similar qualities. Thackeray says, 'The way to succeed is to push. Stamp on your neighbor's foot, and will he not draw it away?' Such people have allies in the modest, the timorous, and the delicate people who hold themselves too high to contend with such a nature as Mrs. Hightowers's. We are at

the mercy of such people, to a certain extent, because our dignity forbids our entering such a field or fighting such an enemy. So Mrs. Hightowers had a short success."

"I am so glad to hear that it was short," said the editor. "Do get to the end of her, and tell me about a more agreeable leader."

"Well, there was Mrs. Clavering. She was a simple, unambitious person, very beautiful and attractive, and with a gift of exclusiveness. She would give a ball, and leave out two or three ambitious aspirants. The ball would be perfect, for Mrs. Clavering knew how to do things. Therefore, when Mrs. Clavering gave another ball there were heartaches and headaches lest the card did not come. People used to say, on seeing her and hearing her talk (for Mrs. Clavering was by no means brilliant), 'How can such a woman be a leader?' But, you see, she had the negative qualities.

"Other women, far more clever, would be too clever; they would be too good-natured; at the last minute they would let in the panting aspirant, and thus lose the prestige of refusal. There are only one or two such leaders as this, but they are the most clever of all.

"Then comes a third leader, Mrs. Devonshire we will call her. She has wealth, high position; she is the wife of a dignitary; she has to receive all sorts of people, but she has such tact, such goodness, such delicacy, such discrimination, that her salon never degenerates. She works like a hero; no Joan of Arc ever stormed or took a more forlorn hope than that which this lady perpetually conquers; for she encounters vulgarity, social ignorance, stupidity, pretension, and fashion; mixes them all into her pudding, and produces a suc-

cessful result. She creates a salon to which the most exclusive are glad to be admitted, and from which the most vulgar and pretentious come away improved. But, I am sorry to say, such leaders are not common. I only know one such."

"I fear you do not," said the editor. "If there were many of them, society would be a much more fascinating thing than it is. But I now wish to ask you to define the word 'snob.' I have read Thackeray on the subject, and I rise from the perusal still uneducated. Please to define and interpret for me the conduct of certain individuals who, at the fashionable watering-place of Fish's Eddy, court and run after Mrs. Clavering and her set, and will not know Mrs. Fotheringay and her set. Now, I have dined with Mrs. Fotheringay, found her house charming, and her guests well-bred and delightful; while her sons and daughters seemed to have all the accomplishments. Mrs. Fotheringay herself was a well-bred lady; yet I am told that they are not fashionable, and 'know nobody.' What does this mean?"

"Well, it means that Mrs. Fotheringay has been in Europe a great deal; she does not care much for 'sets'; she is too dignified to take any steps towards what is called a 'fashionable position'; she is too good for it; she prefers to wait and let people find her out; she stands on her own platform securely, and hesitates to try her neighbors.

"One of these days some fashionable young man will want one of her pretty daughters. They will be married, and then Mrs. Clavering's set will call on Mrs. Fotheringay, and she will become fashionable."

"I feel that I am constantly knowing less and less what fashion means," said the editor.

"As language is given to us to conceal our ideas, I seem to be making a success of my explanation," said I.

"What place has wealth in this tyranny?" asked the editor.

"It has a very commanding place always in society, for society includes nowadays luxury. You may say, generally, that it is a very important thing to be beautiful, for a woman; yet, as we see that the very great beauties do not always gain hearts as the plainer women do, so the great fortunes do not always make their possessors either famous or fashionable. We have some eminent instances of very rich women who are at the same time accomplished leaders of fashion, but we have also many instances of others who are not. I should say tact was worth much more than wealth as a road to leadership."

"What do you mean by 'tact'?"

"I mean that subtile apprehension which teaches a person how to do and say the right thing at the right time. It coexists with very ordinary qualities, and yet many great geniuses are without it. Of all human qualities I consider it the most convenient—not always the highest; yet I would rather have it than many more shining qualities."

"Now, tell me," said the editor, "why are all social leaders so tyrannical?"

"You harp on that word perpetually," said I, laughing; "and why?"

"I have just seen a case of social ostracism that was entirely undeserved," said he.

"Describe it to me, and I will venture to read the riddle."

"A very pretty young married woman, with her hus-

band, arrived at the Pine-Tree House at Fish's Eddy in the height of the season. She sang delightfully for us every evening, and, being beautiful, well-dressed, rich, and educated, I predicted a success for her. So, as the Mrs. Clavering of the period was giving a ball, I asked for an invitation for my pretty friend."

"'What! that woman?' said Mrs. Clavering.

"'Yes,' said I. 'Do you know anything against her?'

"'Oh, she is so common! She sings every evening at the Pine-Tree House, and everybody knows about her.'

"'Is not that a condition of fashionable success, that every one should know about one?' said I.

"Mrs. Clavering gave me a look, and begged politely to refuse my request. Now, there arrived at the Pine-Tree House another young married lady, not half so presentable or nice, from the same town as my first love (whom I will call Mrs. Daisy). Number two (whom I will call Mrs. Buttercups) immediately got acquainted with some fashionable young men, and was invited everywhere; now why was that?"

"I think I can explain: Mrs. Daisy should have adopted a different code of social ethics; she should not have sung, she should have let Mrs. Clavering discover her and bring her out. Mrs. Clavering did not want an *old* sensation—one that had been heard at the Pine-Tree House—she wanted a new one. Mrs. Daisy was too pure and good and natural to know or care about this, perhaps. She sang as a bird sings, without thought that she was thus throwing away an introduction into society. Now, Mrs. Buttercups got the best of allies on her side by making herself fascinating to certain young men who have the entrée to all these houses. It is not a handsome way of getting invitations, but, un-

fortunately, it is too common. It is a part of that thirst for fashionable distinction which has possessed the mind of Americans, just as Wall Street has driven the men crazy to be rich."

"It seems to me that there is a constant temptation to meanness and selfishness and smallness in this struggle for fashion," said the editor.

"Will you tell me is there any human struggle in which there is not the same temptation? Is the struggle for political success any more ennobling? Is the struggle to get rich any more generous?"

"No; they are all marked by human infirmity; but then the struggle is for greater things."

"Ah! there we take issue," said I. "This passion for social distinction is as old as the Pyramids. To have your rank, to stand well with your contemporaries, is not an ignoble ambition. I grant you that our curious experiment of equality has brought about some absurd and impalpable and false barriers, which certain people essay to build up against another set—certain street barricades thrown up in a passion, bloodily fought for, and, when gained, worth nothing; it is a kind of guerilla warfare which is waged every winter by certain women with ambition and bad temper; but that is not society. That is one of the consequences of newness. To gain admission to certain salons which you and I know and admire is a different thing. We know the women who preside over them confer distinction by their acquaintance; we know that in their houses we shall meet society winnowed of its vulgarity, pretension, and ignorance—we shall find individuals. As Margaret Fuller said, 'to have unity, you must first have units.' Our friend knows where to find the units, and she combines with them luxury, fashion, dress,

splendor—all that can intoxicate the senses—without leaving a 'to-morrow' in the cup. There are such houses in our American society. To be ambitious to gain a foothold in them is not unworthy of the most dignified neophyte."

"Certainly not," replied the editor, "but I wish there were not so many who are willing to go by the back stairs."

"Ah! You must remember that snobs are born, and not made."

"Did I not ask you a short time ago to define the word 'snob'?"

"Yes, and I turned the conversation, for it is almost impossible; however, I will try. A refined snob is a person of otherwise good qualities, of which reverence is one; but he has not the courage of his opinions—he is a victim of social cowardice. He is afraid, in fact, of his own social position, perhaps entirely without reason; but you cannot call courage to a heart which has it not. Therefore, he is a victim to the social leaders, who have that priceless commodity, impudence. The respectable snob lives in perpetual fear of phantoms, which he conjures up for himself. He fears that Mrs. Clavering looked coldly on him, that Miss Brown-Jones will not dance with him; in fact, the respectable snob has no easy life. If a woman, she suffers tortures. Every social occasion is freighted with dangers and pin-pricks.

"The vulgar snob is a far coarser creature. He is generally a foreigner of ignoble antecedents, who finds in our country a position he never could have held in his own. His tyranny is immense, if he gets high enough; his subserviency absurd, if he is kept down. I have known the native vulgar snob occasionally; but

to blossom into full luxuriance the snob must be a foreigner. To be a snob argues a profound absence of self-respect; perhaps the sufferer should be more pitied than blamed.

"It is to this element, this presence of snobbism, that we owe much of the failure of society. It disgusts the honest and the sensible. They meet it always at the portals of the great world, and they retire before it. Certain brave and modest and genuine young men shun it as an unclean thing. They see their comrades whom they have not respected, perhaps at school or college, or on the ball-field, or in the rowing-match—men who are their inferiors in every respect—they see these men succeeding in society, and through a subservient, slavish snobbery. They naturally conclude that a society which endures such things must be a sort of place which they will not enjoy, and they retire accordingly, taking from society the element that it so much needs—their sincere selves."

"One hates a coward, anyway," said the editor.

"Yes, and a coward who succeeds, even measurably, through his cowardice is doubly hated. But I think there should be more pity for snobs; just as you pity the deformed and the maimed: they are not to blame."

"How long does a social leader last in this country?" inquired my companion, who was given to statistics.

"Well, not long; the same rotation in office prevails as in politics. It would be much better if they lasted longer. You see, our society needs a head. Having no queen, no nobility, we have no standard in social politics, no party to hail from. As in every other profession, practice makes perfect, and those women who have been long at the work are much better fitted to make a society which shall represent at least some elements of

agreeability than those who come to it newly. As a consequence, we occasionally have a dull winter, a dull summer at a watering-place, when a good leader would have made the whole thing very gay. We very much need a master of ceremonies at the watering-places to introduce people, and to keep out the adventuresses, who are making their way perpetually into the society which should know them not. We need a censor of public morals, too; but that we never shall have."

"And a hospital for those who are killed by the cruelty of women," said the editor. "I mean other women. I have seen elderly women so cruel to young ones—old society leaders killing young and handsome neophytes with a glance, those in good society looking so askance at those who are not. I want a hospital for the wounded!"

"Oh, you may save your pity! The young and handsome ones are very recuperative, and they have a terrible revenge. Time is fighting for them all the time."

"But I have seen some delicate souls wounded to the death," said he.

"So have I. Fashion has its story of Keats, of that handsome young actor Walter Montgomery, who shot himself because the critics pitched into him so mercilessly; and then, too late, they found out that he was the most romantic of Romeos. Fashion has its parallel to the boy Chatterton, no doubt; I have known a gifted and lovely woman stung to madness by social arrows, by the wounds inflicted by the hands of other and jealous women; but such tragedies are rare."

"I must say that even one such takes away the taste for society," said the editor.

"And yet one or two failures have not impaired your interest in politics," said I.

"You are unfair in your argument. Politics is business. Society is a pleasure," replied he.

"No, I think society is a business; it becomes so in its practical working, and you find in it, as I have said, only the imperfections of our common nature. The jealousies of the convent are quite as narrow and bitter and cruel as those of society, and the benefits less. See how society and social attraction brighten up the mind! One says unexpectedly good things at a dinner, or in the presence of a gay company. That is one of the advantages."

"But I think society very levelling. I think fashion extinguishes, or aims at extinguishing, wit. Emerson says that 'the constitutions which can bear in open day the rough dealing of the world must be of that mean and average structure such as iron and salt, atmospheric air and water; but there are metals like potassium and sodium, which, to be kept pure, must be kept under naphtha.' So I think the best elements of the human mind evaporate in the air of fashion, and only the commonplace flourishes."

"There is a great deal in what you say, no doubt. The commonplace and the vulgar have great vitality in them, like certain weeds; but I still think there are many flowers which flourish in the atmosphere of fashion. Look at the beautiful, pure young daughters of our best houses, how they adorn and are adorned. Look at the grace it introduces, the courtesy, the elegance, the picture which it makes! Contrast a salon at Newport with one at Julesburg or Salt Lake City, and which do you prefer?"

"Decidedly Newport, which is one of the perfect places of the world; for there you have fashion engrafted on home, social science with a background of

respectability and reality. There the American people take their pleasure with a certain deliberateness and quietude which do not exist elsewhere. Bonaparte said he found the 'vices were very good patriots' when he laid a tax on brandy. The virtues are good patriots, and one forgives the lavish expenditure in equipage and dinners and dress when one sees the patriots who indulge in these things teaching a whole nation good taste," said the editor.

"I wish the tyranny of fashion would give us a Napoleon I.," said I; "an absolute monarch whose decisions were final. I think it would quiet so many uneasy souls, and bring about such delicious peace. I believe in absolute monarchy—'a despotism tempered by assassination,' a good tyrant."

"Then I should open all the terrors of the newspaper upon him, and he would be crushed by the immense engine of the press," said the editor.

"Never," said I. "King Fashion cannot be crushed. He has a thousand lives, a million heads; you and your great newspaper would be the first to bow before him, and to own up to his power. All mankind and womankind have done it always, and will do it forever. His great realm is boundless, his revenues enormous. How many millions do we pay annually for artificial flowers? More than we pay for iron! There is no trouble in collecting the revenues of King Fashion; his subjects are enthusiastically loyal—don't you think so?"

"Perhaps," said the editor. "At any rate, I will allow you—the last word."

In trying to rescue from the "full-voiced past" that which I remember as having been a great pleasure, and now bewail as being a distinct loss in our present

society, I must mention the "artist receptions," given every spring by the artists of the brush, often in their own studios, sometimes in the Academy of Music or in some large hall, the invitations being by card. These were festive to a degree, and owed their inception, I suspect, to my friend John W. Ehninger, who had come here from Europe early in the fifties, bringing with him much aroma of that student life which we have all since seen and enjoyed in Rome and in Paris. He was a man of society, a brilliant wit, and made his own studio delightful wherever it was, giving little informal *spreads*. Darley, a less social but very handsome man, was apt to be present; and Winthrop Chanler and Theodore Winthrop were sure to happen in. At the mysterious studio in West Tenth Street Mr. Church exercised a rather magnificent hospitality under the very *smile* of the "Temperate Tropics," his great picture, where a brilliant blue butterfly added its own azure to the scene. After he left that great room Mr. Bierstadt took it, and was regally hospitable. I remember that he entertained Lord Dufferin there at a very handsome breakfast.

All united together — Kensett, Eastman Johnson, Whittredge, McEntee, the two Giffords, and the other geniuses of that day—to give us yearly an artists' reception—a public affair at which the ladies wore their prettiest bonnets and gowns, and it came very near to the famous *Varnishing Day* in Paris.

I know of no such easy, pleasant way of meeting each other nowadays. Although the gorgeous entertainments of our gifted architect Stanford White in his own Giralda Tower may be a fitting successor, they are not for us all. Music has taken to giving parties, at Carnegie Hall, in place of her sister art of Painting. She is the hostess now.

I miss, too, the smaller circumference of the Academy of Music, where one listened to the charming voice of Nilsson in Mignon, or applauded our own Clara Louise Kellogg in Marguerite, and could see all one's own circle of friends in one wandering glance around the house. Now who knows anybody, or can see anybody, in the great cosmopolitan Metropolitan Opera House? It is far more grand, but is it as dear and as personal? No.

We miss the great stars like Booth and Salvini; we miss the finish and social importance of Wallack's Theatre; we miss that which splendor cannot obliterate—the greater study, the conscientious fidelity to the rules of their art of those old stock actors like John Gilbert, Mrs. Sefton, the Wallacks and the Hollands, Stoddart, and Walcot.

As for music, it seems an unparalleled *non sequitur*, in the face of the great Wagner cult, to say that I should like to hear *Lucia* and *La Gazza Ladra* again, not to mention *La Grande Duchesse* and *Périchole.*

It was a nice, sociable little city forty years ago, but we have grown both larger and *smaller.* We had two very fine costume balls at which I assisted—one rather ruled by Mrs. Belmont — at Delmonico's, somewhere about 1875 or '6, and another, in 1883, at Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's. They did not excite half the talk, the criticism, that one given in 1897 has done. Why?

Whose business is it how rich people spend their money? If they have it they will spend it; and formerly we accepted the situation (and the invitation) and enjoyed the ball. So that it seems to me that in the best sense New York was larger and more cosmopolitan than it is to-day.

The late Charles Astor Bristed wrote a most excel-

lent pamphlet on "The Interference Theory of Government," which might well be quoted now apropos of the advice given to an opulent host and hostess: "Why talk about '*Culpable* Luxury?'—all tasteful luxury is the friend of art and refinement; extravagance is not luxury." I think Bristed was just then angry at some newspaper criticisms on wine-drinking—some temperance movement—but he made a good plea for the liberty of the subject.

To-day there are a hundred New Yorks, each having its own life and its separate circles, its geographical and its social divisions, yet all driving out through one Fifth Avenue to one lovely Park, and at evening all reading the papers, to see what the others are doing. Let us be as large as London or Paris, neither of which would concern itself about one fancy ball more or less.

The Park, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the fine churches, the grand array of talent in these churches, the beautiful music in them (rivalling the choirs of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's), the endless concerts, and the clubs, literary, social, and philanthropic, leave little to be desired. Best of all, the educational privileges. The Cooper Union, for art students, has long been a blessing. The young women, what can they not learn, what can they not achieve, with Columbia University annex thrown open to them?

In this great outlook for women's broader intellectual development I see the great sunburst of the future. I have not lived in vain if I have done my mite to help it along.

To the girls of the coming age I would offer a congratulatory hand.

> "What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
> Boldness hath genius, power, and magic in it."

Only I hope the sweet type of the past, the gentle Phyllis, the womanly girl, may not be left out.

The girl of the future should embody all the types—the rose, and also the bud with all its "sweetest leaves yet folded."

THE END

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